Burning Desire

Lana Del Rey

Every Saturday night I get,
Dressed up to ride for you, baby.
Cruising down the street on,
Hollywood and Vine for you, baby.

I drive fast, wind in my hair,
I push you to the limits,
'Cause I just don't care.
You ask me where I've been,
I've been everywhere,
But I don't wanna be,
Anywhere but here.
(Come on tell me, boy).

I've got a burning,
Desire for you, baby.
(I've got a burning desire)
(Come on tell me, boy).

I've got a burning,
Desire for you, baby.
(I've got a burning desire)
(Come on tell me, boy).

I drive fast, wind in my hair,
I push you to the limits,
'Cause I just don't care.

I've got a burning,
Desire for you, baby.
(I've got a burning desire)
(Come on tell me, boy).

Every Saturday night I seem,
To come alive for you, baby.
Santa Monica I'm racing in,
The lights for you, baby.

I drive fast, radio perils,
Have to touch myself,

To pretend you're there.
Your hands are on my hips,
Your name is on my lips,
Over, over 'gain,
Like my only prayer.
(Come on tell me, boy).

I've got a burning,
Desire for you, baby.
(I've got a burning desire)
(Come on tell me, boy).

I've got a burning,
Desire for you, baby.
(I've got a burning desire)
(Come on tell me, boy).

I drive fast, wind in my hair,
I push you to the limits,
'Cause I just don't care.

I've got a burning,
Desire for you, baby.
(I've got a burning desire)
(Come on tell me, boy).

I'm driving fast, flash,
Everyone knows who I'm try'na,
Get to you, baby, I'm feeling,
Scared and you know it.

I'm driving fast, flash,
Everyone knows who I'm try'na,
Get to you, baby, I'm feeling,
Scared and you know it.

I'm driving fast, flash,
Everyone knows who I'm try'na,
Get to you, baby, I'm feeling,
Scared and you know it.

I'm driving fast, flash,

I'm driving fast, flash,
Everyone knows who I'm try'na,
Get to you, baby, I'm feeling,

Scared and you know it.

(Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh).

I've got a burning,
Desire for you, baby.
(I've got a burning desire)
(Come on tell me, boy).

I've got a burning,
Desire for you, baby.
(I've got a burning desire)
(Come on tell me, boy).

I drive fast, wind in my hair,
I push you to the limits,
'Cause I just don't care.

I've got a burning,
Desire for you, baby.
(I've got a burning desire)
(Come on tell me, boy)

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