







## Norman fucking Rockwell

Written by Lana Del Rey and Jack Antonoff  
Produced by Jack Antonoff and Lana Del Rey  
Recording Engineering by Jack Antonoff & Laura Sisk  
Assistant Recording Engineering by John Sher  
Mixed by Jack Antonoff & Laura Sisk  
Mastered by Chris Gehringer at Sterling Sound  
Assistant Mastering Engineering by Will Quinnell  
Recorded at Conway Recording Studios (Los Angeles, CA)  
and House of Breaking Glass (Seattle, WA)  
Mastered at Sterling Sound  
Mixed at Conway Recording Studios (Los Angeles, CA)

Vocals by Lana Del Rey  
Saxophone by Evan Smith  
Keyboards and Piano by Jack Antonoff  
Baritone, Cello and Flugelbone by Phillip Peterson  
Violin by Victoria Parker

Goddamn, man-child You fucked me so good that I almost said "I love you" You're fun and you're wild  
But you don't know the half of the shit that you put me through Your poetry's bad and you blame the  
news But I can't change that, and I can't change your mood, ah

'Cause you're just a man It's just what you do Your head in your hands As you color me blue Yeah,  
you're just a man All through and through Your head in your hands As you color me blue Blue, blue,  
blue

Goddamn, man-child You act like a kid even though you stand six foot two Self-loathing poet, resident  
Laurel Canyon know-it-all You talk to the walls when the party gets bored of you But I don't get bored,  
I just see it through Why wait for the best when I could have you? You?

'Cause you're just a man It's just what you do Your head in your hands As you color me blue Yeah,  
you're just a man All through and through Your head in your hands As you color me blue Blue, blue,  
blue

Blue, blue Blue, blue, blue Blue, blue, blue





## Mariners Apartment Complex

Written by Lana Del Rey and Jack Antonoff Produced by Jack Antonoff and Lana Del Rey Recording Engineering by Jack Antonoff & Laura Sisk Assistant Recording Engineering by John Sher Mixed by Jack Antonoff & Laura Sisk and Serban Ghenea Mixing Engineering by John Hanes Mastered by Chris Gehringer at Sterling Sound Assistant Mastering Engineering by Will Quinnell Recorded at Conway Recording Studios (Los Angeles, CA) Mixed at MixStar Studios (Virginia Beach, VA) Mastered at Sterling Sound

Vocals by Lana Del Rey Drums, Programming, Acoustic and Electric Guitars, Keyboards and Piano by Jack Antonoff  
Additional Programming by Laura Sisk

You took my sadness out of context At the Mariners Apartment Complex I ain't no candle in the wind I'm the board, the lightning, the thunder Kind of girl who's gonna make you wonder Who you are and who you've been

And who I've been is with you on these beaches Your Venice bitch, your die-hard, your weakness Maybe I could save you from your sins So kiss the sky and whisper to Jesus My, my, my, you found this, you need this Take a deep breath, baby, let me in

You lose your way, just take my hand You're lost at sea, then I'll command your boat to me again Don't look too far, right where you are, that's where I am I'm your man I'm your man

They mistook my kindness for weakness I fucked up, I know that, but Jesus Can't a girl just do the best she can? Catch a wave and take in the sweetness Think about it, the darkness, the deepness All the things that make me who I am

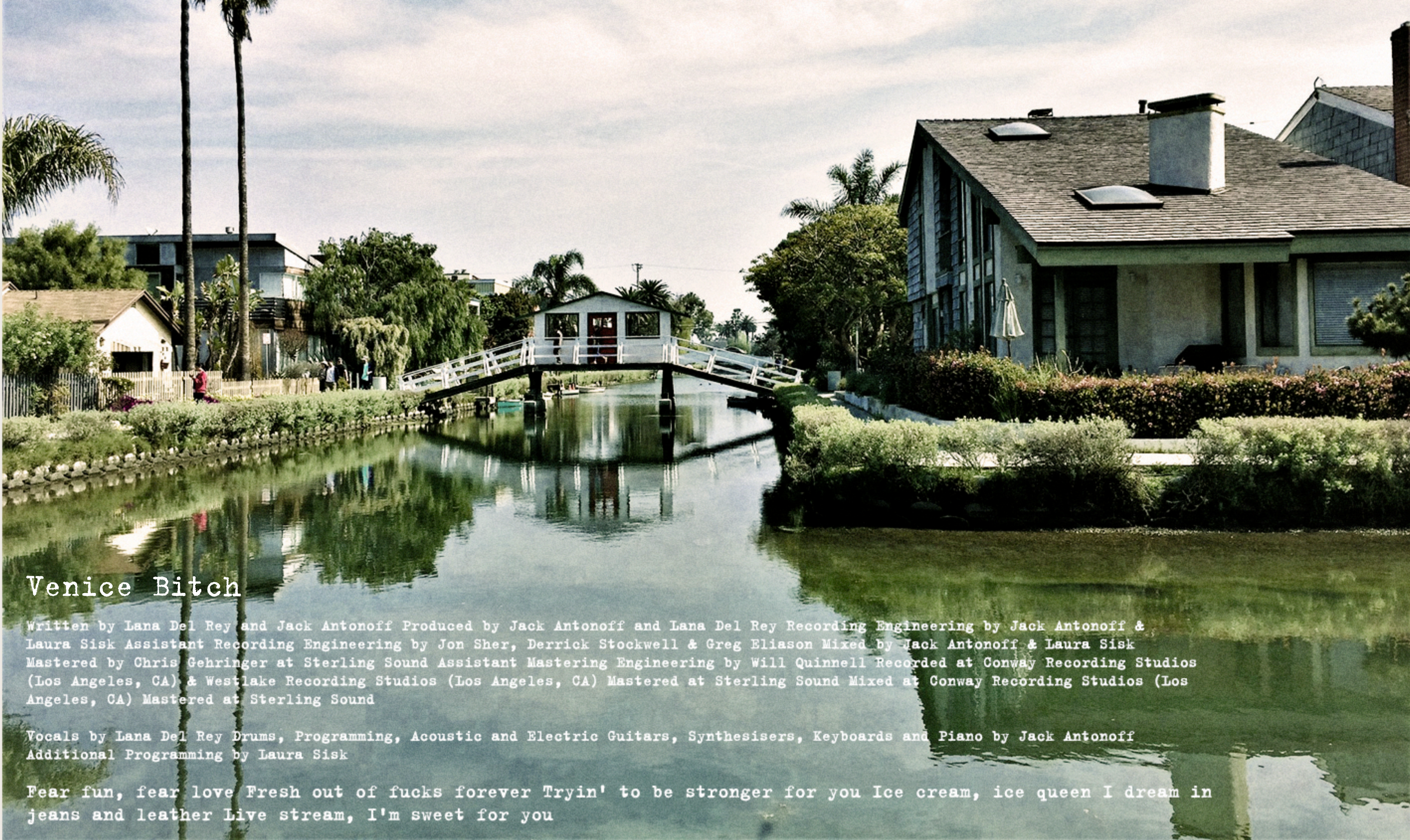
And who I am is a big-time believer That people can change, but you don't have to leave her When everyone's talking, you can make a stand 'Cause even in the dark, I feel your resistance You can see my heart burning in the distance Baby, baby, baby, I'm your man (Yeah)

