

# 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