

# Beyoncé, DAUGHTER

Your body laid out on these filthy floors  
Your bloodstains on my custom coutures  
Bathroom attendant let me right in  
She was a big fan  
I really tried to stay cool  
But your arrogance disturbed my solitude  
Now I ripped your dress and you're all black and blue  
Look what you made me do

They keep sayin' that I ain't nothin' like my father  
But I'm the furthest thing from choir boys and altars  
If you cross me, I'm just like my father  
I am colder than Titanic water

Help me, Lord, from these fantasies in my head  
They ain't ever been safe ones  
I don't fellowship with these fake ones  
So let's travel to white chapels and sing hymns  
Hold rosaries, and sing in stained glass symphonies  
Cleanse me, Holy Trinity, from this marijuana smoke smell in my hair

I sashayed my dress  
Did my best impression of a damsel in distress  
This alcohol and smell of regret  
Allured my catch  
Outfit too small to hide my scars  
Feelin' bottled up like bottle service broads  
How long can he hold his breath  
Before his death?

Caro mio ben  
Credimi almen  
Senza di te  
Languisce il cor  
Il tuo fedel  
Sospira ognor  
Cessa, crudel  
Tanto rigor  
Ooh, ooh

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So let's travel to white chapels and sing hymns  
Hold rosary, sing in stained glass symphonies  
Cleanse me, Holy Trinity, from this marijuana smoke smell in my hair

Say I'm nothin' like my father  
But I'm the furthest thing from choir boys and altars  
Double cross me, I'm just like my father  
I am colder than Titanic water