You lose your way, just take my hand You're lost at sea, then I'll command your boat to me again Don't look too far, right where you are, that's where I am I'm your man I'm your man

Catch a wave and take in the sweetness Take in the sweetness You want this, you need this Are you ready for it?







## Venice Bitch

Written by Lana Del Rey and Jack Antonoff Produced by Jack Antonoff and Lana Del Rey Recording Engineering by Jack Antonoff & Laura Sisk Assistant Recording Engineering by Jon Sher, Derrick Stockwell & Greg Eliason Mixed by Jack Antonoff & Laura Sisk Mastered by Chris Gehringer at Sterling Sound Assistant Mastering Engineering by Will Quinnell Recorded at Conway Recording Studios (Los Angeles, CA) & Westlake Recording Studios (Los Angeles, CA) Mastered at Sterling Sound Mixed at Conway Recording Studios (Los Angeles, CA) Mastered at Sterling Sound

Vocals by Lana Del Rey Drums, Programming, Acoustic and Electric Guitars, Synthesizers, Keyboards and Piano by Jack Antonoff Additional Programming by Laura Sisk

Fear fun, fear love Fresh out of fucks forever Tryin' to be stronger for you Ice cream, ice queen I dream in jeans and leather Live stream, I'm sweet for you

Oh God, miss you on my lips It's me, your little Venice bitch On the stoop with the neighborhood kids Callin' out, bang bang, kiss kiss You're in the yard, I light the fire And as the summer fades away Nothing gold can stay You write, I tour, we make it work You're beautiful and I'm insane We're American-made

Give me Hallmark One dream, one life, one lover Paint me happy in blue Norman Rockwell No hype under our covers It's just me and you

Oh God, miss you on my lips It's me, your little Venice bitch On the stoop with the neighborhood kids Callin' out, bang bang, kiss kiss You're in the yard, I light the fire And as the summer fades away Nothing gold can stay You write, I tour, we make it work You're beautiful and I'm insane We're American-made

Oh (Yeah), oh (Yeah), oh (Yeah) Soundin' off, bang bang, kiss kiss Oh (Yeah), oh (Yeah), oh (Yeah) Soundin' off, bang bang, kiss kiss

Oh God, want you on my lips (I do, I do) It's me, your little Venice bitch (Yes, it is) On the stoop with the neighborhood kids Soundin' off, bang bang, kiss kiss

Oh, shatter (Yeah), oh, shatter (Yeah, yeah), oh, shatter (Yeah) (Soundin' off, bang bang, kiss kiss) Yeah (Yeah), oh (Yeah), oh (Yeah) (Soundin' off, bang bang, kiss kiss) Yeah, yeah

You heard my baby's back in town now You should come, come over We'll be hanging around now You should come, come over

Oh God, I love him on my lips It's me, your little Venice bitch Touch me with your fingertips It's me, your little Venice bitch

Back, back in the garden We're getting high now because we're older Me myself, I like diamonds My baby, crimson and clover

(La-la-la-la-la-la, losers, beautiful losers) (La-la-la-la-la-la, losers, beautiful, losers) Wha-wha-wha-wha whatever Everything, whatever Wha-wha-wha-wha-whatever Everything, whatever

Ah, ah, ah, ah Ah yeah, ah yeah (La-la-la-la-la-la, losers, beautiful losers) Ah yeah, ah (La-la-la-la-la-la, losers, beautiful losers) La-la-la-la-la-la, losers, (Yeah) beautiful losers (Yeah) La-la-la-la-la-la, losers , (Yeah) beautiful losers (Yeah) La-la-la-la-la-la, losers, beautiful losers La-la-la-la-la-la, losers, beautiful losers

