

# New Rules – Dua Lipa

Talkin' in my sleep at night  
Makin' myself crazy  
Wrote it down and read it out  
Hopin' it would save me  
My love  
He makes me feel like nobody else  
Nobody else  
But my love  
He doesn't love me, so I tell myself  
I tell myself  
One: Don't pick up the phone  
You know he's only callin' 'cause he's  
drunk and alone  
Two: Don't let him in  
You'll have to kick him out again  
Three: Don't be his friend  
You know you're gonna wake up in his  
bed in the morning  
And if you're under him  
You ain't gettin' over him  
I got new rules, I count 'em  
I got new rules, I count 'em  
I gotta tell them to myself  
I got new rules, I count 'em  
I gotta tell them to myself  
I keep pushin' forwards  
But he keeps pullin' me backwards  
No way  
No  
Now I'm standin' back from it  
I finally see the pattern  
But my love  
He doesn't love me, so I tell myself  
I tell myself I do, I do, I do  
One: Don't pick up the phone  
You know he's only callin' 'cause he's

drunk and alone

Two: Don't let him in

You'll have to kick him out again

Three: Don't be his friend

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Practice makes perfect

I'm still tryna learn it by heart

Eat, sleep, and breathe it

Rehearse and repeat it, 'cause I

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I gotta tell them to myself

Don't let him in, don't let him in

Don't, don't, don't, don't

Don't be his friend, don't be his friend

Don't, don't, don't, don't

Don't let him in, don't let him in

Don't, don't, don't, don't

Don't be his friend, don't be his friend

Don't, don't, don't  
You're gettin' over him



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych