

"I was in the winter of my life,  
And the men that I met along the road were my only summer.  
At night, I fell asleep with visions of myself,  
Dancing and laughing and crying with them.

Three years down the line of being on an endless world tour,  
And my memories of them were the only things that  
Sustained me and my only real happy times.

I was a singer, not a very popular one,  
I once had dreams of becoming a beautiful poet -  
But upon an unfortunate series of events  
Saw those dreams dashed  
And divided like a millions stars in the night sky  
That I wished on over and over again - sparkling and broken.

But I didn't really mind because I knew  
That it takes getting everything  
You ever wanted and then losing it  
To know what true freedom is.

When the people I used to know  
Found out what I had been doing,  
How I had been living - they asked me "why?",  
But there's no use in talking to people who have a home,  
They have no idea what it's like to seek safety  
In other people,  
For home to be wherever you lie your head.

I was always an unusual girl,  
My mother told me I had a chameleon soul.  
No moral compass pointing due north, no fixed personality;  
Just an inner indecisiveness  
That was as wide and as wavering as the ocean.  
And if I said that I didn't plan  
For it to turn out this way, I'd be lying -  
Because I was born to be the other woman.

Who belonged to no one - who belonged to everyone.  
Who had nothing, who wanted everything,  
With a fire for every experience  
And an obsession for freedom  
That terrified me to the point that I couldn't even talk about it -  
And pushed me to a nomadic point  
Of madness that both dazzled and dizzied me."

Lana Del Rey