

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/>