End

Frank Ocean

Darker times
They?re telling boulder heavy lies
Looks like all we?ve got is each other
The truth is obsolete
Remember when all I had was my mother
She didn?t compromise
She could recognize
Voodoo
Our daughters and our sons
Are just candles in the sun
Voodoo
Don?t let him see divide

Don?t you let her see divide
Voodoo
She?s got the whole wide world in her juicy fruit
He?s got the whole wide world in his pants
He wrapped the whole wide world in a wedding band
Then put the whole wide world on her hands
She?s got the whole wide world in her hands
He?s got the whole wide world in his hands
There's somethin' about you
I can't believe I'm even talking to you, tellin' me this right now
You're special
I wish you could see what I see

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