

# New Rules

Dua Lipa

One, one, one...

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)  
Oh, 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 calling 'cause he's drunk and alone  
Two, don't let him in  
You 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 getting over him

I've got new rules, I count 'em  
I've got new rules, I count 'em  
I've gotta tell them to myself  
I've got new rules, I count 'em  
I've 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 the pattern  
(I never learn, I never learn)  
But my love, he never loves me  
So I tell myself, I tell myself  
I do, I do, I do

One, don't pick up the phone  
You know he's only calling 'cause he's drunk and alone  
Two, don't let him in  
You 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 getting over him

I've got new rules, I count 'em  
I've got new rules, I count 'em  
I've gotta tell them to myself  
I've got new rules, I count 'em  
I've gotta tell them to myself

(I got new rules, I count 'em)  
(I got new, I got new, I got new...)

One, don't pick up the phone  
You know he's only calling 'cause he's drunk and alone  
Two, don't let him in  
You 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 getting over him

I've got new rules, I count 'em  
I've got new rules, I count 'em  
(Oh, whoa-oh)  
I've gotta tell them to myself  
I've got new rules, I count 'em  
(Baby, you know I count 'em)  
I've 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 gettin' over him