

LANA DEL REY

BORN TO DIE

The Paradise Edition

BORN TO DIE

.....

Feet don't fail me now
Take me to the finish line
Oh my heart it breaks every step that I take
But I'm hoping at the gates, they'll tell me that you're mine
Walking through the city streets
Is it by mistake or design?
I feel so alone on a Friday night
Can you make it feel like home, if I tell you you're mine
It's like I told you honey

Don't make me sad, don't make me cry
Sometimes love is not enough and the road gets tough
I don't know why
Keep making me laugh, let's go get high
The road is long, we carry on
Try to have fun in the meantime

Come and take a walk on the wild side
Let me kiss you hard in the pouring rain
You like your girls insane
Choose your last words
This is the last time
Cause you and I, we were born to die

Lost but now I am found
I can see but once I was blind
I was so confused as a little child
Tried to take what I could get
Scared that I couldn't find
All the answers honey

Don't make me sad, don't make me cry
Sometimes love is not enough and the road gets tough
I don't know why.
Keep making me laugh
Let's go get high
Cause you and I, we were born to die

Come and take a walk on the wild side
Let me kiss you hard in the pouring rain
You like your girls insane
Choose your last words, this is the last time
Cause you and I, we were born to die

Don't make me sad, don't make me cry
Sometimes love is not enough and the road gets tough
I don't know why
Keep making me laugh
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The road is long, we carry on
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Come and take a walk on the wild side
Let me kiss you hard in the pouring rain
You like your girls insane
Choose your last words

This is the last time
Cause you and I, we were born to die
.....

Written by Lana Del Rey and Justin Parker. Published By EMI / Sony ATV (ASCAP). Produced by Emile Haynie. Keyboards and Drums by Emile Haynie. Strings arranged and conducted by Larry Gold. Strings assisted by Steve Tirpak. Guitar by Jeff Bhasker. Vocal production by Justin Parker. Additional Vocal Noises by Ken Lewis. Additional Recording by Brent Kolatalo. Assistant Mixer: Duncan Fuller. Mixed by Dan Grech Marguerat for 365 Artists.

OFF TO THE RACES

.....

My old man is a bad man, but I can't deny the way he holds my hand
And he grabs me, he has me by my heart

He doesn't mind I have a Las Vegas past
He doesn't mind I have an LA crass way about me
He loves me with every beat of his cocaine heart

Swimming pool glimmering darling
White bikini off with my red nail polish
Watch me in the swimming pool
Bright blue ripples, you sittin', sippin' on your black cristal, yeah

Light of my life, fire of my loins
Be a good baby, do what I want
Light of my life, fire of my loins
Give me them gold coins, give me them coins

And I'm off to the races, cases of Bacardi chasers
Chasin' me all over town 'cause he knows I'm wasted
Facin' time again on Rikers Island and I won't get out
Because I'm crazy baby, I need you to come here and save me
I'm your little scarlet, starlet, singin' in the garden
Kiss me on my open mouth
Ready for you

My old man is a tough man, but he got a soul as sweet as blood red jam
And he shows me, he knows me, every inch of my tar black soul
He doesn't mind I have a flat, broke-down life
In fact, he says he thinks it's what he might like about me, admires me
The way I roll like a rolling stone

He likes to watch me in the glass room, bathroom, Chateau Marmont
Slippin' on my red dress, puttin' on my makeup
Glass room, perfume, cognac, lilac fumes
Says it feels like heaven to him

Light of his life, fire of his loins
Keep me forever, tell me you own me

Light of your life, fire of your loins
Tell me you own me, give me them coins

And I'm off to the races, cases of Bacardi chasers
Chasin' me all over town 'cause he knows I'm wasted
Facin' time again on Rikers Island and I won't get out
Because I'm crazy baby, I need you to come here and save me
I'm your little scarlet, starlet, singin' in the garden
Kiss me on my open mouth
Ready for you

Yo I'm off to the races, laces
Leather on my waist is tight and I am falling down
I can see your face is shameless
Cipriani's basement, love you but I'm going down
God I'm so crazy baby, I'm sorry that I'm misbehaving
I'm your little harlot, starlet, queen of Coney Island
Raisin' hell all over town
Sorry 'bout it

My old man is a thief and I'm gonna stay and pray with him till the end
But I trust in the decision of the Lord to watch over us
Take him when he may, if he may
I'm not afraid to say that I'd die without him
Who else is gonna put up with me this way?
I need you, I breathe you, I'd never leave you
They would rue the day I was alone without you

You're lyin' with your gold chain on
Cigar hangin' from your lips
I said, "Hun, you never looked so beautiful as you do now, my man".
And we're off to the races, places
Ready, set, the gate is down and now we're going in
To Las Vegas, chaos, casino oasis
Honey it's time to spin
Boy you're so crazy baby
I love you forever, not maybe
You are my one true love
You are my one true love

.....
Written by Lana Del Rey and Tim Larcombe. Published By Copyright Control / EMI. Produced by Patrik Berger and Emile Haynie. Strings arranged by Carl Bagge. Violin by Fredrik Syberg. Viola by Erik Holm. Cello by Pelle Hansen. Guitar, Bass Guitar, Percussion, Synthesizer, Sampler and Drum Programming by Patrik Berger. Drums and Additional Keyboards by Emile Haynie. Mixed by Dan Grech Marguerat for 365 Artists. Assistant Mixer: Duncan Fuller.

BLUE JEANS

.....

Blue jeans, white shirt
Walked into the room you know you made my eyes burn
It was like, James Dean, for sure
You're so fresh to death & sick as cancer
You were sorta punk rock, I grew up on hip hop

But you fit me better than my favourite sweater and I know
That love is mean, and love hurts
But I still remember that day we met in December, oh baby!

