

Hit And Run
Lana Del Rey

D F#m A F#m

Hollywood and New York, mister Major

Then there s me

Little queen of the stage
He s a God
One the stars call creator
Hail the king of the industry players
Take off your business suit
Sittin in your lap for my interview

D

Hit and run

F#m

Let s hit and run

A

E

Hit and run, the world

D

Hit and run

Baby

F#m

Hit and run

F#m

E

Hit and run , the world

D F#m A E

Pick me up in your white Lamborghini
London town
You ll watch out
While I m singing
Glamourize on the stage
Boy believe me
Keep your girl back
No competing
Eying you from across the room
Watching me
Wa-watching you

Hit and run

Let s hit and run

Hit and run, the world

Hit and run

Baby

Hit and run

Hit and run, the world

You and me
On a spree
Takin over
L. Del Rey, hey!
Wanna be your soldier

Hit and run
Baby
Hit and run
Hit and run, the world

Oh, oh, oh
You know this world is mean
Nothing s for free,
It s money and technology
Together we d be dead or late
You know this world is mean
Nothing s for free
It s money and technology
Together we d be deadly
Deadly
Deadly

Hit and run
Let s hit and run
Hit and run, the world
Hit and run
Baby
Hit and run
Hit and run, the world

You and me
On a spree
Takin over
L. Del Rey, hey
Wanna be your soldier
Hit and run
Baby
Hit and run
Hit and run, the world