

You Can Be The Boss

Lana Del Rey

You taste like the fourth of july
Malt liquor on your breath my my
I love you but I don't know why

You can be the boss daddy
You can be the boss
Taste like a jigparty back on the stars
Like you alot, like you alot
Don't let it stop.

You can be the boss daddy,
you can be the boss
Bad to the bone, sick as a dog
You know that I like, like you alot
Don't let it stop...

A cigarette with his number on it
He gave over to me, do you want it
I knew it was wrong but I pawned it
I saved it, I waited, I called it.

Liquor on your lips, liquor on your lips
Liquor on your lips makes you dangerous.
I knew it was wrong when we bonded
I tried to be strong but I lost it

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Taste like a jugparty back with the stars.

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Don't let it stop
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Bad to the bone, sick as a dog
You know that I like, like you alot
Don't let it stop...

He got a white corvette like I wanted,
A fire in his eyes, no I saw it
Bleeding from his brain and his wallet
He's sick and he's ticking but honest.

The liquor on your lips, the liquor on your lips,
The liquor on his lips, I just can't resist
As close as I'll get to the darkness
He tells me to shut up - I got this.

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malt liquor on your breath my my.
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Don't let it stop...

I need you, I need you babe,
Like I never needed anyone
You're gone but you're so much fun
You say you treat me mean to keep
The opinion of that night.

but you taste like the fourth of july
Malt liquor on your breath my my.
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Bad to the bone, sick as a dog
You know that I like, like you alot
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Of all the ginjoints, in all the towns, in all the
world, she walks into mine...