

Children of the Bad Revolution

Lana Del Rey

Take me in your fast car Mercedes
Kissing on your neck while you're driving
Doesn't care I'm always on my blackberry
All the time all the time buying into every line
I'mma flashy little lush but he thinks I'm really fine
Notorious and wild takes me where I'm gonna shine
Where the bad boys roll hard dressing like James Dean
And the vixen starlets feels so good to be

We're children of the bad revolution
And partying is the only solution
And I'mma tell any confusion
About who we are and what we're gonna be
We gonna get free free free free
Free free free get free

Baby we are chancers on the scene
Grammar in the cutters only so arctic
See graffiti artists and tabloid queen
Mix it up, mix it up
Every dude you ever seen
We're acting really tough
Like the world belongs to us
Cause it does, yeah it must
But we do create the buzz
Where the bad boys blow smoke
Just like they're James Dean
And the air girls blow kisses
Just like Marilyn

We're children of the bad revolution...

Run for your lives
They got 'em in chains
Let's hope that we merge
Create our own games
Dj's, Rockstars, Posers, we are
Then the Politicians
That surrender the additions
And it's so pornographic and it's tragic
Nothing magic makes us free
To be what we wanna be, wanna be

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