

Frank Ocean, White

Could this be earth, could this be light
Does this mean everything's 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