



*VIOLET
BENT BACKWARDS
OVER THE GRASS*

Lana Del Rey

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Dedicated to whomever's worn, warm afternoon hands
come upon these pages—wherever you may find them
—and that you may remember that the world is
conspiring for you and to act in a manner as such.

Violet Bent Backwards Over the Grass

I went to a party
I came in hot
made decisions beforehand
my mind made up
things that would make me happy
to do them or not
each option weighed quietly
a plan for each thought

But then i walked through the door
past the open concept

and saw Violet
 bent backwards over the grass
7 years old with dandelions grasped
 tightly in her hands
arched like a bridge in a fallen handstand
grinning wildly like a madman
with the exuberance that only doing nothing can bring
waiting for the fireworks to begin

and in that moment
i decided to do nothing about everything

forever.



Bare feet on linoleum

Stay on your path Sylvia Plath
don't fall away like all the others

Don't take all your secrets alone to your watery grave
about
lovers and mother

The secrets you keep will keep you in deep like father and
Amy
and brother
And all of the people you meet on the street will reiterate
lies
that she uttered

Leave me in peace I cry
late at night on a slow boat bound for Catalina for no
reason

tiny beads of sweat dot my forehead
could be mistaken for dewdrops if this were photo season.

But alas this is a real life - and it's been a real fight just
to
keep my mind from committing treason.
Why you ask?
Because she told the townspeople I was crazy and the lies
they
started to believe them

But anyway - I've moved on now

And now that I've gone scorched-earth
I'm left wondering where to go from here.
To Sonoma where the fires have just left?
South Dakota?

Would standing in front of Mount Rushmore feel like the
Great

American homecoming I never had?

Would the magnitude of the scale of the sculpture take the
place
of the warm embrace I've never known?

Or should I just be here now
In the kitchen
Bare feet on linoleum
Bored - but not unhappy
Cutting vegetables over boiling water that I will later
turn
into stew.



What happened when I left you

Perfect petals punctuate the fabrics yellow blue
silver platters with strawberries strewn across the room

In Zimmerman with sandals on one summer dress to choose

Three girls
eyes rolled
loud laughter
dust specks lit by afternoon

My life is sweet like lemonade now there's no bitter fruit



eternal sunshine of the spotless mind
no thought of you

My thoughts have changed
my voice is higher
now i'm over u

No flickering in my head movies
projected in Bellevue

Because I captured the mood of my wish fulfilled
and sailed to Xanadu

The grief that came in waves that rolled I navigated
through

The fire from my wish as wind to a future trip to Malibu

now everything I have is perfect
nothing much to do

just perfect florals
green embroidered chairs
one dress to choose



LA Who am I to Love You?

LA, I'm from nowhere who am I to love you
LA, I've got nothing who am I to love you
when I'm feeling this way
and I've got nothing to offer

LA
not quite the city that never sleeps
not quite the city that wakes
But the city that dreams for sure
if by dreams you mean nightmares.

LA
I'm a dreamer but
I'm from nowhere who am I to dream

LA
I'm upset!
I have complaints!
Listen to me
They say I come from money and I didn't and I didn't even
have
love and it's unfair

LA
I sold my life rights for a big check
but now I can't sleep at night and I don't know why
plus I love Saks so why did I do that when I know
it won't last

LA
I picked San Francisco because the man who doesn't love me
lives there

LA!
I'm pathetic
but so are you
can I come home now?
Daughter to no one
table for one
party of thousands of people I don't know at Delilah

where my ex-husband works
I'm so sick of this
But

Can I come home now?
Mother to no one
private jet for one
back home to the Tudor house that borne a thousand murder
plots
Hancock Park treated me very badly I'm resentful.
The witch on the corner
the neighbor nobody wanted
the reason for Garcetti's extra security.

LA!
I know I'm bad but I have nowhere else to go can I come
home now?
I never had a mother
will you let me make the sun my own now
and the ocean my son
I'm quite good at tending to things despite my upbringing
Can I raise your mountains?
I promise to keep them greener make them my daughters
teach them about fires warn them about water

I'm lonely LA
can I come home now?

I left my city for San Francisco
I'm writing from the golden gate bridge but it's not going
as planned
I took a free ride off a billionaire and brought my
typewriter and promised myself I would stay
but
it's just not going the way I thought
it's not that I feel different
and I don't mind that it's not hot

it's just that I belong to no one, which means
there's only one place for me
the city not quite awake
the city not quite asleep
the city that's something else- something in between

the city that's still deciding
how good it should be
and also

I can't sleep without you

No one's ever really held me like you
not quite tightly
but certainly I feel your body next to me
smoking next to me
vaping lightly next to me
and I love that you love the neon lights
like me
Orange
in the distance. We both love that and I love that we have
that in common.
Also neither one of us can go back to New York.
For you, are unmoving.
As for me, it won't be my city again until I'm dead.
Fuck the New York Post!

LAAAAA!

Who am I to need you when I've needed so much
asked for so much
what i've been given I'm not yet sure I may never know that
either
until I'm dead.

For now though
what I do know is that I don't deserve you-
not you at your best, in your splendor with towering
eucalyptus trees that sway in my dominion
Not you at your worst-
totally on fire, unlivable unbreathable.
I don't deserve you at all
You see- You have a mother
A continental shelf
a larger piece of land from ~~where~~^{hence} you came

And I am an orphan
a little seashell that rests upon your native shores
one of many that's for sure but because of that
I surely must love you closely to the most out of anyone.

For that reason-
Let me love you
don't mind my desperation
let me hold you not just for vacation but for real and
forever
Make it real life, let me be a real wife to you.
Girlfriend, lover, mother, friend.
I adore you
Don't be put off by my quick-wordedness
I'm generally quite quiet, quite a meditator
actually I'll do very well down by Paramahansa Yogananda's
Realization center I'm sure.
I promise you'll barely even notice me
unless you want to notice me
unless you prefer a rambunctious child
in which case I can turn it on too!
I'm good on the stage as you may know, you may have heard
of me?
So either way I'll fit in just fine
so just love me by doing nothing
except for perhaps by not shaking the county line.
I'm yours if you'll have me
quietly or loudly
sincerely your daughter
regardless
you're mine.