I will love you till the end of time
I would wait a million years
Promise you'll remember that you're mine
Baby can you see through the tears?
Love you more than those bitches before
Say you'll remember, oh baby, say you'll remember
I will love you till the end of time

Big dreams, gangsta
Said you had to leave to start your life over
I was like - no please, stay here, we don't need no money we can make it all work
But he headed out on Sunday, said he'd come home Monday
I stayed up waitin', anticipatin' and pacin' but he was chasing paper
Caught up in the game - that was the last I heard

I will love you till the end of time
I would wait a million years
Promise you'll remember that you're mine
Baby can you see through the tears?
Love you more than those bitches before
Say you'll remember, oh baby, say you'll remember
I will love you till the end of time

You went out every night
And baby that's alright
I told you that no matter what you did I'd be by your side

'Cause imma ride or die
Whether you fail or fly
Well shit at least you tried
But when you walked out that door a piece of me died
I told you I wanted more, but that's not what I had in mind
I just want it like before
We were dancin' all night
Then they took you away, stole you out of my life
You just need to remember...

I will love you till the end of time
I would wait a million years
Promise you'll remember that you're mine
Baby can you see through the tears?
Love you more than those bitches before
Say you'll remember, oh baby, say you'll remember
I will love you till the end of time

.....
Written by Lana Del Rey, Emile Haynie and Dan Heath.
Published By EMI / Heavycrate (ASCAP) / Yorkshire Moors / Songs. Produced by Emile Haynie. Keyboards, Guitar and Drums by Emile Haynie. Strings arranged and conducted by Dan Heath. Additional Drums by Ken Lewis and Brent Kolatalo. Mixed by Dan Grech Marguerat for 365 Artists.
Assistant Mixer: Duncan Fuller.

VIDEO GAMES

Swinging in the backyard, pull up in your fast car
Whistling my name

Open up a beer
And you say get over here
And play a video game

I'm in his favorite sundress
Watching me get undressed
Take that body downtown

I say you the bestest
Lean in for a big kiss
Put his favorite perfume on

Go play a video game

It's you, it's you, it's all for you
Everything I do
I tell you all the time
Heaven is a place on earth with you
Tell me all the things you wanna do
I heard that you like the bad girls honey, is that true?
It's better than I ever even knew
They say that the world was built for two
Only worth living if somebody is loving you
Baby now you do

Singing in the old bars
Swinging with the old stars
Living for the fame
Kissing in the blue dark
Playing pool and wild darts and video games
He holds me in his big arms
Drunk and I am seeing stars
This is all I think of

Watching all our friends fall in and out of Old Paul's
This is my idea of fun
Playing video games

.....
Written by Lana Del Rey and Justin Parker. Published by EMI / Sony ATV (ASCAP). Produced and Mixed by Robopop.

DIET MOUNTAIN DEW

.....
You're no good for me
Baby you're no good for me
You're no good for me
But baby I want you, I want you

Diet Mountain Dew baby New York City

Can we hit it now low down and gritty
Do you think we'll be in love forever?
Do you think we'll be in love?

Baby put on heart-shaped sunglasses
Cause we're gonna take a ride
I'm not gonna listen to what the past says
I been waiting up all night

Take another drag turn me to ashes
Ready for another lie
Says he's gonna teach me just what fast is
Say it's gonna be alright
Diet Mountain Dew baby New York City
Never was there ever a girl so pretty
Do you think we'll be in love forever?
Do you think we'll be in love?

Let's take Jesus off the dashboard
Got enough on his mind
We both know just what we're here for
Saved too many times

Maybe I like this roller coaster
Maybe it keeps me high
Maybe the speed it brings me closer
I could sparkle up your eye

Diet Mountain Dew baby New York City
Never was there ever a girl so pretty
Do you think we'll be in love forever?
Do you think we'll be in love?

You're no good for me
Baby you're no good for me
You're no good for me
But baby I want you, I want you

Diet Mountain Dew baby New York City
Never was there ever a girl so pretty
Do you think we'll be in love forever?
Do you think we'll be in love?

Baby stopping at 7eleven
There in his white pontiac heaven
Do you think we'll be in love forever?
Do you think we'll be in love?
Diet Mountain Dew baby New York City.
Never was there ever a girl so pretty
Do you think we'll be in love forever?
Do you think we'll be in love?

You're no good for me
Baby you're no good for me
You're no good for me
But baby I want you, I want you

.....
Written by Lana Del Rey and Mike Daly. Published By BMG Chrysalis/ EMI. Produced by Emile Haynie. Co-Produced by Jeff Bhasker. Vocal Production by Mike Daly. Drums and Additional Keyboards by Emile Haynie. Keyboards and Guitar by Jeff Bhasker. Strings arranged and conducted by Larry Gold. Strings assisted by

Steve Tirpak. Mixed by Manny Marroquin. Assisted by Erik Madrid and Chris Galland.

NATIONAL ANTHEM

Money is the anthem of success
So before we go out, what's your address?

I'm your national anthem
God, you're so handsome
Take me to the Hamptons
Bugatti veyron

He loves to romance 'em
Reckless abandon
Holdin' me for ransom
Upper echelon

He says to be cool, but I don't know how yet
Wind in my hair
Hand on the back of my neck
I said, "Can we party later on?" He said, "Yes".

Tell me I'm your national anthem
Booyah baby bow down making me say wow now
Tell me I'm your national anthem
Sugar sugar how now take your body downtown
Red, white, blue is in the sky
Summer's in the air and baby, heaven's in your eyes
I'm your national anthem

Money is the reason we exist
Everybody knows it, it's a fact
Kiss, kiss
I sing the national anthem while I'm standin' over your
body,
hold you like a python
And you can't keep your hands off me or your pants on
See what you've done to me
King of chevron

He said to be cool, but I'm already coolest
I said to get real, don't you know who you're dealing
with?
Umm, do you think you'll buy me lots of diamonds?
("Yes, of course I will my darling")

Tell me I'm your national anthem
Booyah baby bow down making me say wow now
Tell me I'm your national anthem
Sugar sugar how now take your body downtown
Red, white, blue is in the sky
Summer's in the air and baby, heaven's in your eyes
I'm your national anthem

It's a love story for the new age
For the sixth page
We're on a quick, sick rampage
Wining and dining, drinking and driving

Excessive buying overdose and dying
On our drugs and our love and our dreams and our rage

Blurring the lines between real and the fake
Dark and lonely, I need somebody to hold me
He will do very well, I can tell, I can tell
Keep me safe, in his belltower hotel
Money is the anthem of success
So put on mascara and your party dress

