

Lana Del Rey - Fuck It I Love You

Tom: G

I like to see everything in neon
 Drink? lime green, stay up 'til dawn
 Maybe? the way that I'm living is killing me

I like to light up the stage with a song
 Do shit to keep me turned on
 But? one day, I woke up like maybe? I'll do it differently?
 so

I moved to California but it's just a state of mind
 It? turns out everywhere you go, you take yourself? that's not a lie
 Wish that you would hold me or just say that you were mine
 It's killing me slowly-y

C Dream a little dream of me, make? me into something sweet
 Turn the radio on? dancin' to a pop song
 Fuck it I love you, fuck it I love you
 Fuck it I love you, I really do

I used to shoot up my veins in neon
 And shit's even brighter, you're gone
 So many things I would say to you, I want you

You moved to California but it's just a state of mind
 And you know everyone adores you, you can't feel it and you're tired
 Baby? wish that you would hold me or just say that you were mine
 But it's killing me slowly

C Dream a little dream of me, turn this into something sweet
 Turn the radio on? dancing to a pop song
 Fuck it I love you, fuck it I love you

Fuck it I love you, I really do

It turns out California's more than just a state of mind
 I met you on the boulevard but you're not here, you blew my mind
 And if I wasn't so fucked up, I think I'd fuck you all the time
 It's killing me slowly

I moved to California but it's just a state of
 mind
 (Fuck it, I love you)

It turns out everywhere you go, you take yourself, that's not a lie
 (Fuck it, I love you)

I wish that you would hold me or just say that you were mine
 (Fuck it, I love you)

It's killing me slowly
 (I really do)

California dreamin', I got my money on my
 mind
 (Fuck it, I love you)

Chances in my veins, running out of time
 (Fuck it, I love you)

California dreamin', I got my money on my
 mind
 (Fuck it, I love you)

Chances in my veins, running out of time
 (I really do)

California dreamin', I got my money on my
 mind
 (Fuck it, I love you)

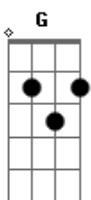
Chances in my veins, running out of time
 (Fuck it, I love you)

California dreamin', I got my money on my
 mind
 (Fuck it, I love you)

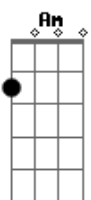
Chances in my veins, running out of time
 (I really do)

(Am F E7)
 (Am F G)
 (Am)

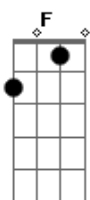
Acordes



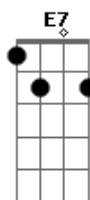
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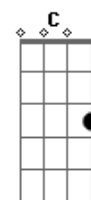
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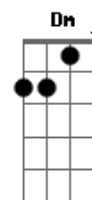
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