

Lana Del Rey, Fingertips

When I look back, tracing fingertips over plastic bags
Thinking, "I wish I could extrapolate some small intention
Or maybe just get your attention for a minute or two"

Will I die? Or will I get to that ten-year mark?
Where I beat the extinction of telomeres?
And if I do, will you be there with me, Father, Sister, Brother?

Charlie, stop smoking
Caroline, will you be with me?
Will the baby be alright?
Will I have one of mine?
Can I handle it
Even if I do?
You said that I might
It's not fair or so they said
To carry a child
I guess I'll be fine

It wasn't my idea the cocktail of things that twist neurons inside
But without them, I'd die
They say there's irony in the music, it's a tragedy
I see nothing Greek in it
Give me a mausoleum in Rhode Island with Dad, Grandma, Grandpa and Dave
Who hung himself real high
In the National Park sky, it's a shame and I'm crying right now
To get to you, save you if I take my life
Find your astral body, put it into my eyes
Give you two seconds to cry
Take you home, I, I'll give you a blanket
Your spirit can sit and watch TV by my side
'Cause, baby, I ran through a time when I felt you were doing it

I couldn't handle it, I was in Monaco
I couldn't hear what they said on the telephone
I had to sing for the prince in two hours
Sat in the shower
Gave myself two seconds to cry
It's a shame that we die

When I was fifteen, naked, next-door neighbors did a drive-by
Pulled me up by my waist, long hair to the beach side
I wanted to go out like you, swim with the fishes
That he caught on Rhode Island beaches
But, sometimes, it's just not your time

Caroline, what kind of mother was she to say I'd end up in institutions?
All I wanted to do was kiss Aaron Greene and sit by the lake
Twisting lime into the drinks that they made
Have a babe at sixteen, the town I was born in and died

Aaron ended up dead and not me
What the fuck's wrong in your head to send me away never to come back
Exotic places and people to take the place of being your child?
I give myself two seconds to cry
Let it crash over me like
The waves in the sea
Call me Aphrodite
As they bow down to me

Sunbather, moon chaser, queen of empathy
I give myself two seconds to breathe
And go back to being a serene queen
I just needed two seconds to be me

Utwór 'Fingertips' z albumu 'Did You Know That There's A Tunnel Under Ocean Blvd' od Lana Del