I'm your national anthem
Boy, put your hands up
Give me a standing ovation

Boy, you have landed
Babe in the land of
Sweetness and sweetness and danger - queen of Saigon

Tell me I'm your national anthem
Booyah baby bow down making me say wow now
Tell me I'm your national anthem
Sugar sugar how now take your body downtown
Red, white, blue is in the sky
Summer's in the air and baby, heaven's in your eyes
I'm your national anthem

Money is the anthem
God, you're so handsome
Money is the anthem, of success

.....
Written by Lana Del Rey and Justin Parker and The Nexus. Published
By EMI / Sony / ATV / Sony ATV (ASCAP). Produced by Emile Haynie.
Additional production by Jeff Bhasker. Vocals produced by David
Sneddon and James Bauer-Mein. Backing Vocals: James Bauer-Mein,
David Sneddon, Emile Haynie. Drums and Keyboards by Emile Haynie.
Additional Keyboards and Guitar by Jeff Bhasker. Strings arranged
and conducted by Larry Gold and Dan Heath. Strings assisted by
Steve Tirpak. Mixed by Manny Marroquin. Assistant Mixers: Erik
Madrid and Chris Galland.

DARK PARADISE

.....
All my friends tell me I should move on
I'm lying in the ocean singing your song
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ahhh
That's how you sang it

Loving you forever can't be wrong
Even though you're not here, won't move on
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ahhh
That's how we played it

And there's no remedy for memory, your face is like a
melody
It won't leave my head
Your soul is haunting me and telling me that everything
is fine
But I wish I was dead

Every time I close my eyes, it's like a dark paradise
No one compares to you
I'm scared that you won't be waiting on the other side
Every time I close my eyes, it's like a dark paradise
No one compares to you
I'm scared that you won't be waiting on the other side

All my friends ask me why I stay strong
Tell 'em when you find true love, it lives on
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ahhh
That's why I stay here

And there's no remedy for memory, your face is like a
melody
It won't leave my head
Your soul is haunting me and telling me that everything
is fine
But I wish I was dead

Every time I close my eyes, it's like a dark paradise
No one compares to you
I'm scared that you won't be waiting on the other side
Every time I close my eyes, it's like a dark paradise
No one compares to you
But there's no you, except in my dreams tonight

Oh-oh-oh-oh-hah-hah-hah-hah.
I don't want to wake up from this tonight
Oh-oh-oh-oh-hah-hah-hah-hah.
I don't want to wake up from this tonight

There's no relief, I see you in my sleep
And everybody's rushing me, but I can feel you touching
me
There's no release, I feel you in my dreams
Telling me I'm fine

Every time I close my eyes, it's like a dark paradise
No one compares to you
I'm scared that you won't be waiting on the other side
Every time I close my eyes, it's like a dark paradise.
No one compares to you
But there's no you, except in my dreams tonight

Oh-oh-oh-oh-hah-hah-hah-hah
I don't want to wake up from this tonight
Oh-oh-oh-oh-hah-hah-hah-hah
I don't want to wake up from this tonight

.....
Written by Lana Del Rey and Rick Nowels. Published By EMI /
Heavycrate (ASCAP). Produced by Emile Haynie. Co-Produced by Rick
Nowels. Drums and Keyboards by Emile Haynie. Strings arranged
and conducted by Larry Gold. Strings assisted by Steve Tirpak.
Additional Vocals by Maria Vidal. Chamberlain Strings by Patrick
Warren. Guitar by Rick Nowels. Additional Synths and Orchestral
Drums by Devrim Karaoglu. Pads by Dean Reid. Mixed by Manny
Marroquin. Assistant Mixers: Erik Madrid and Chris Galland.

RADIO

Not even they can stop me now
Boy I be flying overhead
Their heavy words can't bring me down
Boy I've been raised from the dead

No one even knows how hard life was
I don't even think about it now, because
I finally found you
Now my life is sweet like cinnamon
Like a fuckin' dream I'm livin' in
Baby love me 'cause I'm playing on the radio
How do you like me now?

Lick me up and take me like a vitamin
'Cause my body's sweet like sugar venom
Oh yeah
Baby love me 'cause I'm playing on the radio
How do you like me now?

American dreams came true somehow
I swore I'd chase 'em till I was dead
I heard the streets were paved with gold
That's what my father said

No one even knows what life was like
Now I'm in LA and it's paradise
I finally found you

Now my life is sweet like cinnamon
Like a fuckin' dream I'm livin' in
Baby love me 'cause I'm playing on the radio
How do you like me now?

Lick me up and take me like a vitamin
'Cause my body's sweet like sugar venom
Oh yeah
Baby love me 'cause I'm playing on the radio
How do you like me now?

Sweet like cinnamon
Like a fuckin' dream I'm livin' in
Baby love me 'cause I'm playing on the radio
How do you like me now?
Sweet like cinnamon
Like a fuckin' dream I'm livin' in
I finally found you

Written by Lana Del Rey and Justin Parker. Published By EMI / Sony ATV (ASCAP). Produced by Emile Haynie. Additional production by Justin Parker. Keyboards, Guitar, Drums by Emile Haynie. Strings arranged and conducted by Larry Gold. Strings assisted by Steve Tirpak. Mixed by Dan Grech Marguerat for 365 Artists. Assistant Mixer: Duncan Fuller.

CARMEN

Darlin', darlin'
Doesn't have a problem
Lyin' to herself
'Cause her liquor's top shelf
It's alarming honestly
How charming she can be
Fooling everyone
Telling them she's having fun

She says, "You don't want to be like me, don't want to see all the things I've seen"
I'm dyin', I'm dyin'
She says, "You don't want to get this way, famous and dumb at an early age"
Lyin', I'm lyin'

The boys, the girls
They all like Carmen
She gives them butterflies
Bats her cartoon eyes

She laughs like God
Her mind's like a diamond
Audiotune lies
She's still shinin'
Like lightning
White lightning

Carmen, Carmen
Staying up till morning
Only 17, but she walks the streets so mean
It's alarming truly
How disarming you can be
Eatin' soft ice cream
Coney Island queen

She says, "You don't want to be like me, lookin' for fun, gettin' high for free"
I'm dyin', I'm dyin'
She says, "You don't want to get this way, street walk at night and a star by day"
It's tirin', tirin'

The boys, the girls
They all like Carmen
She gives them butterflies
Bats her cartoon eyes

She laughs like God
Her mind's like a diamond
Audiotune lies
She's still shinin'
Like lightning
White lightning

Baby's all dressed up with nowhere to go
That's the little story of the girl you know
Relying on the kindness of strangers

Tying cherry knots
Smiling, doing party favours
Put your red dress on, put your lipstick on
Sing your song, song, now the camera's on
And you're alive again

The boys, the girls
They all like Carmen
She gives them butterflies
Bats her cartoon eyes

She laughs like God
Her mind's like a diamond
Audiotune lies
She's still shinin'
Like lightning
White lightning.