Back in the garden We're getting high now because we're older Me myself, I like diamonds My baby, crimson and clover

Crimson and clover, honey x5 Over and over, honey x3 Over and over

If you weren't mine, I'd be Jealous of your love







## Fuck it I love you

I like to see everything in neon Drink lime green, stay up 'til dawn Maybe the way that I'm living is killing me I like to light up the stage with a song Do shit to keep me turned on But one day I woke up like "Maybe I'll do it differently"

So I moved to California, but it's just a state of mind It turns out everywhere you go, you take yourself, that's not a lie Wish that you would hold me or just say that you were mine It's killing me slowly

Dream a little dream of me Make me into something sweet Turn the radio on, dancing to a pop song  
Fuck it, I love you Fuck it, I love you Fuck it, I love you I really do

I used to shoot up my veins in neon And shit's even brighter; you're gone So many things I would say to you I want you

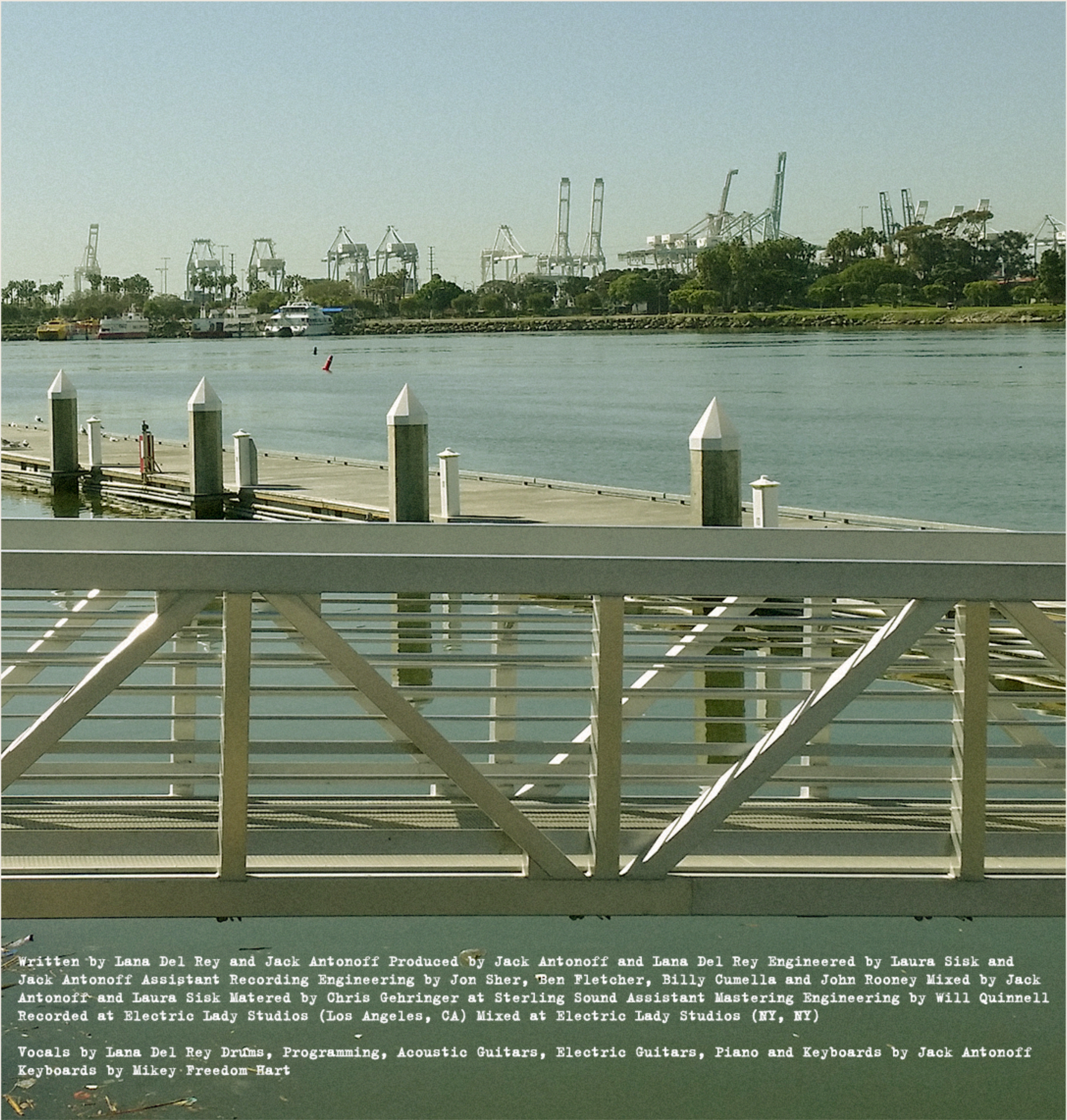
You moved to California, but it's just a state of mind And you know everyone adores you You can't feel it and you're tired Baby, wish that you would hold me or just say that you were mine But it's killing me slowly

Dream a little dream of me Make me into something sweet Turn the radio on, dancing to a pop song  
Fuck it, I love you Fuck it, I love you Fuck it, I love you I really do

You moved to California, but it's just a state of mind And you know everyone adores you You can't feel it and you're tired Baby, wish that you would hold me or just say that you were mine But it's killing me slowly

