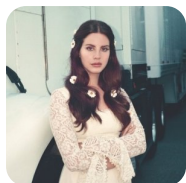


Hope is a dangerous thing for a woman like me – Lana Del Rey

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