Darlin', darlin'
Doesn't have a problem
Lyin' to herself
'Cause her liquor's top shelf

Written by Lana Del Rey and Justin Parker. Published By EMI / Sony ATV. Produced by Emile Haynie. Additional production by Jeff Bhasker. Vocal Production by Justin Parker. French Vocals by Lenha Labelle. Drums, Guitar and Keyboards by Emile Haynie. Additional Keyboards and Additional Strings by Jeff Bhasker. Strings arranged and conducted by Larry Gold. Strings assisted by Steve Tirpak. Mixed by Manny Marroquin. Assisted by Erik Madrid and Chris Galland.

MILLION DOLLAR MAN

You said I was the most exotic flower
Holding me tight in our final hour
I don't know how you convince them and get them, boy
I don't know what you do
It's unbelievable
And I don't know how you get over, get over
Someone as dangerous, tainted and flawed as you

One for the money
Two for the show
I love you honey
I'm ready, I'm ready to go

How did you get that way?
I don't know
You're screwed up and brilliant
You look like a million dollar man
So why is my heart broke?

You've got the world
But baby, at what price?
Something so strange
Hard to define

It isn't that hard boy
To like you or love you
I'd follow you down, down, down
You're unbelievable

If you're going crazy
Just grab me and take me
I'd follow you down, down, down
Anywhere, anywhere

One for the money
Two for the show
I love you honey
I'm ready, I'm ready to go

How did you get that way?
I don't know
You're screwed up and brilliant
You look like a million dollar man
So why is my heart broke?

One for the money
Two for the show
I love you honey
I'm ready, I'm ready to go

How did you get that way?
I don't know
You're screwed up and brilliant
You look like a million-dollar man
So why is my heart broke?

.....
Written by Lana Del Rey and Chris Braide. Published By EMI /
Sony / ATV. Produced by Emile Haynie and Chris Braide. Guitars,
Acoustic Piano, Strings and Drum Programming By Chris Braide.
Drums and Additional Keyboards by Emile Haynie. Mixed by Dan
Grech Marguerat for 365 Artists. Assistant Mixer: Duncan Fuller.
Recorded at Human Feel Studios, Los Angeles, California.

SUMMERTIME SADNESS

.....
Kiss me hard before you go
Summertime sadness
I just wanted you to know
That baby, you the best

I got my red dress on tonight
Dancin' in the dark in the pale moonlight
Done my hair up real big, beauty queen style
High heels off, I'm feelin' alive

Oh my God, I feel it in the air
Telephone wires above
Are sizzlin' like a snare
Honey I'm on fire, I feel it everywhere
Nothin' scares me anymore
(1, 2, 3, 4)

Kiss me hard before you go
Summertime sadness
I just wanted you to know
That baby, you the best

I got that summertime, summertime sadness
Su-su-summertime, summertime sadness
Got that summertime, summertime sadness

I'm feelin' electric tonight
Cruisin' down the coast, goin' about 99
Got my bad baby by my heavenly side
I know if I go, I'll die happy tonight

Oh my God, I feel it in the air
Telephone wires above
Are sizzlin' like a snare
Honey I'm on fire, I feel it everywhere
Nothin' scares me anymore
(1, 2, 3, 4)

Kiss me hard before you go
Summertime sadness
I just wanted you to know
That baby, you the best

I got that summertime, summertime sadness
Su-su-summertime, summertime sadness
Got that summertime, summertime sadness

Think I'll miss you forever
Like the stars miss the sun in the morning sky
Later's better than never
Even if you're gone I'm gonna drive

I got that summertime, summertime sadness
Su-su-summertime, summertime sadness
Got that summertime, summertime sadness

Kiss me hard before you go
Summertime sadness
I just wanted you to know
That baby, you the best

I got that summertime, summertime sadness
Su-su-summertime, summertime sadness
Got that summertime, summertime sadness

.....
Written by Lana Del Rey and Rick Nowels. Published By EMI /
Heavycrate (ASCAP). Produced by Emile Haynie. Co-Produced by Rick
Nowels. Drums and Keyboards by Emile Haynie. Strings arranged and
conducted by Larry Gold. Strings assisted by Steve Tirpak. Flute
by Dan Heath. Additional Strings, Guitar and Keyboards by Patrick
Warren. Additional Strings by Rick Nowels. Additional Pads by
Devrim Karaoglu. Mixed by Dan Grech Marguerat for 365 Artists.
Assistant Mixer: Duncan Fuller.

THIS IS WHAT MAKES US GIRLS

.....
Remember how we used to party up all night
Sneakin' out and lookin' for a taste of real life
Drinkin' in the small town firelight
Pabst blue ribbon on ice.

Sweet 16 and we had arrived
Walkin' down the streets as they whistle, "hi, hi"
Stealin' police guys with the senior guys
Teachers said we'd never make it out alive

There she was, my new best friend
High heels in her hands, swayin' in the wind
Oh she starts to cry, mascara running down her little
bambi eyes
Lana how I hate those guys

This is what makes us girls
We all look for heaven and we put love first
Don't you know we'd die for it? It's a curse
Don't cry about it, don't cry about it

This is what makes us girls
We all stick together 'cause we put love first
Don't cry about him, don't cry about him
It's all going to happen

And that's where the beginning of the end began
Everybody knew that we had too much fun
We were skippin' school and drinkin' on the job
With the boss

Sweet 16 and we had arrived
Baby's table-dancing at the local dive
Cheerin' our names in the pink spotlight
Drinkin' cherry schnapps in the velvet night

Yeah we used to go break into the hotel
Pool glimmering we'd swim
Runnin' from the cops in our black bikini tops
Screamin', "Get us while we're hot"
We don't give a whaaat?