Fuck it, I love you (I moved to California, but it's just a state of mind) Fuck it, I love you (It turns out everywhere you go, you take yourself, that's not a lie) Fuck it, I love you (Wish that you would hold me or just say that you were mine) I really do (It's killing me slowly)

(Fuck it, I love you) California dreamin', got my money on my mind (Fuck it, I love you) Chances in my veins, running out of time (Fuck it, I love you) California dreamin', got my money on my mind (I really do) Chances in my veins, running out of time (Fuck it, I love you) California dreamin', got my money on my mind (Fuck it, I love you) Chances in my veins, running out of time (Fuck it, I love you) California dreamin', got my money on my mind (I really do) Chances in my veins, running out of time







## Doin' Time

Written by Bradley James Nowell, Rock Rubin, Adam Keefe Horovits,  
Adam Nethaniel Yauch, Marshall Raymond Goodman, Ira Gershwin,  
DuBose Heyward, Dorothy Heyward and George Gershwin  
Produced by Andrew Watt and Happy Perez  
Engineered by Paul LaMalfa  
Mixed by Paul LaMalfa and Andrew Watt  
Mastered by Dave Kutch at The Mastering Palace, NYC  
Recorded and Tracked at Gold Tooth Music (Los Angeles, CA)  
and SARM Studios (London, England)

Vocals by Lana Del Rey  
Instrumentation and Programming by Andrew Watt  
Guitar by Andrew Watt  
Bass Guitar Eric Wilson  
Drums by Josh Freene and Bud Gaugh  
Harp by Gale Levant

Summertime, and the livin's easy  
Bradley's on the microphone with Ras MG  
All the people in the dance will agree  
That we're well-qualified to represent the L.B.C.  
Me, me and Louie, we gonna run to the party  
And dance to the rhythm, it gets harder

Me and my girl, we got this relationship  
I love her so bad, but she treats me like shit  
On lockdown, like a penitentiary  
She spreads her lovin' all over  
And when she gets home, there's none left for me

Summertime, and the livin's easy  
Bradley's on the microphone with Ras MG  
All the people in the dance will agree  
That we're well-qualified to represent the L.B.C.  
Me, me and Louie, we gonna run to the party  
And dance to the rhythm, it gets harder  
(Harder, yeah, harder, yeah)

Oh, take this veil from off my eyes  
My burning sun will, some day, rise  
So, what am I gonna be doin' for a while?  
Said, I'm gonna play with myself  
Show them how we come off the shelf

Summertime, and the livin's easy  
Bradley's on the microphone with Ras MG  
All the people in the dance will agree  
That we're well-qualified to represent the L.B.C.  
Me, me and Louie, we gonna run to the party  
And dance to the rhythm, it gets harder  
(Harder, yeah, harder, yeah)

Evil, we've come to tell you that she's evil, most definitely  
Evil, ornery, scandalous and evil, most definitely  
The tension, it's getting hotter  
I'd like to hold her head underwater  
(Summertime)  
(Ah, ah, ah)

Summertime, and the livin's easy  
Bradley's on the microphone with Ras MG  
All the people in the dance will agree  
That we're well-qualified to represent the L.B.C.  
Me, me and Louie, we gonna run to the party  
And dance to the rhythm, it gets harder



In the car, in the car, in the backseat, I'm your  
baby We go fast, we go so fast, we don't move  
I believe in a place you take me Make you real proud  
of your baby In your car, I'm a star and I'm burnin'  
through you In your car, I'm a star and I'm burnin'  
through you

Oh, be my once in a lifetime  
Lyin' on your chest in my party dress  
I'm a fuckin' mess, but I  
Oh, thanks for the high life  
Baby, it's the best, passed the test and yes  
Now I'm here with you, and I  
Would like to think that you would stick around  
You know that I'd just die to make you proud  
The taste, the touch, the way we love  
It all comes down to make the sound of our love song

Dream a dream, here's a scene  
Touch me anywhere 'cause I'm your baby  
Grab my waist, don't waste any part  
I believe that you see me for who I am  
So spill my clothes on the floor of your new car  
Is it safe, is it safe to just be who we are?  
Is it safe, is it safe to just be who we are?

Oh, be my once in a lifetime  
Lyin' on your chest in my party dress  
I'm a fuckin' mess, but I  
Oh, thanks for the high life  
Baby, it's the best, passed the test and yes  
Now I'm here with you, and I  
Would like to think that you would stick around  
You know that I'd just die to make you proud  
The taste, the touch, the way we love  
It all comes down to make the sound of our love song  
The taste, the touch, the way we love  
It all comes down to make the sound of our love song

## Love Song

Written by Lana Del Rey and Jack Antonoff  
Produced by Jack Antonoff and Lana Del Rey  
Recording Engineering by Laura Sisk and Jack Antonoff  
Assistant Recording Engineering by Jon Sher  
Mixed by Jack Antonoff and Laura Sisk  
Mastered by Chris Gehringer at Sterling Sound  
Assistant Msstering Engineering by Will Quinnell  
Recorded at Conway Recording Studios (Los Angeles, CA),  
Rough Customer Studio (Brooklyn, NY) and House Of  
Breaking Glass (Seattle, Washington)  
Mastered at Sterling Sound  
Mixed at Electric Lady Studios (NY,NY)

Vocals by Lana Del Rey  
Electric Guitar, Keyboards, Piano and  
Programming by Jack Antonoff  
Cello by Phillip Paterson  
Violin by Victoria Parker

