

Hope Is a Dangerous Thing For a Woman Like Me To Have - But I Have It
Lana Del Rey

[Primeira Parte]

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

[Refrão]

C **D** **Em** **C**
I ve been tearing around in my fucking nightgown, twenty-four seven, Sylvia
Plath
C **D** **Em** **C**
Writing in blood on the walls cause the ink in my pen don t work in my notepad
C **D** **G** **D/F#** **C**
Don t ask if I m happy, you know that I m not, but at best I can say I m not sad
C **G** **D/F#**
Cause hope is a dangerous thing for a woman like me to have
C **G** **D/F#**
Hope is a dangerous thing for a woman like me to have

(**Am** **G** **D**)

(**Am** **G** **D**)

[Segunda Parte]

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

[Refrão]

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

[Terceira Parte]

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

[Refrão]

I ve been tearing around in my fucking nightgown, twenty-four seven, Sylvia Plath
Writing in blood on your walls cause the ink in my pen don t look good in my pad
They write that I m happy, they know that I m not but at best, you can see I m not sad
But 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