

# Frank Ocean - Close To You

tom:  
Dm

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

Don't have 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)

## Acordes

