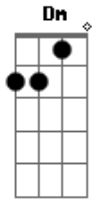


Frank Ocean - Close To You

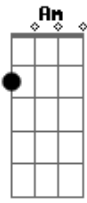
tom:
Dm

I'll be honest, I wasn't devastated
Dm Am
But you could've held my hands through this, baby
F
Let my mind run underneath warm jets
Dm
I run my hands through what's left
Dm
But we're getting older, baby
Dm

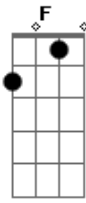
Acordes



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Don't have much longer baby
Dm
Why am I preaching?
Dm
To this choir, to this atheist
Dm
Just like mine, versions of these belong to you
Dm
After a while
Dm
They're keeping me close to you
Dm
(Just like me, they long to be
Close to you)