

Example, High As A Kite

You're my favourite bad habit
It's stupid
We never ever listen to Cupid
We're about as well suited as Roger
And Jessica Rabbit
And I wish I could have it
Just that little bit closer to some normality
Haven't we gone to many lengths, pennies spent
Still we don't make any sense
Either as friends or as a couple
If I said that I loved you I'd be lying to us both
The only thing we know how to do is just fuck
And you're just like a drug but it's never enough
See I tell myself it's proper but we're anything but
We're just a couple of kids who got drunk at a party
And later that night I undressed you like Barbie
The very next morning we both should have left it
A night is a night but we just didn't accept it
How could I not repeat with you next to me
Best to be sure, have some more, cause your sex is like ecstasy

[Chorus: x2]

Jeans on the floor, coat hanging on the door
Been there before, it don't feel right
You got me high as kite (when we sex?!)
That's why I can't stop messing around with my best friend's ex

Okay you started, we both should have parted ways
From the day we both first laid nude in our birthday suits
But mistakes are made
And with your best friends ex see the stakes are raised
See there's something more stimulating when you're there gyrating
With a girl that your mates been dating
Little taste from the bowl of forbiddenness food
And your mates still your mate cause you've hidden the truth
And you know you should tell him
As sooner not later
The later you leave it the more he will hate ya
The thought in his heads looking horrid
He's picturing his best friend stirring up his ex-girls porridge
I can't bring myself to sit down and inform him
When the girl that he loved left my house just this morning
I had to repeat with her next to me
Best to be sure, have some more, cause your sex is like ecstasy

[Chorus x2]

He says he misses her loads and he's telling me daily
Thought he'd marry her and be having a baby
[?] I tell him that there's so many roads
And for every dead end there's other places to go
In his head they're still living together
In bed on the weekend, but now he feels weakened, they're not even speaking
He thought it could have lasted, and as he's telling me I feel like a bastard
Now me and his ex are lying there together in bed and together we've been lying instead
We're well aware what we are doing is wrong
We ain't been doing it long
But it's racking my brain, ain't complaining, the sex is amazing
It's harder to snob, frolicking like an alcoholic best in the pub
I'm screwing him over so the screwing is over
It has to be, shame, cause your sex is like ecstasy

[Chorus x2]