

Brooklyn Baby (Instrumental)

Lana Del Rey

They say I'm too young to love you
I don't know what I need
They think I don't understand
The freedom land of the seventies
I think I'm too cool to know ya
You say I'm like the ice I freeze
I'm churning out novels like
Beat poetry on Amphetamines
I say
I say Well, my boyfriend's in the band
He plays guitar while I sing Lou Reed
I've got feathers in my hair
I get down to Beat poetry
And my jazz collection's rare
I can play most anything
I'm a Brooklyn baby
I'm a Brooklyn baby They say I'm too young to love you
You say I'm too dumb to see
They judge me like a picture book
By the colors, like they forgot to read
I think we're like fire and water
I think we're like the wind and sea
You're burning up, I'm cooling down
You're up, I'm down
You're blind, I see
But I'm free
Ooh, I'm free Well, my boyfriend's in the band
He plays guitar while I sing Lou Reed
I've got feathers in my hair
I get down to Beat poetry
And my jazz collection's rare
I can play most anything
I'm a Brooklyn baby
I'm a Brooklyn baby I'm talking about my generation
Talking about that newer nation
And if you don't like it
You can beat it
Beat it, baby
You never liked the way I said it

If you don't get it, then forget it
So I don't have to fucking explain it And my boyfriend's in the band
He plays guitar while I sing Lou Reed
I've got feathers in my hair
I get high on hydroponic weed
And my jazz collection's rare
I get down to beat poetry
I'm a Brooklyn baby
I'm a Brooklyn baby Yeah my boyfriend's pretty cool
But he's not as cool as me
'Cause I'm a Brooklyn baby
I'm a Brooklyn baby

Songwriters

ELIZABETH GRANT, BARRIE-JAMES O'NEILL Published by

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