

## Professional Murder Music "High And Dry"

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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 ever had,  
The best thing that you ever, ever had  
It's the best thing that you ever had,  
The best thing you ever had has gone away

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