This is what makes us girls
We all look for heaven and we put love first
Don't you know we'd die for it? It's a curse
Don't cry about it, don't cry about it

This is what makes us girls
We all stick together 'cause we put love first
Don't cry about him, don't cry about him
It's all going to happen

The prettiest in-crowd that you had ever seen
Ribbons in our hair and our eyes gleamed mean

A freshman generation of degenerate beauty queens
And you know something?
They were the only friends I ever had
We got into trouble and when stuff got bad
I got sent away and was wavin' on the train platform
Cryin' 'cause I know I'm never comin' back

This is what makes us girls
We all look for heaven and we put love first
Don't you know we'd die for it? It's a curse
Don't cry about it, don't cry about it

This is what makes us girls
To all the little queens, do you know what you're worth?
I'll tell you every day till you get it, girl
It's all going to happen

.....
Written by Lana Del Rey and Tim Larcombe and Jim Irvin. Published
By EMI / Warner Chappell. Produced by Al Shux and Emile Haynie.
Vocals produced by Al Shux. Guitars, Bass, Keyboards and
Programming by Al Shux. Drums, sounds and additional keyboards:
Emile Haynie. Strings Arranged and Conducted by Larry Gold.
Strings assisted by Steve Tirpak. Mixed by Manny Marroquin.
Assistant Mixers: Erik Madrid and Chris Galland.

WITHOUT YOU

.....
Everything I want, I have
Money, notoriety and rivas
I even think I found God
In the flashbulbs of your pretty cameras
Pretty cameras, pretty cameras
Am I glamorous? Tell me, am I glamorous?

Hello, hello
Ca-can you hear me?
I can be your china doll if you want to see me fall
Boy you're so dope, your love is deadly
Tell me life is beautiful, they all think I have it all
I have nothing without you
All my dreams and all the lights mean
Nothing without you

Summertime is nice and hot
And my life is sweet like vanilla is
Gold and silver-lined my heart
But burned into my brain all these stolen images
Stolen images, baby stolen images
Can you picture it? Babe, that life we could've lived

Hello, hello
Ca-can you hear me?
I can be your china doll if you like to see me fall
Boy you're so dope, your love is deadly
Tell me life is beautiful, they all think I have it all
I have nothing without you
All my dreams and all the lights mean
Nothing without you

We were two kids just trying to get out
Lived on the dark side of the American dream
We would dance all night, play our music loud
But when we grew up, nothing was what it seemed

Hello, hello
Ca-can you hear me?
I can be your china doll if you like to see me fall
Boy you're so dope, your love is deadly
Tell me life is beautiful, they think that I have it all
I have nothing without you
All my dreams and all the lights mean
Nothing without you

.....
Written by Lana Del Rey and Sacha Skarbek. Published By EMI /
Universal. Produced by Emile Haynie. Vocals produced by Sacha
Skarbek. Engineered by Lorenzo Cosi. Keyboards, Guitar, Drums by
Emile Haynie. Omnichord played by Sacha Skarbek. Strings arranged
and conducted by Larry Gold. Strings assisted by Steve Tirpak.
Additional Strings by Dan Heath. Mixed by Dan Grech Marguerat for
365 Artists. Assistant Mixer: Duncan Fuller.

LOLITA

.....
Would you be mine?
Would you be my baby tonight?
Could be kissing my fruit punch lips in the bright
sunshine
'Cause I like quite a lot, everything you got
Don't you know? It's you that I adore
Though I make the boys fall like dominoes

Kiss me in the d-a-r-k dark tonight
(D-a-r-k, do it my way)
Kiss me in the p-a-r-k park tonight
(P-a-r-k, let them all say)

Hey Lolita, hey! Hey Lolita, hey!
I know what the boys want, I'm not gonna play
Hey Lolita, hey! Hey Lolita, hey!
Whistle all you want, but I'm not gonna stay
No more skipping rope skipping heartbeats with the boys
downtown

Just you and me feeling the heat even when the sun goes
down
I could be yours, I could be your baby tonight
Topple you down from your sky 40 stories high
Shining like a God, can't believe I caught you and so
Look at what I bought, not a second thought - oh, Romeo

Kiss me in the d-a-r-k dark tonight
(D-a-r-k, do it my way)
Kiss me in the p-a-r-k park tonight
(P-a-r-k, let them all say)

Hey Lolita, hey! Hey Lolita, hey!
I know what the boys want, I'm not gonna play

Hey Lolita, hey! Hey Lolita, hey!
Whistle all you want, but I'm not gonna stay
No more skipping rope skipping heartbeats with the boys
downtown
Just you and me feeling the heat even when the sun goes
down

I want my cake and I want to eat it too
I want to have fun and be in love with you
I know that I'm a mess with my long hair
And my suntan, short dress, bare feet, I don't care
What they say about me, what they say about me
Because I know that it's l-o-v-e
You make me happy, you make me happy
And I never listen to anyone
(Let them all say!)

Hey Lolita, hey! Hey Lolita, hey!
I know what the boys want, I'm not gonna play
Hey Lolita, hey! Hey Lolita, hey!
Whistle all you want, but I'm not gonna stay
No more skipping rope skipping heartbeats with the boys
downtown
Just you and me feeling the heat even when the sun goes
down

.....
Written by Lana Del Rey and Liam Howe and Hannah Robinson.
Published By EMI / Sony ATV / Universal. Produced by Emile
Haynie. Co-Produced by Liam Howe for This Much Talent. Backing
Vocals: Hannah Robinson. Additional Keyboards and programming by
Liam Howe. Mixed by Dan Grech Marguerat for 365 Artists.

