

# White Ferrari (Ft. James Blake)

## Frank Ocean

Bad luck to talk on these rides  
Mind on the road  
Your dilated eyes watch the clouds float  
White Ferrari  
Had a good time  
16: how was I supposed to know anything?  
I let you out at Central  
I didn't care to state the plain  
Kept my mouth closed  
We're both so familiar  
White Ferrari Close by me  
You will find  
You will find me  
Is this the slow body  
Left when I forgot to speak  
So I text to speech, lesser speeds  
Texas speed, yes  
Based takes it's toll on me  
Eventually, eventually, yes  
I only eventually, eventually, yes  
I care for you still and I will forever  
That was my part of the deal, honest  
We got so familiar  
Spending each day of the year, White Ferrari  
Good times  
In this life, life One too many years  
So taste what I lived on a facelift  
Mind over matter is magic  
I do magic  
If you think about it it's over in no time the best life Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh  
I'm sure we're taller in another dimension  
You say we're smaller and not worth the mention  
You're tired of movin', your body's achin'  
We could vacay, there's places to go  
Clearly this isn't all that there is  
Can't take what's been given  
But we're so okay here, we're doing fine  
I'm up and naked  
You dream of walls that hold us in prison

It's just a scar, at least that's what they call it  
And we're free to fall

Songwriters

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