

# White

Frank Ocean

Could this be earth, could this be light  
Does this mean everythings going to be alright  
One look out my window there's trees talking like people

I dreamt of storms, I dreamt of sound  
I dreamt of gravity keeping us around  
I slept in the darkness it was lonely and it was silent

What is this love, I don't feel the same  
Don't believe what this is, could be given a name  
I awoke you there chasing planets on my forehead

But I forget 23 like I forget 17  
And I forget my first love, like you forget a day dream  
And what of all my wild friends, and the times I've had with them  
But I'll fade to grey soon on the tv station