

# 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The truth is obsolete  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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