



## 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