LUCKY ONES

.....
Let's get out of this town, baby we're on fire
Everyone around here seems to be going down, down, down
If you stick with me, I can take you higher, and higher
It feels like all of our friends are lost
Nobody's found, found, found

I got so scared, I thought no one could save me
You came along, scooped me up like a baby

Every now and then the stars align
Boy and girl meet by the great design
Could it be that you and me are the lucky ones?
Everybody told me love was blind
Then I saw your face and you blew my mind
Finally, you and me are the lucky ones this time

Boy get into my car, got a bad desire
You know that we'll never leave if we don't get out now,
now, now
You're a careless con and you're a crazy liar
But baby
Nobody can compare to the way you get down, down, down

I tried so hard to act nice like a lady
You taught me that it was good to be crazy

Every now and then the stars align
Boy and girl meet by the great design
Could it be that you and me are the lucky ones?
Everybody told me love was blind
Then I saw your face and you blew my mind
Finally, you and me are the lucky ones this time

Feels like, feels like, you know it feels like
Falling in love for the first time
Feels like, you know it feels like
Falling in love
Every now and then the stars align
Boy and girl meet by the great design
Could it be that you and me are the lucky ones?
Everybody told me love was blind
Then I saw your face and you blew my mind
Finally, you and me are the lucky ones this time

.....
Written by Lana Del Rey and Rick Nowels. Published By EMI / Heavycrate (ASCAP). Produced by Emile Haynie. Co-Produced by Rick Nowels. Engineered by Kieron Menzies at The Green Building, Santa Monica. Vocal production by Rick Nowels. Keyboards and Drums and Guitar by Emile Haynie. Keyboards by Rick Nowels. Strings arranged and conducted by Larry Gold. Strings assisted by Steve Tirpak. Strings, Guitars, Keyboards by Patrick Warren. Secondary Strings by Patrick Warren. Additional Vocals: Maria Vidal. Mixed by Manny Marroquin. Assisted by Erik Madrid and Chris Galland.

RIDE

.....
I been out on that open road
But you can be my full time daddy, white and gold
Singing blues has been getting old
But you can be my full time baby, hot or cold

Don't break me down, I been travelling too long
I been trying too hard, with one pretty song

I hear the birds on the summer breeze, I drive fast
I am alone at midnight
Been trying hard not to get into trouble but I
I've got a war in my mind
So I just ride
Just ride

Dying young and playing hard
That's the way my father made his life and art
Drink all day and we talk till dark
That's the way the road dogs do it - light 'til dark

Don't leave me now, don't say goodbye
Don't turn around leave me high and dry

I hear the birds on the summer breeze, I drive fast
I am alone at midnight
Been trying hard not to get into trouble but I
I've got a war in my mind

So I just ride
Just ride

I'm tired of feeling like I'm fucking crazy
I'm tired of driving 'til I see stars in my eyes
It's all I've got to keep myself sane, baby
So I just ride, I just ride

Hear the birds on the summer breeze, I drive fast
I am alone at midnight
Been trying hard not to get into trouble, but I, I've
got a war in my mind
I just ride
Just ride

.....
Written by Lana Del Rey and Justin Parker. Lyrics and melody written by Lana Del Rey. Published By: EMI / Sony ATV (ASCAP). Produced by Rick Rubin. Recorded by: Jason Lader at Shangri La Studios. Assisted by: Eric Lynn & Sean Oakley. Strings recorded by Tucker Robinson at Westlake Studios. Vocals: Lana Del Rey. Strings arranged by Dan Heath. Violins: Songa Lee & Kathleen Sloan. Drums: James Gadson. Piano & Keyboards: Zac Rae. Bass: Jason Lader. Mixed by Andrew Scheps. Mastered by John Davis at Metropolis Mastering, London. Vocals Recorded at Shangri La Studios, Malibu CA and Sarm Studios, London UK. Mixed at Punkerpad West, Van Nuys, CA.

AMERICAN

.....
Play house, put my favourite record on
Get down, get your crystal method on
You were like tall, tan, driving 'round the city
flirtin' with the girls like you're so pretty
Springsteen is the King don't ya think
I was like 'hell yeah that guy can sing'
like ooh ooh ooh
ooh ooh

You make me crazy, you make me wild
Just like a baby, spin me round like a child
Your skin so gold and brown
Be Young Be Dope Be Proud
Like an American

Drive fast, I can almost taste it now
L.A, I don't even have to fake it now
You were like so sick, everybody said it
You were way ahead of the trend, get get it
Elvis is the best, hell yes
Honey put on that party dress
like ooh ooh ooh
ooh ooh

You make me crazy, you make me wild
Just like a baby, spin me round like a child
Your skin so gold and brown
Be Young Be Dope Be Proud
Like an American

Everybody wants to go fast
But they can't compare
I don't really want the rest
Only you can take me there
I don't even know what I'm saying
But I'm praying for you

You make me crazy, you make me wild
Just like a baby, spin me round like a child
Your skin so gold and brown
Be Young Be Dope Be Proud
Like an American

.....
Written by Lana Del Rey, Rick Nowels and Emile Haynie. Lyrics and melody written by Lana Del Rey. Published By: EMI / Heavycrate (ASCAP) / R-Rated Music administered by EMI April Music Inc. (ASCAP). Vocals: Lana Del Rey. Produced by Rick Nowels. Co-Produced by Emile Haynie. Recorded by Kieron Menzies. Additional recording: Chris Garcia & Jordan Stilwell. Keyboards & Matrix 1000: Rick Nowels. Drums: Emile Haynie. Electric Guitar, Piano & Synthesiser: Patrick Warren. Orchestral arrangement by Dan Heath. Electric Guitar: Tim Pierce. Mixed by Kieron Menzies. Mastered by John Davis at Metropolis Mastering, London. Recorded at The Green Building, Santa Monica, California.

