

Pilot Jones

Frank Ocean

We once had things in common
Now the only thing we share is the refrigerator
Ice cold, baby, I told you, I'm ice cold (ice cold!)
You out here flyin' high (high!)
Go head, fly that thing!
High! High!
But fly alone You always smokin' in the house
What if my mother comes over?
You can't get up and get a job
Cause this little hustle's getting you by
You're the dealer and the stoner with the sweetest kiss around I know what I was on, I had a Pilot Jones
She took me high, then she took me home
Pilot Jones, Pilot Jones Tonight she came stumblin' across my lawn again
I just don't know why I keep on tryin' to keep a grown woman sober
See there you go reachin' up your blouse and no I don't want a child
But I ain't been touched in a while by the dealer
And the stoner with the sweetest kiss I've ever known I know what I was on, I had a Pilot Jones
She took me high, then she took me home
Pilot Jones, Pilot Jones In the sky up above, the birds
I saw the sky like I never seen before
You thought I was above you
Above this in so many ways
But if I got a condo on a cloud
Then I guess you can stay at my place
Ooh I'ma get one
I need ya
Admit it
You're my Pilot Jones

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