## Whethan, Dua Lipa, High

you don't have to be so cautions 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

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