



# Royals

Lorde

4 I've ne-ver seen a dia-mond in the flesh. I cut my  
8 teeth on wed-ding- rings. in the mo - vies. And I am not proud of my ad- dress.  
11 In the torn up town, no post-code en - vy. ev' ry song is like  
13 gold teeth grey goose trip-ping in the bath-room, blood-stains ball gowns trash-ing the ho-tel-room,  
15 we don't care, we're dri-ving ca - dil-lacs in our dreams ev' - ry - bo-dy's like  
17 crys - tal may bach dia-monds on you time-piece jet-planes is - lands ti-gers on a gold leash.  
20 We don't care we aren't caught up in your love-af-fair. And we'll ne-ver be ro-yals, ro-yals.  
22 It don't run in our blood. That kind of luxe just ain't for us, we crave a  
24 dif - farent kind of buzz, let me be - your ru - ler, ru - ler  
you can call me queen bee