

# Television Heaven (Unreleased)

## Lana Del Rey

Oh, oh, come on, come on.  
I hope you remember me like this,  
Smoking cigarettes in my sundress,  
Glamorous and gangsta, oh yes,  
My battle lines look like paradise next to you.  
I hope I remember you just like that  
Looking fresh to death in your ball cap  
You'll say you'll tap it like a high hat  
You're stupid lies are like dynamite. The future's looking bright as black tonight  
You told that our love cannot endure  
Baby, if it's wrong, I don't wanna be right  
Boy, I don't a thing of this, I'm sure  
(CHORUS)  
There's nowhere on this Earth I'd rather be  
Then in your bedroom, breathing heavily  
The way you smiling, it's so deadly  
Honey, you are heavenly  
T-t-television heaven with you  
Swinging in the New York, to Nirvana song  
With nothing but t-t-t-television on  
We're kissing in the dark, in my diamonds  
Put that empty TV on  
A television heaven with you I wonder if you think of me like this  
I'm your fire escape like a hot mess  
You say: 'You're beautiful, but hopeless'  
Come on inside of your crazy child, look at you!  
I promise I'll think of you as the king  
Quottin' Corleone, like you, so mean  
It's Cosa Nostra cause it's our thing  
I made you mine like a thousand times.  
Lucy's in the sky with ice tonight  
Heaven knows I try hard to find a cure  
Baby, if it's wrong, I don't wanna be right  
And if you ask again, I'll say: 'I'm sure'  
(CHORUS)  
Stay up tonight  
Turn out the light  
It feels so right  
Baby, you're a vision in blues

It feels so right  
Watching a television with you!  
Oooooohhhhhhhhhhh!  
(CHORUS)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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