

# California

Lana Del Rey

(One, two)

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)

Ooh, 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 flipside  
If you come back to California  
You should just hit me up  
We'll do whatever you want, travel wherever, have fun  
We'll hit up all the old places  
We'll have a party, we'll dance till dawn  
I'll pick up all of your folks 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  
And honey, you don't ever have to act cooler than you think you should  
You're brighter than the brightest stars

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  
You're changing like the weather, oh, that's so like you  
The same wind that moves you  
(two, three, four)

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