

Queen of the Gas Station

Lana Del Rey

Give me coffee, king-sized cup
Come on, kitty cat, fill her up
What's your name, little buttercup?
That's for me to know and you to make up

Love casinos and Indian reservations
But, baby, if you love me, take me to the gas station
Gas station

Look at you smoking in them neon lights
Under the thunder, yo, you like so nice
Made me wonder how you spend them nights
Me, I spend them looking for men you might like
Like you
Like you
Like you

Love casinos and Indian reservations
But, baby, if you love me, take me to the gas station
Take me to the gas station

Give me coffee, Utah love
I'm the kind of girl you dream of
I'm trying to tell you what I dream of
And that's gas stations
With slurpee machines and organs playing

Preferably with smoking inside
If you can swing it
Can I be real pleased if we could find one just like here
Again, again, again, again, again, again
Again, again, again, again, again, again

Love casinos and Indian reservations
But, baby, if you love me, take me to the gas station
Gas station
Gas station
Gas station
Gas station