## Cinnamon Girl

Written by Lana Del Rey and Jack Antonoff  
Produced by Jack Antonoff and Lana Del Rey  
Recording Engineering by Laura Sisk and Jack Antonoff  
Assistant Recording Engineering by Jon Sher  
Mixed by Jack Antonoff and Laura Sisk  
Mastered by Chris Gehringer at Sterling Sound  
Assistant Msstering Engineering by Will Quinnell  
Recorded at Conway Recording Studios (Los Angeles, CA)  
Mastered at Sterling Sound

Vocals by Lana Del Rey  
Guitar, Keyboards, Piano and  
Programming by Jack Antonoff

Cinnamon in my teeth From your kiss, you're touching me  
All the pills that you take Violet, blue, green, red to  
keep me at arm's length don't work You try to push me out,  
but I just find my way back in Violet, blue, green, red to  
keep me out, I win

There's things I wanna say to you, but I'll just let you  
live Like if you hold me without hurting me You'll be the  
first who ever did There's things I wanna talk about, but  
better not to give But if you hold me without hurting me  
You'll be the first who ever did

Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah Hold me, love me, touch me, help me  
Be the first who ever did Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah Hold me,  
love me, touch me, help me Be the first who ever did

Kerosene in my hands You make me mad, on fire again All  
the pills that you take Violet, blue, green, red to keep  
me at arm's length don't work

There's things I wanna say to you, but I'll just let you  
live Like if you hold me without hurting me You'll be the  
first who ever did There's things I wanna talk about, but  
better not to give But if you hold me without hurting me  
You'll be the first who ever did

Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah Hold me, love me, touch me, help me  
Be the first who ever did Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah Hold me,  
love me, touch me, help me Be the first who ever did

There's things I wanna say to you, but I'll just let you  
live Like if you hold me without hurting me You'll be the  
first who ever did There's things I wanna talk about, but  
better not to give Like if you hold me without hurting me  
You'll be the first who ever did







John met me down on the boulevard  
Cried on his shoulder 'cause life is hard  
The waves came in over my head  
What you been up to, my baby?  
Haven't seen you 'round here lately  
All of the guys tell me lies, but you don't  
You just crack another beer  
And pretend that you're still here

This is how to disappear  
This is how to disappear

Joe met me down at the training yard  
Cuts on his face 'cause he fought too hard  
I know he's in over his head  
But I love that man like nobody can  
He moves mountains and pounds them to ground again  
I watched the guys getting high as they fight  
For the things that they hold dear  
To forget the things they fear

This is how to disappear  
This is how to disappear

Now it's been years since I left New York  
I've got a kid and two cats in the yard  
The California sun and the movie stars  
I watch the skies getting light as I write  
As I think about those years  
As I whisper in your ear

I'm always going to be right here  
No one's going anywhere

## How to disappear

Written by Lana Del Rey and Jack Antonoff  
Produced by Jack Antonoff and Lana Del Rey  
Recording Engineering by Laura Sisk and Jack Antonoff  
Assistant Recording Engineering by Jon Sher and Tate McDowell  
Mixed by Jack Antonoff and Laura Sisk  
Mastered by Chris Gehringer at Sterling Sound  
Assistant Msstering Engineering by Will Quinnell  
Recorded at Conway Recording Studios (Los Angeles, CA),  
and Henson Recording Studios (Los Angeles, CA)  
Mastered at Sterling Sound  
Mixed at Henson Recording Studios (Los Angeles, CA)

Vocals by Lana Del Rey  
Acoustic Guitar, Drums, Electric Guitar, Keyboards,  
Percussion, Piano, Programming and Vibraphone  
by Jack Antonoff



You don't ever have to be stronger than you really are when you're lying in  
my arms, baby You don't ever have to go faster than your fastest pace Or  
faster than my fastest cars

I shouldn't have done it, but I read it in your letter You said to a friend  
that you wish you were doing better I wanted to reach out, but I never said  
a thing I shouldn't have done it, but I read it in your letter You said  
to a friend that you wish you were doing better I wanted to call  
you, but I didn't say a thing (Two, three, four)

Oh, I'll pick you up If you come back to America, just hit me up  
'Cause this is crazy love, I'll catch you on the flip side If you come back  
to California, you should just hit me up We'll do whatever you want, travel  
wherever how far We'll hit up all the old places We'll have a party, we'll  
dance 'til dawn I'll pick up all of your Vogues and all of your  
Rolling Stones Your favorite liquor off the top shelf I'll throw a  
party all night long

You don't ever have to be stronger than you really are when you're  
lying in my arms, baby You don't ever have to go faster than your fastest  
pace Or faster than my fastest cars

You're scared to win, scared to lose I've heard the war was over if you  
really choose The one in and around you You hate the heat, you got the blues  
Changing like the weather, oh, that's so like you The Santa Ana moves you  
(Two, three, four)

Oh, I'll pick you up If you come back to America, just hit me up  
'Cause this is crazy love, I'll catch you on the flip side If you come back  
to California, you should just hit me up We'll do whatever you want, travel  
wherever how far We'll hit up all the old places We'll have a party, we'll  
dance 'til dawn I'll pick up all of your Vogues and all of your  
Rolling Stones Your favorite liquor off the top shelf I'll throw a  
party all night long

Oh, I'll pick you up If you come back to America, just hit me up  
'Cause this is crazy love, I'll catch you on the flip side If you come  
back to California, you should just hit me up

