

# Queen of the Gas Station

Lana Del Rey

Give me coffee, king-sized cup  
Come on, kitty cat, fill her up  
What's your name, little buttercup?  
That's for me to know and you to make up

Love casinos and Indian reservations  
But, baby, if you love me, take me to the gas station  
Gas station

Look at you smoking in them neon lights  
Under the thunder, yo, you like so nice  
Made me wonder how you spend them nights  
Me, I spend them looking for men you might like  
Like you  
Like you  
Like you

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But, baby, if you love me, take me to the gas station  
Take me to the gas station

Give me coffee, Utah love  
I'm the kind of girl you dream of  
I'm trying to tell you what I dream of  
And that's gas stations  
With slurpee machines and organs playing

Preferably with smoking inside  
If you can swing it  
Can I be real pleased if we could find one just like here  
Again, again, again, again, again, again  
Again, again, again, again, again, again

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But, baby, if you love me, take me to the gas station  
Gas station  
Gas station  
Gas station  
Gas station