

Doin' Time

Lana Del Rey

Summertime, and the livin's easy
Bradley's on the microphone with Ras MG
All people in the dance will agree
That we're well-qualified to represent the L.B.C
Me, me and Louie, we gonna run to the party
And dance to the rhythm, it gets harder

Me and my girl, we got this relationship
I love her so bad, but she treats me like shit
On lockdown, like a penitentiary
She spreads her lovin' all over
And when she gets home, there's none left for me

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(Harder, harder)

Oh, take this veil from off my eyes
My burning sun will, some day, rise
So, what am I gonna be doin' for a while?
Said, I'm gonna play with myself
Show them, now, we've come off the shelf
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Evil, I've come to tell you that she's evil, most definitely
Evil, ornery, scandalous and evil, most definitely
The tension, it's getting hotter
I'd like to hold her head underwater
(Summertime)
(Ah, ah, ah)

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