

Close to You

Frank Ocean

I will be honest, I wasn't devastated
But you could've held my hand through this, baby
In my mind, I didn't need
Warned your ex

I run my hands through what's left
But we're getting older, baby
How 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)