

# Pilot Jones

## Frank Ocean

We once had things in common  
Now the only thing we share is the refrigerator  
Ice cold, baby, I told you, I'm ice cold (Ice cold!)  
You out here flyin' high (High!)  
Go head, fly that thing!  
High! High!  
But fly alone You always smokin' in the house  
What if my mother comes over?  
You can't get up and get a job  
'Cause this little hustle's getting you by  
You're the dealer and the stoner  
With the sweetest kiss I've ever known  
I know what I was on, I had a Pilot Jones  
She took me high, then she took me home  
Pilot Jones, Pilot Jones Tonight she came stumblin' across my lawn again  
I just don't know why I keep on tryin' to keep a grown woman sober  
See there you go reachin' up your blouse and no I don't want a child  
But I ain't been touched in a while by the dealer  
And the stoner with the sweetest kiss I've ever known I know what I was on, I had a Pilot Jones  
She took me high, then she took me home  
Pilot Jones, Pilot Jones  
In the sky up above, the birds  
I saw the sky like I never seen before  
You thought I was above you  
Above this in so many ways  
But if I got a condo on a cloud  
Then I guess you can stay at my place  
I'mma get one  
I need ya  
Admit it  
You're my Pilot Jones

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>