COLA

.....
My pussy taste like Pepsi cola
My eyes are wide like cherry pies
I got a taste for men who are older
It's always been, so it's no surprise

Ah he's in the sky with diamonds and he's making me
crazy
I come alive alive
All he wants to do is party with his pretty baby

Come on baby, let's ride
We can escape to the great sunshine
I know your wife that she wouldn't mind
We made it out to the other side
We made it out to the other side
We made it out to the other side

I fall asleep in an American flag
I wear my diamonds on Skid Row
I pledge allegiance to my dad
For teaching me everything he knows

Ah he's in the sky with diamonds and he's making me
crazy
I come alive alive
All he wants to do is party with his pretty baby

Come on baby, let's ride
We can escape to the great sunshine
I know your wife, that she wouldn't mind
We made it out to the other side

We made it out to the other side
We made it out to the other side

Drugs suck it up like vanilla icys
don't treat me rough, treat me really niceys
decorate my neck
Diamantes icys

Come on baby, let's ride
We can escape to the great sunshine
I know your wife, that she wouldn't mind
We made it out to the other side

Come on baby, let's ride
We can escape to the great sunshine
We made it out to the other side
We made it out to the other side

.....
Written by Lana Del Rey & Rick Nowels. Lyrics and melody written by Lana Del Rey. Published By: EMI / R-Rated Music administered by EMI April Music Inc. (ASCAP). Produced by Rick Nowels. Co-produced by DK. Recording engineer: Kieron Menzies. Additional recording: Chris Garcia & Jordan Stilwell. Vocals: Lana Del Rey. Rick Nowels: Keyboards, Juno Bass, Acoustic Guitar & Drums. Patrick Warren: Strings, Glockenspiel, Brass, Organ, Electric Guitar, Piano & Synthesiser. Slide Guitar: Tim Pierce. Drums: Devrim Karaoglu. Drum Programming: Kieron Menzies. Mixed by Kieron Menzies. Mastered by John Davis for Metropolis Mastering, London. Recorded at The Green Building, Santa Monica, USA.

BODY ELECTRIC

.....

Elvis is my daddy
Marilyn's my mother
Jesus is my bestest friend
We don't need nobody
cause we got each other
Or at least I pretend

We get down every Friday night
dancing and grinding in the pale moonlight
Gand Ole Opry
we're feeling alright
Mary prays the rosary for my broken mind

I sing the body electric
I sing the body electric, baby
I sing the body electric

I sing the body electric
Sing that body electric
Sing that body electric
I'm on fire, baby I'm on fire

Whitman is my daddy
Monaco's my mother
Diamonds are my bestest friend

Heaven is my baby
Suicide's her father
Opulence is the end

We get down every Friday night
dancing and grinding in the pale moonlight
Gand Ole Opry
we're feeling alright
Mary prays the rosary for my broken mind

I sing the body electric
I sing the body electric, baby
I sing the body electric

I sing the body electric
Sing that body electric
Sing that body electric
I'm on fire, baby I'm on fire

My clothes still smell like you
And all the photographs say that you're still young
I pretend I'm not hurt and go about the world like I'm having fun
We get crazy every Friday night
Drop it like it's hot in the pale moonlight
Grand Ole Opry
feeling alright
Mary swaying softly to her hearts delight.

I sing the body electric
I sing the body electric, baby
I sing the body electric

I sing the body electric
Sing that body electric
Sing that body electric
I'm on fire, baby I'm on fire

.....
Written by Lana Del Rey and Rick Nowels Lyrics and melody written by Lana Del Rey. Published By: EMI / R-Rated Music administered by EMI April Music Inc. (ASCAP). Vocals: Lana Del Rey. Produced by Rick Nowels & Dan Heath. Recorded by Kieron Menzies, Dan Heath and Chris Garcia. Piano, Mellotron & Strings: Rick Nowels. Patrick Warren: Guitar, Organ, Dulcitone, Moog, Piano, Bells, Optigon & Mellotron. Orchestra & Percussion: Dan Heath. Slide Electronic Guitar: Tim Pierce. Mixed by Kieron Menzies. Mastered by John Davis at Metropolis Mastering, London. Recorded at The Green Building, Santa Monica, USA.

BLUE VELVET

.....

She wore blue velvet
Bluer than velvet was the night
Softer than satin was the light
From the stars

She wore blue velvet
Bluer than velvet were her eyes
Warmer than May her tender sighs

Love was ours

Ours a love I held tightly
Feeling the rapture grow
Like a flame burning brightly
But when she left, gone was the glow of

Blue velvet
But in my heart there'll always be
precious and warm a memory
through the years
And I can still see blue velvet through my tears
.....
Written by Lee Morris. Written by Bernie Wayne. Published By: Chappell Morris Ltd. / IQ Music Ltd. Vocals: Lana Del Rey. Produced by Emile Haynie. Assistant Recording Engineer: Spencer Burgess Jr. Mixed by Tom Elmhirst, Assisted by Ben Baptie. Strings arranged by Larry Gold. Strings: The Larry Gold Orchestra. Mastered by John Davis at Metropolis Mastering, London.

GODS AND MONSTERS

.....

In the land of Gods and Monsters
I was an Angel
living in the garden of evil
Screwed up, scared, doing anything that I needed
Shining like a fiery beacon

You got that medicine I need
Fame, Liquor, Love give it to me slowly
Put your hands on my waist, do it softly
Me and God, we don't get along so now I sing

No one's gonna take my soul away
I'm living like Jim Morrison
headed towards a fucked up holiday
motel sprees sprees and I'm singing
'fuck yeah give it to me this is heaven, what I truly want'
It's innocence lost
Innocence lost

In the land of Gods and Monsters
I was an Angel
looking to get fucked hard
Like a groupie incognito posing as a real singer
Life imitates art

You got that medicine I need
Dope, shoot it up, straight to the heart please
I don't really wanna know what's good for me
God's dead, I said 'baby that's alright with me'

No one's gonna take my soul away
I'm living like Jim Morrison
headed towards a fucked up holiday
motel sprees sprees and I'm singing
'fuck yeah give it to me this is heaven, what I truly

want'
It's innocence lost
Innocence lost

When you talk it's like a movie and you're making me
crazy -
cause life imitates art
If I get a little prettier can I be your baby?
You tell me, "life isn't that hard"

No one's gonna take my soul away
I'm living like Jim Morrison
headed towards a fucked up holiday
motel sprees srees and I'm singing
'fuck yeah give it to me this is heaven, what I truly
want'
It's innocence lost
Innocence lost

.....
Written by Lana Del Rey and Tim Larcambe. Lyrics and melody
written by Lana Del Rey. Published By: EMI / Leonard Street Songs
Publishing. Produced by Tim Larcambe. Additional production by
Emile Haynie. Vocals: Lana Del Rey. Keys, Guitars & Drums: Tim
Larcambe. Additional Keys & Drums: Emile Haynie. String arranger
and horns: Dan Heath. Mixed by Robert Orton. Mastered by John
Davis for Metropolis Mastering, London. Recorded at The Square
Recording Studio, Hoxton Square, London, UK. Mixed at Hot Rocks
Studio.

