

## Example

### "High As A Kite"

Visit "[High As A Kite](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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]

Visit [Example](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.