

# Real Friends, High Hopes

You're still indulgent enough  
To quench a thirst that drowns most right out  
Oh, there's a drought, you know  
You're losing all of your interest now

I'm standing up on my feet and off my bruised knees  
Far away from your high hopes to please  
I'm getting up, I'm getting up  
I hope to God it's bringing you down

You've been lying to me while I lie two in by myself  
Oh, I know you really know how to fuck up  
My sleepy eyes and crooked back  
I still don't know how I got this way  
You can't explain how I got this way  
I still don't know how I got this way  
We don't know

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