

# 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

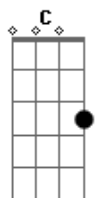
You make me blue---, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh

Ooh ooh-ooh-ooh

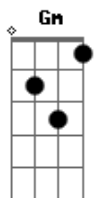
Blue, blue, blue

( C Bb Am Bb C )

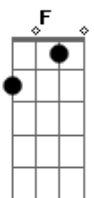
## Acordes



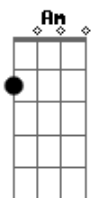
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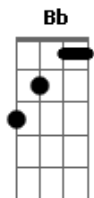
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