Hope is a dangerous thing for a woman like me – Lana Del Rey

I was reading Slim Aarons and I got to thinking that I thought Maybe I'd get less stressed if I was tested less like all of these debutantes Smiling for miles in pink dresses and high heels On white yachts But I'm not, baby, I'm not No, I'm not, that, I'm not I've been tearing around in my fucking nightgown 24/7 Sylvia Plath Writing in blood on my walls 'Cause the ink in my pen don't work in my notepad Don't ask if I'm happy, you know that I'm not But at best, I can say I'm not sad 'Cause hope is a dangerous thing for a woman Like me to have Hope is a dangerous thing for a woman like me to have I had fifteen-year dances Church basement romances, yeah, I've cried Spilling my guts with the Bowery Bums Is the only love I've ever known Except for the stage, which I also call home, when I'm not Servin' up God in a burnt coffee pot for the Triad Hello, it's the most famous woman you know on the iPad Calling from beyond the grave, I just wanna say, "Hi, Dad" I've been tearing up town in my fucking white gown Like a goddamn near sociopath Shaking my ass is the only thing that's Got this black narcissist off my back She couldn't care less, and I never cared more So there's no more to say about that Except hope is a dangerous thing for a woman Like me to have

Hope is a dangerous thing for a woman with my past There's a new revolution, a loud evolution that I saw Born of confusion and quiet collusion of which mostly I've known A modern day woman with a weak constitution, 'cause I've got Monsters still under my bed that I could never fight off A gatekeeper carelessly dropping the keys on my nights off I've been tearing around in my fucking nightgown 24/7 Sylvia Plath Writing in blood on your walls 'Cause the ink in my pen don't look good in my pad They write that I'm happy, they know that I'm not But at best, you can see I'm not sad But hope is a dangerous thing for a woman like me to have Hope is a dangerous thing for a woman like me to have Hope is a dangerous thing for a woman like me to have But I have it Yeah, I have it Yeah, I have it I have



Słowa: brak danych Muzyka: brak danych