



*VIOLET
BENT BACKWARDS
OVER THE GRASS*

Lana Del Rey

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Simon & Schuster

New York London Toronto Sydney New Delhi

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

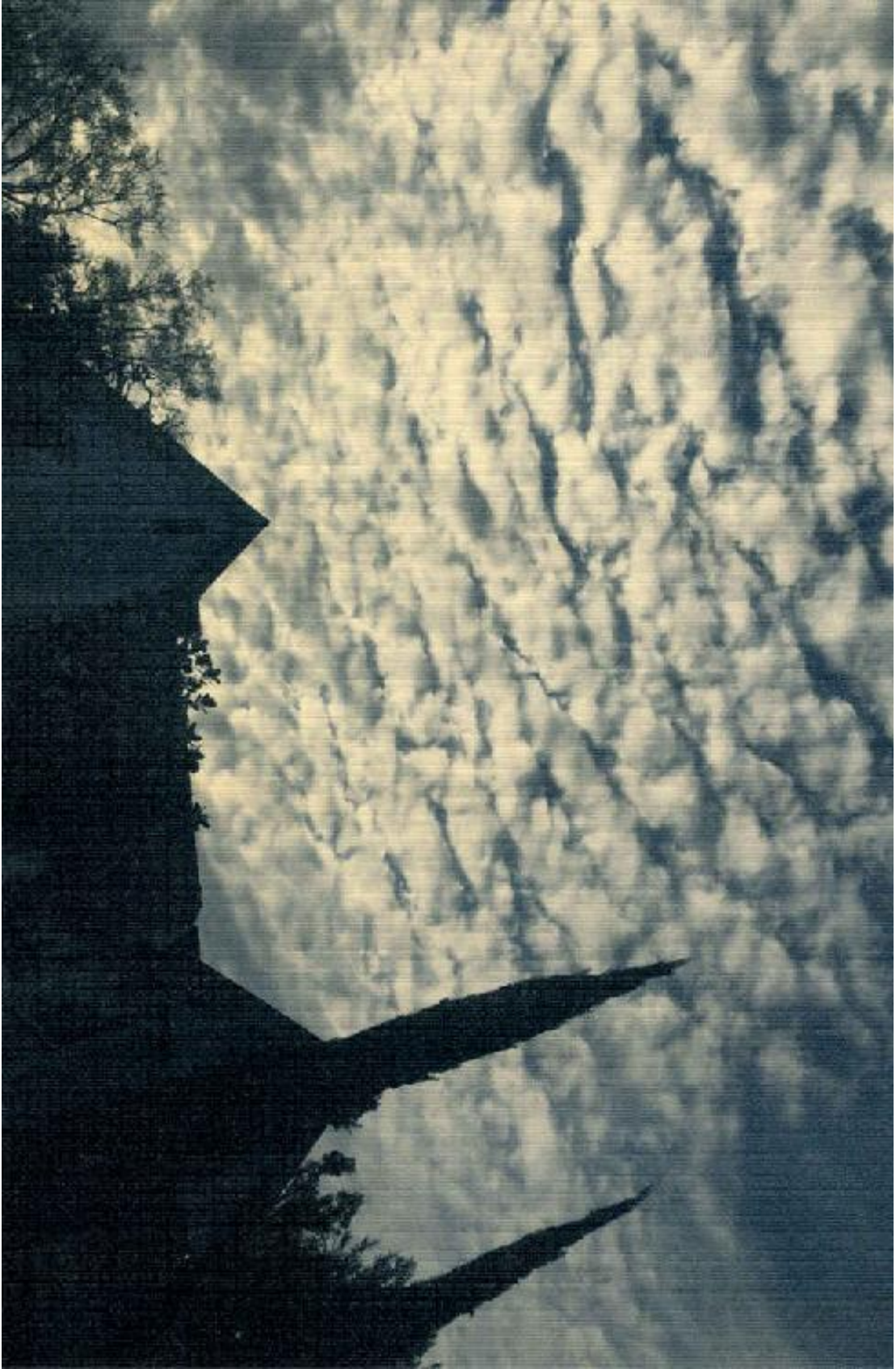
Because I captured the mood of my wish fulfilled
and sailed to Xanadu

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

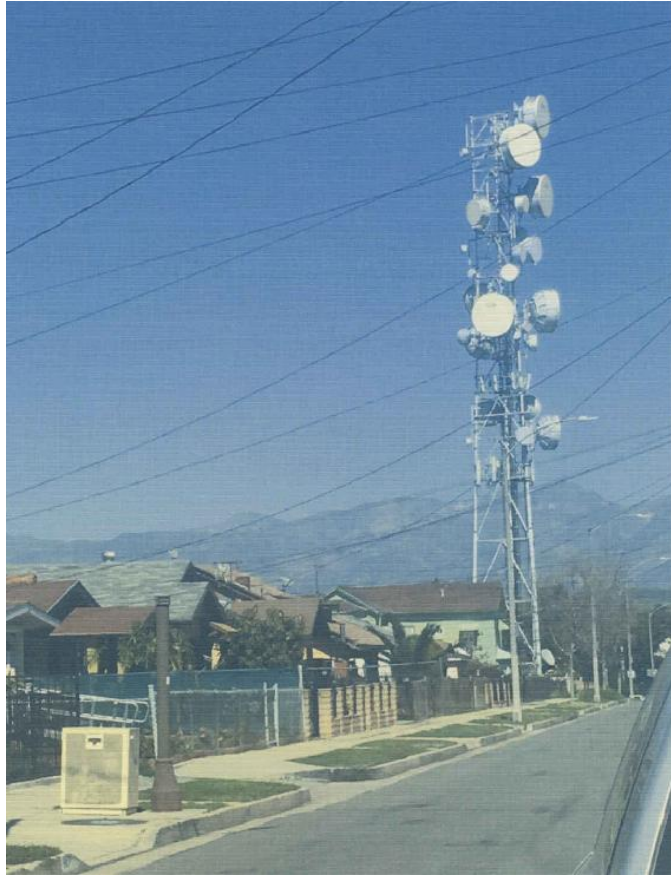
eucalyptus trees that sway in my dominion
Not you at your worst-
totally on fire, unlivable unbreathable.
I don't deserve you at all
You see- You have a mother
A continental shelf
a larger piece of land from ~~where~~^{the} you came

