

Dust

Frank Ocean

Who's that talking in the library?
Who's that talking in my library?
Is that you? No, I won't put you out
'Cause what would this place be without my muse
Nothing special Every book in here I wrote
Some I'm not too proud of, some I wish I could burn
So many pages I wrote, wish I could revise them
But there's no erasing and the best advice I got Was keep writing, yeah and keep living, yeah
And keep loving, oh, loving, loving, loving
And when the ink dries and the pages turn to dust
So will we turn to dust, so will we, dust, dust Who's that laughing in my library?
Who's that laughing in my library?
Is that you? No, I won't put you out
'Cause what would this place be without your smile?
Nothing special I fell in love with you, girl, oh
You let yourself inside with no respect for privacy
You said there's too much on my mind
Then you ripped out a page and set that shit on flame I quit writing and oh, I kept living
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, I kept loving
And when the ink dries and them pages turn to dust
So will we turn to dust, so will we, dust, dust

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