

# New Rules – Dua Lipa

Talkin' in my sleep at night, makin' myself crazy  
(Out of my mind, out of my mind)  
Wrote it down and read it out, hopin' it would save me  
(Too many times, too many times)  
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  
(Nowhere to turn, no way)  
(Nowhere to turn, no)  
Now I'm standin' back from it, I finally see the pattern  
(I never learn, I never learn)  
But my love  
He doesn't love me, so I tell myself  
I tell myself I do, I do, I do

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You'll have to kick him out again

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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 got new rules, I count 'em

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I gotta tell them to myself

I got new rules, I count 'em

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



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