

**Pink Matter**  
**Frank Ocean**

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PINK MATTER - Frank Ocean

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Chords by George Tye

Chords:

**Em:** 022000  
**F#m\*:** 244000  
**F#m:** 244222  
**Bm:** 224432  
**B7:** 224242

Down strum throughout the whole song.

[Intro]

**Em - F#m\*, F#m - Bm - Bm**

For this you strum Em twice, F#m\* once, then F#m once and Bm four times.  
This basic pattern continues throughout the whole song. I tried as hard as I could

to line up the chords with the lyrics, but I ll admit it s far from perfect  
because the song is so irregular.

[Verse 1: Frank Ocean]

**Em** **F#m\*** **F#m**  
What do you think my brain is made for

**Bm**  
Is it just a container for the mind

**Em** **F#m\*** **F#m** **Bm**  
This great grey matter

**Em** **F#m\*** **F#m**  
Sensei replied what is your woman

**Bm**  
Is she just a container for the child

**Em** **F#m\*** **F#m**  
That soft pink matter

**Bm** **B7**  
Cotton candy Majin Buu

**Em** **F#m\*** **F#m**  
Ooooooh - ooooooh - ooh

**Bm** **Em** **F#m\*** **F#m** **Bm**

Close my eyes and fall into you

**Bm**

My god she's giving me pleasure

(same chords progression)

What if the sky and the stars are for show

And the aliens are watching live

From the purple matter

Sensei went quiet then violent

And we sparred until we both grew tired

Nothing mattered

Cotton candy Majin Buu

Dim the lights and fall into you

My god giving me pleasure

Pleasure pleasure pleasure

Pleasure over matter

[Verse 2: Andre 3000]

(same chords)

Since you been gone

I been having withdrawals

You were such a habit to call

I ain't myself at all had to tell myself naw

She's better with some fella with a regular job

I didn't wanna get her involved

By dinner Mr. Benjamin was sitting in awe

Hopped into my car; drove far

Far's too close and I remember

My memories no sharp

Butter knife, what a life, anyway

I'm building y'all a clock stop

What am I Hemingway

She had the kind of body

That would probably intimidate

Any of 'em that were un-southern

Not me cousin

If models are made for modeling

Thick girls are made for cuddlin'

Switch worlds and we can huddle then

Who needs another friend

I need to hold your hand

You'd need no other man

We'd flee to other lands

Grey matter

Blue used to be my favorite color

Now I ain't got no choice

Blue matter

You're good at being bad

You re bad at being good  
For heaven s sakes go to hell  
Nah knock on wood  
You re good at being bad  
You re bad at being good  
For heaven s sakes go to hell  
Knock knock knock knock on wood  
Well frankly when that ocean so motherfucking good  
Make her swab the motherfucking wood  
Make her walk the motherfucking plank  
Make her rob a motherfucking bank  
With no mask on and a rusty revolver

**\*\*If you know how to improve on these chords, please feel free to leave a comment on the page. If you like them, give them 5 stars!\*\***