

# Paradise Is Very Fragile

Lana Del Rey

Paradise is very fragile  
And it seems like it's only getting worse

Down here in Florida  
We're fighting red toxic tides  
Mass of fish kills  
Not to mention hurricanes and rising sea levels

Back in Los Angeles, things aren't looking much better  
My treehouse that'd been standing for 80 years succumbed to the woolsy fire

Who would've thought that this year at 33  
You would've been taken out from under me  
After all those years?

Built from the ground up, by hand, by your very first owner  
Quiet world war one, aviation pilot  
I tried to save you but the German Shepherd seemed more important

Paradise is very fragile  
And it seems like it's only getting worse

Our leader is a megalomaniac  
And we've seen that before  
But never 'cause it was what the country deserved

My friends tell me to stop calling 911 on the culture  
But it's either that or I 5150 myself

They don't understand  
I'm a dreamer  
And I had big dreams for the country  
Not for what it could do, but how it could feel  
How it could think, how it could dream

I know  
Who am I to dream for you?  
It's just that in my own mind  
I was born with a little bit of paradise  
I was lucky in that way  
Not like my husband  
Who was born and raised in hell

I always had something gentle to give  
All of me, in fact  
It's one of the beautiful things about me  
It's one of the beautiful things about nature

But lately I've been thinking that I wish  
Someone had told me when I was younger  
More about the inhabitants that thrive off of paradise

That should they take too much  
There would be nothing left to give  
Not everyone's nature is golden and green  
And you can't fight what's in your nature

I got to thinking about it as  
We were fighting the fires in Agora  
But I'm tired of fighting you

Paradise is very fragile  
And it's only getting worse

And every time I think of that  
I think about the curse bestowed about Eve, that fateful eve  
She took that bite of fruit from that fruitful tree  
And this summer night, you in front of me  
Makes me contemplate the origins of good and evil

Because you take and you take and you take and you take  
But you taste like the beach and a kiss  
Candy from my eyes  
In my veins you run citrus

Watercolor images of serpents on orange trees  
Arise in my midst  
Kundalini, you breathe me  
I could do this forever

But my heart is very fragile  
And I have nothing left to give