

Lana Del Rey, Grandfather Please Stand on The

Three white butterflies to know you're near

I know they think, that it took somebody else
To make me beautiful (Beautiful)
As they intended me to be
But they're wrong
I know they think
That it took thousands of people
To put me together again
Like an experiment
Some big men behind the scenes
Sewing Frankenstein black dreams into my songs
But they're wrong

God, if you're near me send me three white butterflies
Or an owl to know you're listening, sitting while I'm drinking
Grandfather, please stand on the shoulders of my father
While he's deep-sea fishing for sharks in the Pacific
'Cause I'm good on spirit, warm-bodied
A fallible deity wrapped up in white
I'm folk, I'm jazz, I'm blue, I'm green
Regrettably, also a white woman

But I have good intentions even if I'm one of the last ones
If you don't believe me, my poetry or my melodies
Feel it in your bones
I have good intentions even if I'm one of the last ones
(Ah-ha-ah, yeah, ah-ha-ah, yeah, ah-ha-ah, yeah)

Grandfather, please stand on the shoulders of my father
While he's deep-sea fishing for all the things he's wishing
God, if you're near me, send me three white butterflies
Or a map to know Your vision, impart on me Your wisdom

It took somebody else to make me beautiful
Wonderful
As they intended me to be
But they're wrong

Three white butterflies to know you're near

Utwór 'Grandfather Please Stand on The Shoulders of My Father While He's Deep-Sea Fishing' z a