

High

Dua Lipa

You don't have to be so cautious
If you practice what you preach
Counting up the stacks on the counter
A fucking (disease)
Don't ask me to be righteous
If you practice what you teach
Counting all your blessings
The second you're down on your knees

So why, why?
Don't we get a little high, high?

Don't we get a little
Get a little
Don't we get a little high
Get a little high

Keep my head under the water, pride buried in my chest
Not counting all the minutes, the seconds, not holdin' my breath
Now sinkin' from the surface, swimmin' in my lungs
Losing all my vision, religion, I'm holdin' my tongue

So why, why?
Don't we get a little high, high?

Don't we get a little
Get a little
Don't we get a little high
Get a little high

Don't want to pay attention
To the writing on the wall
Painted with aggression
And dripping when you call
Not gonna learn my lesson
Am I running out of time?
So why?
Why?
Why?

Don't we get a little
Get a little
Don't we get a little high
Get a little high