

# Close to You

Frank Ocean

I will be honest, I wasn't devastated  
But you could've held my hand through this, baby  
Let my mind run underneath warm jets I run my hands through what's left  
But we're getting older, baby  
Don't have much longer baby  
Why am I preaching?  
To this choir, to this atheist  
Just like mine versions of these belong to you  
After a while  
They're keeping me close to you  
(Just like me, they long to be  
Close to you)

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>