

White

Frank Ocean

could this be earth, could this be light
does this mean everythings going to be alright
one look out my window theres trees talking like people
i dreamt of storms, i dreamt of sound
i dreamt of gravity keeping us around
i slept in the darkness it was lonely and it was silent
what is this love, i dont feel the same
dont believe what this is, could be given a name
i awoke you there chasing planets on my forehead
but i forget 23 like i forget 17
and i forget my first love, like you forget a day dream
and what of all my wild friends, and the times i've had with them
but i'll fade to grey soon on the tv station

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