

Lana Del Rey, Arcadia

My body is a map of L.A.
I stand straight like an angel, with a halo
Hangin' out the Hilton hotel window
Screamin', "He-yo, baby, let's go!"
My chest, the Sierra Madre
My hips, every high and byway
That you trace with your fingertips like a Toyota
Run your hands over me like a Land Rover

In Arcadia, Arcadia
All roads that lead to you
As integral to me
As arteries that pump the blood
That flows straight to the heart of me
America, America
I can;t sleep at home tonight
Send me a Hilton hotel
Or a cross on the hill
I am lost little girl
Finding me way to you Arcadia

My body is a map of L.A.
And my heart is like paper, I hate you
I'm not from the land of the palms,
So I know I can't stay here
I'm not native, but my curves, San Gabriel all day
And my lips like the fire licks the bay
If you think that you know yourself, you can come over
Lay your hands on me like you're a Land Rover

In Arcadia, Arcadia
All roads that lead to you
As integral to me
As arteries that pump the blood
That flows straight to the heart of me
America, America
I need a miracle
I can't sleep at home tonight
Send me a Hilton hotel
Or a cross on the hill
I am lost little girl
Finding me way to you Arcadia

They built me up three hundred feet tall
Just o tear me down
So i am leaving with nothing but laughter
And this town Arcadia
Finding my way to you
I am leaving them as i was 5 foot 8
Western bound plus the hate that they gave
By the way , thanks for that
On the way, i'll pray for you
But you'll need a miracle
America!