

# Lana Del Rey - Norman Fucking Rockwell

Tom: C

Goddamn, man-child

You fucked me so good that I almost said, "I love you"

You're fun and you're wild

But you don't know the half of the shit that you put me through

Your poetry's bad and you blame the news

But I can't change that, and I can't change your mood

Ahh ah-ah ah-ah-ah

'Cause you're just a man, it's just what you do

Your head in your hands as you color me blue

Yeah, you're just a man, all through and through

Your head in your hands as you color me blue

Blue, blue, blue

( C Gm F )

( C Gm F )

C Gm F

Goddamn, man-child

You act like a kid even though you stand six foot two

Self-loathing poet, President Moro, can you know it all?

You're trapped to the walls when the party gets bored of you

But I don't get bored, just see you through

Why wait for the best when I could have you?

You ooh-ooh ooh-ooh-ooh

'Cause you're just a man, it's just what you do

Your head in your hands as you color me blue

Yeah, you're just a man, all through and through

Your head in your hands as you color me blue

Blue, blue

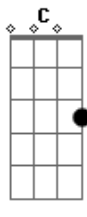
You make me blue---, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh

Ooh ooh-ooh-ooh

Blue, blue, blue

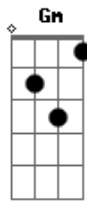
( C Bb Am Bb C )

## Acordes



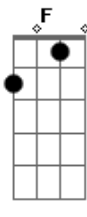
C

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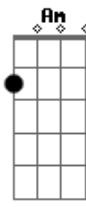
Gm

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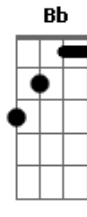
F

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Am

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Bb

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