

Skyline To

Frank Ocean

This is joy, this is summer
Keep alive, stay alive
Got your medal on, we're alone
Making sweet love, takin' time
"Look guys, Jacksons!"
That's a pretty fucking fast year flew by
That's a pretty long third gear in this car
Glidin' on the five
The deer run across, kill the headlights
Pretty fucking
Underneath moon light now
Pretty fucking
Sunrising, sand, comes a morning, haunting us with the beams
So it ain't as far as it used to be
It begins to blur, we get older (Blur!)
Summer's not as long as it used to be
Everyday counts like crazy (Smoke, hazy)
Wanna get soaked?
Wanna film a tape on the speed boat?
We smell of Californication, strike a pose
Everything grows in the Congo
Everything grows
Can you call when I call again? On comes the evening
Both seeking ends
Peace in my hands worth twice than a friend
And two limbs over shoulder, carry the way
Because I'm stronger, congo is damned (smoke)
In comes the morning (smoke)
In comes the morning (haze)

Songwriters

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