

Skyline To

Frank Ocean

This is joy, this is summer
Keep alive, stay alive
Got your metal on, we're alone
Making sweet love, takin' time
'Til God strikes us
That's a pretty fucking fast year flew by
That's a pretty long third gear in this car
Glidin' on the five
The deer run across, kill the headlights
Pretty fucking
Underneath moonlight now
Pretty fucking
Sunrise in sight
In comes a morning, hunting us with the beams
Solstice ain't as far as it used to be
It begins to blur, we get older (Blur!)
Summer's not as long as it used to be
Everyday counts like crazy (Smoke, haze)
Wanna get soaked?
Wanna film a tape on the speed boat?
We smell of Californication
Strike a pose
Everything grows in the Congo
Everything grows
Can you come when I call again?

On comes the evening
Gold seeking ends
Piece in my hands worth twice than a friend
And two limbs over shoulder, carried away
Because I'm stronger and the Congo is dim (smoke)
In comes the morning (smoke)
In comes the morning (haze)