

High And Dry

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Two jumps in a week
I bet you think that's pretty clever, don't you, boy?
Flying on your motorcycle
Watching all the ground, beneath you drop

You'd kill yourself for recognition
Kill yourself to never ever stop
You broke another mirror
You're turning into something, you are not

Don't leave me high, don't leave me dry
Don't leave me high, don't leave me dry

Drying up in conversation
You will be the one who cannot talk
All your insides fall to pieces
You just sit there wishing you could still make love

They're the ones who'll hate you
When you think you've got the world all sussed out
They're the ones who'll spit at you
You will be the one screaming out

Don't leave me high, don't leave me dry
Don't leave me high, don't leave me dry

Oh, it's the best thing which you've ever had
Best thing which you've ever, ever had
It's the best thing which you've ever had
The best thing you've had has gone away

Don't leave me high, don't leave me dry
Don't leave me high, don't leave me dry

Don't leave me high
Don't leave me high
Don't leave me dry