

# Lana Del Rey, This Is What Makes Us Girls

Remember how we used to party up all night  
Sneaking out and looking for a taste of real life  
Drinking in the small town firelight  
(Pabst Blue Ribbon on ice)

Sweet sixteen and we had arrived  
Walking down the street as they whistle, "Hi, hi!"  
Stealin' police cars 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  
While she starts to cry, mascara runnin' down her little Bambi eyes:  
"Lana, how I hate those guys."

This is what makes us girls  
We don't look for heaven and we put our 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 don't stick together 'cause we put our love first  
Don't cry about him, don't cry about him  
It's all gonna happen

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

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

Know we used to go break in  
to the hotel pool, glittering we'd swim  
Runnin' from the cops in our black bikini tops  
screaming, "Get us while we're hot"  
"We don't give a what"

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The prettiest crowd that you had ever seen  
Ribbons in our hair and our eyes gleamed mean  
A freshmen 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, I was waving on the train platform  
Crying 'cause I know I'm never comin' back.

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