

Whethan, Dua Lipa, High

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, high?

don't we get a little
get a little
don't we get a little high
get a little high, high?

keep my head under the water
pride buried in my chest
not counting aall the minutes, the seconds
not holdig my breath
now sinking from the surface
swimming in my lungs
losing all my vision, religion
I'm holding 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, 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, high?