Dua Lipa, Future Nostalgia

(Future)

(Future nostalgia) (Future nostalgia) (Future nostalgia)

You want a timeless song
I wanna change the game
Like modern architecture
John Lautner coming your way
I know you like this beat
'Cause Jeff been doing the damn thing
You wanna turn it up loud
Future Nostalgia is the name
(Future nostalgia)

I know you're dying trying to figure me out My name's on the tip of your tongue, keep running your mouth You want the recipe but can't handle my sound My sound, my sound (Future)

(Future nostalgia)

No matter what you do, I'm gonna get it without ya (Eh, eh)

(Future nostalgia)

I know you ain't used to a female alpha (No way, no way)

(Future nostalgia)

No matter what you do, I'm gonna get it without ya (Eh, eh)

(Future nostalgia)

Ì know you ain't used to a female alpha (No way, no way)

(Future nostalgia)

Can't be a rolling stone

If you live in a glass house (Future nostalgia)

You keep on talking that talk

One day you're gonna blast out

You can't be bitter if I'm out here showing my face (Future nostalgia)

You want what now looks like

Let me give you a taste

I know you're dying trying to figure me out

My name's on the tip of your tongue, keep running your mouth

You want the recipe but can't handle my sound

My sound, my sound (Future)

(Future nostalgia)

No matter what you do, I'm gonna get it without ya (Eh, eh)

(Future nostalgia)

I know you ain't used to a female alpha (No way, no way)

(Future nostalgia)

No matter what you do, I'm gonna get it without ya (Eh, eh)

(Future nostalgia)

I know you ain't used to a female alpha (No way, no way)

(Future nostalgia)

You can't get with this
If you ain't built for this
You can't get with this
If you ain't built for this
I can't build you up
If you ain't tough enough

I can't teach a man how to wear his pants, haha

I know you're dying trying to figure me out My name's on the tip of your tongue, keep running your mouth You want the recipe but can't handle my sound My sound, my sound (Future)

I know you're dying trying to figure me out My name's on the tip of your tongue, keep running your mouth You want the recipe but can't handle my sound My sound, my sound (Future)

(Future nostalgia) (Future nostalgia) (Future nostalgia) My sound, my sound (Future) (Future nostalgia)