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

C

D

Tom: G

[Primeira Parte]

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

Shaking my ass is the only thing that's got this black

Fm

Fm

D

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

[Refrão]

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

(Am G D) (Am G D)

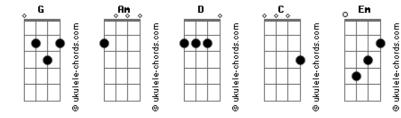
[Segunda Parte]

Δm G D I had fifteen-year dances, church basement romances, yeah I've cried Am D Spilling my guts with the Bowery Bums is the only love I've ever known Δm G D Except for the stage which I also call home when I'm not G D Am

Servin' up God in a burnt coffee pot for the triad G D

Hello, it's the most famous woman you know on the iPad Am G D

Acordes



narcissist off my back G D С C D She couldn't care less and I never cared more so there's no more to say about that G D Except hope is a dangerous thing for a woman like me to have G D Hope is a dangerous thing for a woman with my past [Terceira Parte] Am G D There's a new revolution, a loud evolution that I saw G Am D Born of confusion and quiet collusion of which mostly I've known Am G D A modern day woman with a weak constitution 'cause I've got G Am D Monsters still under my bed that I could never fight off G D Am A gatekeeper carelessly dropping the keys on my nights off [Refrão] С D С Fm I've been tearing around in my fucking nightgown, twenty-four seven, Sylvia Plath D Em Writing in blood on your walls 'cause the ink in my pen don't look good in my pad C D G D They write that I'm happy, they know that I'm not but at best,

you can see I'm not sad D G C But hope is a dangerous thing for a woman like me to have G D Hope is a dangerous thing for a woman like me to have

G D Hope is a dangerous thing for a woman like me to have D С G But I have it, yeah I have it C G D C Yeah, I have it, I have