

Lana Del Rey, Fishtail

Don't you dare say that you'll braid my hair, babe
If you don't really care
You wanted me sadder, you wanted me sadder
Fishtail is the matter, like that, ah-ah-ah

Skipping rope in the bayou, bayou
Slip softly into rain
Not that smart but I've got things to say
Palm trees in black and white
I like to watch them sway
You're so funny, I wish I could skinny-deep inside your mind
Lately I've been thinking about how things used to be
Swinging in a nightgown underneath the old oak tree
Almost Victorian with you, you can talk to me
But lately, I can't see

You wanted me sadder
Baby, can't you see it?
(You wanted me sadder)
For me, you are the one
And if I'm not the one for you
Don't you see it?
I was on the stairs
Ella Fitzgerald in the air
Feelin' hella rare
Baby, if you care
Baby, don't you dare say
You'll braid my hair, babe
Don't you dare say
That you'll braid my hair
Babe, if you don't really care
You wanted me sadder

Dancing there in the hot out sun
I know that we've got problems
I plan to address them another day
Palm trees in black and white
I see in Technicolor
Maybe I'll take my glasses off so I'll stop painting red flags green
Lately I've been sunning in the L.A. river bed
Wearing nothing but the summer bruises on my knees
I like how you talk, how you speak, how you look at me
But lately, I can't see

You wanted me sadder
Baby, can't you see it?
(You wanted me sadder)
For me, you are the one
If I'm not the one for you
Don't just see it?
I was on the stairs
Ella Fitzgerald in the air
Feelin' hella rare
Baby, if you care
Baby, don't you dare say
You'll braid my hair
See, baby, if you care
Then, baby, don't you dare say
(Don't you dare say that you'll braid my hair, see)
That you really care
Don't you dare say that you'll braid my hair
When you get home tonight
If you don't really care
Yeah, don't you dare say that you'll braid my hair, babe

If don't really care, see
Don't you care say that you'll braid my hair if you're not coming home to me
Hmm-mm

You want someone sadder
Skipping rope in the bayou, bayou
Slip softly into rain
I'm not that smart
But I've got things to say

Utwór 'Fishtail' z albumu 'Did You Know That There's A Tunnel Under Ocean Blvd' od Lana Del Rey