

High and Dry

Jorge Drexler

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

It's the best thing that you've ever had,
the best thing that you've ever, ever had.
It's the best thing that you've ever,
the best thing you have ever had has gone away.

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