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.



i measure time by the days i've spent away from you
that thought occurred to me
as i watched the sky go dark from blue





The Land of 1000 fires

Two blue steel trains run through the tunnels of your
cool blue steel eyes

Vernon

Rock quarry

The vastness of which has nothing on my beautiful mind

Dylan

i hear Dylan when i look at you

i can see it on my arm in invisible ink like a tattoo

The yin to my yang

the toughness to my unending softness

A striking example of masculinity

firm in your verticality

sure in your confrontation against all elements

and duality

The sun to my wilting daisy

The earth to the wildflower that doesn't care where it grows

Vernon

everything's burnt here

there's no escaping it

the air is fried and on fire

I've never really fallen in love

but whatever this feeling is

i wish everyone could experience it

this place feels like a person

familiar

like someone i've stood next to before

but never while i was standing next to you

Thank you

for being here

for bearing witness to my vastness

Through the years I've called you in and out of my orbit

You, in your madness
the satellite that's constellating my World
mimicking the inner chaos that i've disowned
a mirror to my past life retribution
a reflection of my sadness
If i'm going to keep on living the way that i'm living
i can't do it without you.
My feet aren't on the ground
i need your body to stand on
your name to define me
on top of being a woman
i am scared
and
ethereal
and

there are seven worlds in my eyes

i'm accessing all of them at once

one to draw my words from and my muses
another one i try and harness late at night that lies somewhere
off of the right of Jupiter
and then of course there's this one i live in
the land of 1,000 fires
that's where you come in

You
Vernon
Dylan
Two blue steel trains
running through the tunnels of your
cool blue steel eyes

to guide me far from the world of my early days
that i can't quite make out clearly
that beckon me toward high sea cliffs
on long car rides

toward a future place
a world unknown to me
made up of something surreal and dripping
Flowers in solar systems Oversized

You Vernon Dylan

no words needed to sponge up the
dark nights
no explanation for the globes in my eyes
shoulder to shoulder in the factory light
letting me be who i would have been
if everything had turned out alright

3 alternative endings
course through my blood on ice
i thrive because i say i do
and because it's what i write

But honestly if you weren't here
i don't know what things would look like

That's why no matter what world i'm in
i navigate by satellite
Vernon
Dylan
and you in your madness

two trains running
through your cool blue eyes







Never to Heaven

May my eyes always stay level to the horizon
may they never gaze as high as heaven
to ask why

The whys in this lifetime i've found
are inconsequential compared to the magic of the nowness
~~which is~~ the solution to most questions

*May i never see where angels fear to tread - To make the best of the now is
So as to have to ask
in the sky*

there are no reasons
and if there are, i'm wrong.
But at least i won't have spent my life waiting
looking for god in the clouds of the dawn
listening out for otherworldly contact
30 billion light years on

No I'll let the others do the pondering
and while they do i'll be on my lawn
reading something unsubstantial with the television on

i'll be up early to rise though of course-
but only to make you a pot of coffee

That's what i was thinking this morning Joe-
that it's times like this
as the marine layer lifts
off the sea from the view of our favorite restaurant
that i pray that i may always keep my eyes level to your
eye line
never downcast at the table cloth
too nervous to share my innermost thoughts
with you

You see Joe
it's times like this as the marine layer lifts
off the sea on the dock where we're standing *w/ the candle lit*
that i think to myself
there's things you still don't know about me
like sometimes i'm afraid my sadness is too big
and that one day you might have to help me handle it
but until then-

May i always keep my eyes level to this skyline
assessing the glittering new development
off the coast of Long Beach
never to heaven

Because i have faith in man as strange as that seems
in times like these
and it's not just because of the warmth i've found in your
brown eyes-
it's because I believe in the goodness in me
that it's firm enough to plant a flag in
or a rosebud
or to build a new life.

Never to Heaven

May my eyes always stay level to the horizon
may they never gaze as high as heaven
to ask why
May I never go where angels fear to tread
so as to have to ask for answers in the sky
The whys in this lifetime i've found are inconsequential
compared to the magic of the nowness- the solution to most
questions
there are no reasons.
and if there are- i'm wrong
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off the sea from the view of our favorite restaurant
that i pray that i may
always keep my eyes level to your eyeline
never downcast at the tablecloth
Yes Joe
it's times like this as the marine layer lifts
off the sea on the dock with the candle lit
that i think to myself
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and that one day you might have to help me handle it

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