

Royals – Lorde piano

I've never seen a diamond in the flesh
I cut my teeth on wedding rings
in the movies
And I'm not proud of my address
In the torn up town,
no post code envy
But every song's like:
Gold teeth, Grey Goose
Tripping in the bathroom
Blood stains, ball gowns
Trashing the hotel room
We don't care
We're driving Cadillacs in our dreams
But everybody's like:
Crystal, Maybach
Diamonds on your timepiece
Jet planes, islands
Tigers on a gold leash
We don't care
We aren't caught up in your love affair
And we'll never be royals
It don't run in our blood
That kind of lux just ain't for us
We crave a different kind of buzz
Let me be your ruler
You can call me queen bee
And baby I'll rule
Let me live that fantasy
My friends and I
we've cracked the code
We count our dollars on the train
to the party
And everyone who knows us knows
That we're fine with this
We didn't come from money
But every song's like:

Gold teeth, Grey Goose
Tripping in the bathroom
Blood stains, ball gowns
Trashing the hotel room
We don't care
We're driving Cadillacs in our dreams



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych