

White Ferrari

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

Stick by me
Close by me
You will find
You will find me
Is this the slow body?
Left when I forgot to speak
So I text the speech, lesser speeds
Texas speed, yes
Base takes its 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
In this life, life

One too many years
Some tattooed eyelids 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, oooh, oooh, ooh
I'm sure we're taller in another dimension
You say we're small and not worth the mention
You're tired of movin', your body's achin'
We could vaca, 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
Primal and naked
You dream of walls that hold us in prison
It's just a skull, least that's what they call it
And we're free to roam