

Lana Del Rey, Did you know that there's a tunnel

Did you know that there's a tunnel under Ocean Boulevard?
Mosaic ceilings, painted tiles on the wall
I can't help but feel somewhat like my body, mind, my soul
Hand-made beauty sealed up by two man-made walls and I'm like

When's it gonna be my turn?
When's it gonna be my turn?
Open me up, tell me you like it
Fuck me to death, love me until I love myself
There's a tunnel under Ocean Boulevard
There's a tunnel under Ocean Boulevard

There's a girl that sings "Hotel California"
Not because she loves the notes or sounds that sound like Florida
It's because she's in a world preserved, only a few have found the door
It's like Camarillo, only silver mirrors running down the corridor, oh, man

When's it gonna be my turn?
Don't forget me
When's it gonna be my turn?
Open me up, tell me you like me
Fuck me to death, love me until I love myself
There's a tunnel under Ocean Boulevard
Don't forget me
There's a tunnel under Ocean Boulevard

Harry Nilsson has a song, his voice breaks at 2:05
Something about the way he says "Don't forget me" makes me feel like
I just wish I had a friend like him, someone to give me five
Leanin' in my back, whisperin' in my ear, "Come on, baby, you can drive," but I can't

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At the tunnel under Ocean Boulevard
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Don't forget me, don't forget me
No, don't forget me
Don't you, don't you forget me