

# Lana Del Rey, Cry Kill Die

Peace, we can't have it and we don't want it  
Please, you've got habits and you won't stop it (Stop it)

And I threw all your stuff out of my window and I didn't even blink an eye  
Though, I do admit that when I called your other bitch, I told a little lie  
I told her, no matter what, no two people were ever happier in life  
That part wasn't true, but it felt good to yell and good to hear a little sigh

You make me cry, you make me kill, you make me wanna die  
And we break up, then we get back, I wanna fucking die  
It's you, I love you, I love you  
It's true, I love you, I love you

Your love, a foreign concept, a foreign country  
Touch, that's all we've got, so, babe, just touch me (Touch me, touch me)

But I threw all your shit out of my window and I even deleted your cell  
Then I called your bitch, I told her that she got her wish, she shouldn't kiss and tell  
That part wasn't true, 'cause she said nothing, I saw everything for myself  
I don't wish you well, I hope it all goes wrong, and, baby, I'll see you in Hell

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Oh, oh yeah, yeah  
Oh yeah, oh yeah, ohh