



Dua Lipa

"New Rules"

One, one, one...

Talkin' in my sleep at night
Makin' myself **crazy** / **tasty**
(Out of my mind, out of my mind)
Wrote it down and read it **up** / **out**
Hopin' it would save me
(Too many times, too many times)
My love, he makes me **felt** / **feel** like nobody else
Nobody else
But my love, he **doesn't** / **don't** love me, so I tell myself
I tell myself

One, don't pick up the **door** / **phone**
You know he's only calling 'cause he's **drunk** / **run** and alone
Two, don't let him in
You'll have to kick him out again
Three, don't be his **friend** / **trend**
You know you're gonna wake up in his bed in the morning
And if you're **under** / **on** him, you ain't gettin' over him

I got new rules, I count 'em (x2)
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
(Nowhere to turn) no way
(Nowhere to turn) no
Now I'm standing back from it, I finally **see** / **be** the pattern
(I never learn, I never learn)
But my love, he doesn't love me, so I tell myself
I tell **himself** / **myself**
I do, I do, I do