YAYO

.....
I like the snake on your tattoo
I like the ivy and the ink blue

Yayo, yeah you, Yayo

You have to take me right now
from this dark trailer park life now

Yayo, how now, Yayo

Put me onto your black motorcycle
50's baby doll dress for my I do
It only takes 2 hours to Nevada
I wear your sparkle you call me your mama

Let me put on a show for you, Daddy
Let me put on a show
Let me put on a show Tiger
Let me put on a show

I need you like a baby when I hold you
Like a druggie like I told you
Yayo, yeah you, Yayo

Put me onto your black motorcycle
50's baby doll dress for my I do
It only takes 2 hours to Nevada

I wear your sparkle you call me your mama

Let me put on a show for you Daddy
Let me put on a show
Let me put on a show Tiger
Let me put on a show

Hello Heaven, you are a tunnel lined with yellow lights
on a dark night
Yayo, yeah you, Yayo

Put me onto your black motorcycle
50's baby doll dress for my I do
It only takes 2 hours to Nevada
I wear your sparkle you call me your mama

Let me put on a show for you Daddy
Let me put on a show
Let me put on a show Tiger
Let me put on a show

.....
Written by Lana Del Rey. Published By: EMI. Vocals: Lana Del Rey.
Produced by Dan Heath & Emile Haynie. Vocal engineer: Graham
Archer. Strings & Keys: Dan Heath. Drums & Additional Keys: Emile
Haynie. Mixed by Jeremy Cochise Ball. Mastered by John Davis at
Metropolis Mastering, London. Recorded at Sarm Studios, London,
UK. Mixed at The Bridget Studio, Buffalo, NY, USA.

BEL AIR

.....
Gargoyles standing at the front of your gate
trying to tell me to wait but I can't wait to see you
So I run like a child to heaven's door
I don't wanna be bad I won't cheat you no more

Roses, Bel Air, take me there
I've been waiting to meet you
Palm trees in the light, I can see late at night
Darling, I'm waiting to greet you
Come to me baby

Spotlight, Bad Baby
You've got a flair
for the violentest kind of love anywhere out there
Mon amour, sweet child of mine, you're divine
Didn't anyone ever tell you it's ok to shine?

Roses, Bel Air, take me there
I've been waiting to meet you
Palm trees in the light, I can see late at night
Darling, I'm waiting to greet you
Come to me baby

Don't be afraid of me, don't be ashamed
Walking away from my soft resurrection
Idol of roses, iconic soul
I know your name
Lead me to war with your brilliant direction

Roses, Bel Air, take me there
I've been waiting to meet you
Palm trees in the light, I can see late at night
Darling, I'm waiting to greet you
Come to me baby

Roses, Bel Air, take me there
I've been waiting to meet you

Grenadine, sunshine, can you break this heart of mine
Darling I'm waiting to greet you, come to me baby

.....
Written by Lana Del Rey and Daniel Heath. Lyrics and melody
written by Lana Del Rey. Published By: EMI / Songs Music
Publishing LLC o/b/o Songs of SMP (ASCAP), Yorkshire Moors
(ASCAP). Vocals and backing vocals: Lana Del Rey. Produced by
Dan Heath. Engineered by Dan Heath, Tucker Robinson, Nikki
Calvert. Strings & Piano: Dan Heath. Mixed by Jeff Rothschild. Mix
Engineer: Peter Stanislaus. Violins: Kathleen Sloan and Songa
Lee. Mastered by John Davis at Metropolis Mastering, London.
Recorded at Electric Lemon Studios and Westlake Studios LA, USA.
Mixed at House of Blues Studios, Encino, CA.

BURNING DESIRE

.....
Every Saturday night I get dressed up to ride for you
baby
Cruising down the street on Hollywood and Vine for you
baby
I drive fast, wind in my hair
I push it to the limit cause I just don't care
You ask me where I've been, I been everywhere
But I don't wanna be nowhere but here

I've got a burning desire for you baby
(I've got a burning desire)
I've got a burning desire for you baby
(I've got a burning desire)

I drive fast, wind in my hair
Push it to the limit cause I just don't care
I've got a burning desire for you baby
(I've got a burning desire)

Every Saturday night I seem to come alive for you baby
Santa Monica I'm racing in the lights for you baby
I drive fast, radio blares
Have to touch myself to pretend you're there
Your hands were on my hips, your name was on my lips
over over again like my only prayer

I've got a burning desire for you baby
(I've got a burning desire)
I've got a burning desire for you baby
(I've got a burning desire)

I drive fast wind in my hair
Push it to the limits cause I just don't care

I've got a burning desire for you baby
(I've got a burning desire)

I'm driving fast, flash
Everyone knows it
I'm trying to get to you baby
I'm feeling scared and you know it

I've got a burning desire for you baby
(I've got a burning desire)
I've got a burning desire for you baby
(I've got a burning desire)

I drive fast wind in my hair
Push it to the limits cause I just don't care
I've got a burning desire for you baby
(I've got a burning desire)

.....
Written by Lana Del Rey and Justin Parker. Lyrics and melody
written by Lana Del Rey. Published by: EMI / Sony ATV. Vocals:
Lana Del Rey. Produced by Emile Haynie. Emile Haynie assisted by:
Spencer Burgess Jr. Strings, Synth Pads & Sitar: Dan Heath. Piano
& Bass: Justin Parker. Mixed by Jeff Rothschild. Assistant mix
engineer Peter Stanislaus. Mastered by John Davis for Metropolis
Mastering, London. Recorded at Sarm Studios, London UK. Mixed at
House of Blues, Encino, CA.

.....
Vocals by Lana Del Rey. CD1 Produced By Emile Haynie.
Mastered by John Davis at Metropolis Mastering, London.
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www.lanadelrey.com

.....
Thank you to my devoted managers Ben Mawson and Ed Millett.
And to A.G.