## Lana Del Rey, Fishtail

Don't you dare say that you'll braid my hair, babe If you don't really care You wanted me sadder, you wanted me sadder Fishtail is the matter, like that, ah-ah-ah

Skipping rope in the bayou, bayou
Slip softly into rain
Not that smart but I've got things to say
Palm trees in black and white
I like to watch them sway
You're so funny, I wish I could skinny-deep inside your mind
Lately I've been thinking about how things used to be
Swinging in a nightgown underneath the old oak tree
Almost Victorian with you, you can talk to me
But lately, I can't see

You wanted me sadder Baby, can't you see it? (You wanted me sadder) For me, you are the one And if I'm not the one for you Don't you see it? I was on the stairs Ella Fitzgerald in the air Feelin' hella rare Baby, if you care Baby, don't you dare say You'll braid my hair, babe Don't you dare say That you'll braid my hair Babe, if you don't really care You wanted me sadder

Dancing there in the hot out sun
I know that we've got problems
I plan to address them another day
Palm trees in black and white
I see in Technicolor
Maybe I'll take my glasses off so I'll stop painting red flags green
Lately I've been sunning in the L.A. river bed
Wearing nothing but the summer bruises on my knees
I like how you talk, how you speak, how you look at me
But lately, I can't see

You wanted me sadder Baby, can't you see it? (You wanted me sadder) For me, you are the one If I'm not the one for you Don't just see it? I was on the stairs Ella Fitzgerald in the air Feelin' hella rare Baby, if you care Baby, don't you dare say You'll braid my hair See, baby, if you care Then, baby, don't you dare say (Don't you dare say that you'll braid my hair, see) That you really care Don't you dare say that you'll braid my hair When you get home tonight If you don't really care Yeah, don't you dare say that you'll braid my hair, babe If don't really care, see Don't you care say that you'll braid my hair if you're not coming home to me Hmm-mm

You want someone sadder Skipping rope in the bayou, bayou Slip softly into rain I'm not that smart But I've got things to say

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