

# Lana Del Rey - Hope Is a Dangerous Thing For a Woman Like Me To Have - But I Have It

Tom: G

## [Primeira Parte]

I was reading Slim Aarons and I got to thinking that I thought  
 Maybe I'd get less stressed if I was tested less like all of  
 these debutantes  
 Smiling for miles in pink dresses and high heels on white  
 yachts  
 But I'm not, baby I'm not  
 No, I'm not that, I'm not

## [Refrão]

I've been tearing around in my fucking nightgown, twenty-four  
 seven, Sylvia Plath  
 Writing in blood on the walls 'cause the ink in my pen don't  
 work in my notepad  
 Don't ask if I'm happy, you know that I'm not, but at best I  
 can say I'm not sad  
 'Cause hope is a dangerous thing for a woman like me to have  
 Hope is a dangerous thing for a woman like me to have

( Am G D )  
 ( Am G D )

## [Segunda Parte]

I had fifteen-year dances, church basement romances, yeah I've  
 cried  
 Spilling my guts with the Bowery Bums is the only love I've  
 ever known  
 Except for the stage which I also call home when I'm not  
 Servin' up God in a burnt coffee pot for the triad  
 Hello, it's the most famous woman you know on the iPad

Calling from beyond the grave, I just wanna say, "Hi, Dad"

## [Refrão]

I've been tearing up town in my fucking white gown like a  
 goddamn near sociopath  
 Shaking my ass is the only thing that's got this black  
 narcissist off my back  
 She couldn't care less and I never cared more so there's no  
 more to say about that  
 Except hope is a dangerous thing for a woman like me to have  
 Hope is a dangerous thing for a woman with my past

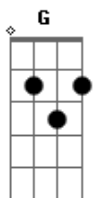
## [Terceira Parte]

There's a new revolution, a loud evolution that I saw  
 Born of confusion and quiet collusion of which mostly I've  
 known  
 A modern day woman with a weak constitution 'cause I've got  
 Monsters still under my bed that I could never fight off  
 A gatekeeper carelessly dropping the keys on my nights off

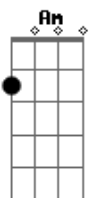
## [Refrão]

I've been tearing around in my fucking nightgown, twenty-four  
 seven, Sylvia Plath  
 Writing in blood on your walls 'cause the ink in my pen don't  
 look good in my pad  
 They write that I'm happy, they know that I'm not but at best,  
 you can see I'm not sad  
 But hope is a dangerous thing for a woman like me to have  
 Hope is a dangerous thing for a woman like me to have  
 Hope is a dangerous thing for a woman like me to have  
 But I have it, yeah I have it  
 Yeah, I have it, I have

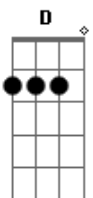
## Acordes



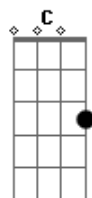
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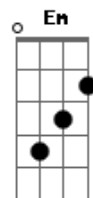
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