## California

Written by Lana Del Rey and Jack Antonoff  
Produced by Jack Antonoff and Lana Del Rey  
Recording Engineering by Laura Sisk and Jack Antonoff  
Assistant Recording Engineering by Jon Sher and Tate McDowell  
Mixed by Jack Antonoff and Laura Sisk  
Mastered by Chris Gehringer at Sterling Sound  
Assistant Msstering Engineering by Will Quinnell  
Recorded at Conway Recording Studios (Los Angeles, CA),  
and Henson Recording Studios (Los Angeles, CA)  
Mastered at Sterling Sound  
Mixed at Henson Recording Studios (Los Angeles, CA)

Vocals by Lana Del Rey  
Acoustic Guitar, Drums, Electric Guitar, Keyboards,  
Percussion, Piano, Programming and Vibraphone  
by Jack Antonoff





My baby used to dance underneath my architecture To the  
Houses of the Holy, smokin' on them cigarettes My baby  
used to dance underneath my architecture He was cool  
as heck He was cool as heck

And we were so obsessed with writing the next best  
American record That we gave all we had 'til the time  
we got to bed 'Cause we knew we could We were so obsessed  
with writing the next best American record 'Cause we were  
just that good It was just that good

Whatever's on tonight, I just wanna party with you Topanga's  
hot tonight, I'm taking off my bathing suit You make me  
feel like There's something that I never knew I wanted

My baby used to dance underneath my architecture He was  
'70s in spirit, '90s in his frame of mind My baby used  
to dance underneath my architecture We lost track of space  
We lost track of time

And we were so obsessed with writing the next best  
American record That we gave all we had 'til the time  
we got to bed 'Cause we knew we could We were so obsessed  
with writing the next best American record 'Cause we  
were just that good It was just that good

Whatever's on tonight, I just wanna party with you Topanga's  
hot tonight, I'm taking off my bathing suit You make me feel  
like There's something that I never knew I wanted We play  
the Eagles down in Malibu and I want it

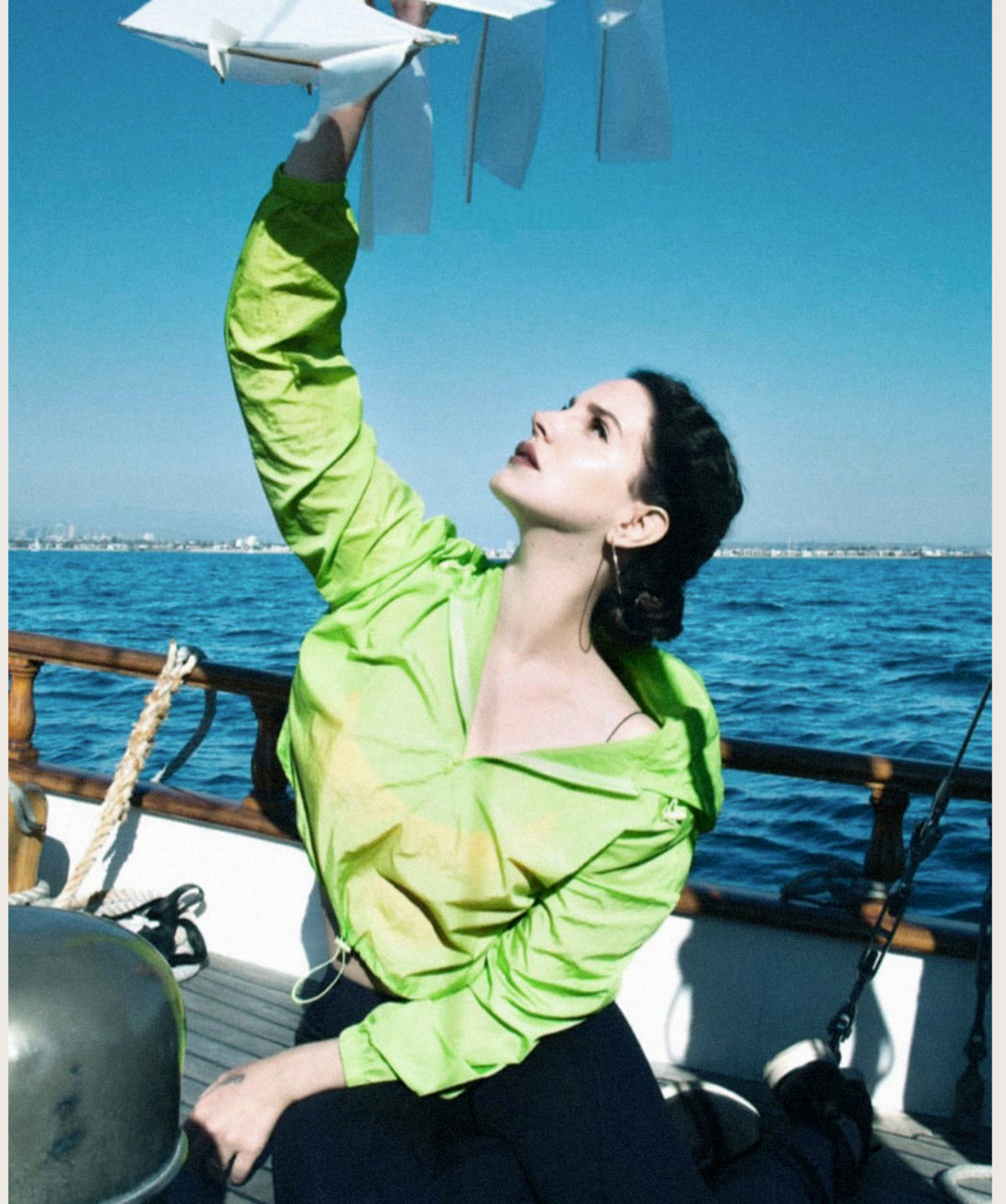
It's you, all the roads lead to you Everything I want  
and do, all the things that I say It's true, all the roads  
lead to you Like the 405 I drive through Every night and every  
day I see you for who you really are Why the thousands of  
girls love The way Bill plays guitar

