

# Raise Me Up

Lana Del Rey

Just like you said  
It's all been done before  
I don't have to talk pretty  
For them no more

I can talk what I want, how I wanna  
I can talk what I want, how I wanna  
I don't have to talk taste for you, mama  
No, no

Ray, ray, ray  
Raise me up

It's the voodoo, mississippi south  
69 million stars  
Birds are flying out of my mouth  
Spirits creeping in my yard

Hold my head, it's tilting back  
Something dancing me around  
Putting crystals on my neck  
Lifting my feet off the ground

Ray, ray, ray  
Raise me up

Oh, see, what you've done now  
Oh, me, just what I'm talking about  
Oh, see, what you've done now  
Ohh, me, it's what I'm talking bout

Pick me up in a pickup truck  
Roll down, you've got it going on  
Lemme talk on your CB, what?  
Lemme play with your new shotgun

Ray, ray, ray  
Raise me up