

Jamie Cullum, High And Dry

Two jumps in a week, I bet you think that's pretty clever don't you, boy?
Flying on your motorcycle, watching all the ground beneath you drop
You'd kill yourself for recognition; kill yourself to never ever stop
You broke another mirror; you're turning into something you are not

Don't leave me high, don't leave me dry
Don't leave me high, don't leave me dry

Drying up in conversation, you will be the one who cannot talk
All your insides fall to pieces, you just sit there wishing you could still make love
They're the ones who'll hate you when you think you've got the world all sussed out
They're the ones who'll spit at you. You will be the one screaming out

Don't leave me high, don't leave me dry
Don't leave me high, don't leave me dry

It's the best thing that you have ever had, it's the best thing that you have ever had

Don't leave me high, don't leave me dry
Don't leave me high, don't leave me dry