Whatever's on tonight, I just wanna party with you Topanga's  
hot tonight, I'm taking off my bathing suit You make me  
feel like There's something that I never knew I wanted

## The Next Best American Record

Written by Lana Del Rey and Jack Antonoff  
Produced by Jack Antonoff and Lana Del Rey  
Recording Engineering by Laura Sisk and Jack Antonoff  
Assistant Recording Engineering by Jon Sher and Tate McDowell  
Mixed by Jack Antonoff and Laura Sisk  
Mastered by Chris Gehringer at Sterling Sound  
Assistant Msstering Engineering by Will Quinnell  
Recorded at Conway Recording Studios (Los Angeles, CA),  
and Henson Recording Studios (Los Angeles, CA)  
Mastered at Sterling Sound  
Mixed at Henson Recording Studios (Los Angeles, CA)

Vocals by Lana Del Rey  
Acoustic Guitar, Drums, Electric Guitar, Keyboards,  
Percussion, Piano, Programming and Vibraphone  
by Jack Antonoff







## The Greatest

Written by Lana Del Rey and Jack Antonoff  
Produced by Jack Antonoff and Lana Del Rey  
Recording Engineering by Laura Sisk and Jack Antonoff  
Assistant Recording Engineering by Jon Sher and Tate McDowell  
Mixed by Jack Antonoff and Laura Sisk  
Mastered by Chris Gehringer at Sterling Sound  
Assistant Msstering Engineering by Will Quinnell  
Recorded at Conway Recording Studios (Los Angeles, CA),  
and House of Breaking Glass (Seattle, Washington)  
Mastered at Sterling Sound  
Mixed at Henson Recording Studios (Los Angeles, CA)

Vocals by Lana Del Rey  
Acoustic Guitar, Drums, Electric Guitar, Keyboards,  
Piano, Programming and Vibraphone by Jack Antonoff  
Cello by Phillip Peterson  
Violin by Victoria Parker

I miss Long Beach and I miss you, babe  
I miss dancing with you the most of all  
I miss the bar where the Beach Boys would go  
Dennis' last stop before Kokomo

Those nights were on fire  
We couldn't get higher  
We didn't know that we had it all  
But nobody warns you before the fall

And I'm wasted  
Don't leave, I just need a wake-up call  
I'm facing the greatest  
The greatest loss of them all  
The culture is lit and I had a ball  
I guess I'm signing off after all

I miss New York and I miss the music  
Me and my friends, we miss rock 'n' roll  
I want shit to feel just like it used to  
When, baby, I was doing nothin' the most of all

The culture is lit, and if this is it, I had a ball  
I guess that I'm burned out after all

I'm wasted  
Don't leave, I just need a wake-up call  
I'm facing the greatest  
The greatest loss of them all  
The culture is lit and I had a ball  
I guess that I'm burned out after all

If this is it, I'm signing off  
Miss doing nothin' the most of all  
Hawaii just missed that fireball  
L.A. is in flames, it's getting hot  
Kanye West is blond and gone  
"Life on Mars" ain't just a song  
I hope the live stream's almost on





## Bartender

Written by Lana Del Rey and Rick Nowels (R-Rared Music (GMR) adm. by Universal Music Works) Produced by Lana Del Rey and Rick Nowels Engineered by Kieron Menzies and Trevor Yasuda Mixed by Dean Reid and Kieron Menzies Mastered by Chris Gehringer at Sterling Sound Vocals by Lana Del Rey Piano by Rick Nowels

All the ladies of the canyon Wearing black to their house  
parties Crosby, Stills and Nash is playing Wine is flowing with  
Bacardi

But sometimes girls just want to have fun The poetry inside of  
me is warm like a gun

I bought me a truck in the middle of the night It'll buy me a  
year if I play my cards right Photo-free exits from baby's  
bedside 'Cause they don't yet know what car I drive I'm just  
tryna keep my love alive

With my bartender, hold me all night Bartender, our love's  
alive Baby remember, I'm not drinking wine But that cherry  
coke you serve is fine And our love's sweet enough on the vine

Bartender Bar t-t-t tender

All the ladies of the canyon Wearing white for their tea parties  
Playing games of levitation Meditating in the garden

And I like the little games that we play From the valley to the  
beach And when at last the day is done I grab my keys

I bought me a truck in the middle of the night It'll buy me a  
year if I play my cards right Photo-free exits from baby's  
bedside 'Cause they don't yet know what car I drive I'm just  
tryna keep my love alive

With my bartender, hold me all night Bartender, our love's  
alive Baby remember, I'm not drinking wine But that cherry coke  
you serve is fine And our love's sweet enough on the vine

Bar t-t-t tender Bar t-t-t tender Bar t-t-t tender

Ha ha ha ha

I bought me a truck in the middle of the night 60 MPH on PCH  
drive Here to Long Beach to Newport by your side As they don't  
yet know where I reside Sixty miles from the last place I hide

With my bar t-t-t tender, hold me all night Bar t-t-t tender,  
keep love alive Bar t-t-t tender

## Happiness is a butterfly

Written by Lana Del Rey, Jack Antonoff and Rick Nowels Produced by Jack Antonoff  
and Lana Del Rey Additional Production by Rick Nowels Recording Engineering by  
Laura Sisk and Jack Antonoff Assistant Recording Engineering by Jon Sher  
Mixed by Jack Antonoff and Laura Sisk Mastered by Christ Gehringer at Sterling  
Sound Assistant Mastering ngineering by Will Quinnell Recorded at Conway  
Recording Studios (Los Angeles, CA), & Rough Customer Studio in (Brooklyn, NY)  
Mastered at Sterling Sound Vocals by Lana Del Rey Guitar, Keyboards, Piano and  
Programming by Jack Antonoff

Do you want me or do you not? I heard one thing, now I'm hearing  
another Dropped a pin to my parking spot The bar was hot, it's  
2 AM, it feels like summer

Happiness is a butterfly Try to catch it, like, every night  
It escapes from my hands into moonlight Every day is a lullaby  
Hum it on the phone, like, every night Sing it for my babies on  
the tour life, ah

If he's a serial killer, then what's the worst That can happen  
to a girl who's already hurt? I'm already hurt If he's as bad  
as they say, then I guess I'm cursed Looking into his eyes, I  
think he's already hurt He's already hurt

I said, "Don't be a jerk, don't call me a taxi" Sitting in your  
sweatshirt, crying in the backseat, ooh I just wanna dance with  
you Hollywood and Vine, Black Rabbit in the alley I just wanna  
hold you tight down the avenue I just wanna dance with you  
I just wanna dance with you

Baby, I just wanna dance (Dance) With you (Dance) Baby, I just  
wanna dance (Dance) With you

Left the canyon, drove to the club I was one thing, now I'm  
being another Laurel down to Sunset in the truck I'll pick you  
up if you're in town on the corner, ah

Happiness is a butterfly We should catch it while dancing I lose  
myself in the music, baby Every day is a lullaby Try to catch  
it like lightning I sing it into my music, I'm crazy

If he's a serial killer, then what's the worst That can happen  
to a girl who's already hurt? I'm already hurt If he's as bad as  
they say, then I guess I'm cursed Looking into his eyes, I think  
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hope is a dangerous thing for a woman like me to have – but i have it

Written by Lana Del Rey and Jack Antonoff  
Produced by Jack Antonoff and Lana Del Rey  
Recording Engineering by Laura Sisk and Jack Antonoff  
Mixed by Jack Antonoff and Laura Sisk  
Mastered ny Chris Gehringer at Sterling Sound  
Assistant Mastering by Will Quinnell  
Recorded at Rough Customer Studio (Brooklyn, NY) and Sunset Banana Split (Los Angeles, CA)  
Mastered at Sterling Sound  
Mixed at Rough Customer Studio (Brooklyn, NY)

Vocals by Lana Del Rey  
Piano by Jack Antonoff

I was reading Slim Aarons and I got to thinking that I thought Maybe I'd get less stressed if I was tested less like  
All of these debutantes Smiling for miles in pink dresses and high heels on white yachts But I'm not, baby, I'm not  
No, I'm not, that, I'm not

I've been tearing around in my fucking nightgown 24/7 Sylvia Plath Writing in blood on my walls 'Cause the ink in my  
pen don't work in my notepad Don't ask if I'm happy, you know that I'm not But at best, I can say I'm not sad 'Cause  
hope is a dangerous thing for a woman like me to have Hope is a dangerous thing for a woman like me to have

I had 15-year dances Church basement romances, yeah, I've cried Spilling my guts with the Bowery Bums Is the only love  
i've ever known Except for the stage which I also call home, when I'm not Servin' up God in a burnt coffee pot for  
the triad Hello, it's the most famous woman you know on the iPad Calling from beyond the grave, I just wanna say,  
"Hi, Dad"

I've been tearing up town in my fucking white gown Like a goddamn near sociopath Shaking my ass is the only thing that's  
Got this black narcissist off my back She couldn't care less, and I never cared more So there's no more to say about  
that Except hope is a dangerous thing for a woman like me to have Hope is a dangerous thing for a woman with my past


There's a new revolution, a loud evolution that I saw Born of confusion and quiet collusion of which mostly I've known A  
modern day woman with a weak constitution, 'cause I've got Monsters still under my bed that I could never fight off A  
gatekeeper carelessly dropping the keys on my nights off

I've been tearing around in my fucking nightgown 24/7 Sylvia Plath Writing in blood on my walls 'Cause the ink in my  
pen don't work in my notepad Don't ask if I'm happy, you know that I'm not But at best, I can say I'm not sad 'Cause  
hope is a dangerous thing for a woman like me to have Hope is a dangerous thing for a woman like me to have

Hope is a dangerous thing for a woman like me to have But I have it Yeah, I have it Yeah, I have it I have





A photograph of a body of water, likely a bay or harbor, with a lighthouse on a rocky point to the left. In the distance, a ship is visible on the water. The sky is overcast with soft, grey clouds. The water has a textured surface with small waves.

norman fucking rockwell  
mariners apartment complex  
venice bitch  
fuck it i love you  
doin time  
love song  
cinnamon girl  
how to disappear  
california  
the next best american record  
the greatest  
bartender  
happiness is a butterfly  
hope is a dangerous thing for a woman  
like me to have - but i have it

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