

Honey Molasses

[Jill Scott](#)

Honey molasses

Ebony majesty

Chocolate brown sugar

Sweet epiphany I waited for your call but you chose not to call me I wonder what happened

Were you inside a safe space and too I wondered

Were you thinking about me and if you were why was I feeling so lonely? By the phone alone to the bone

Although the night before you were in my home, my body, my dome

In a circle of passion we Paris, Italy, Japan, Africa, Rome We made music, we tromboned

It was magic, the way it happened, pure electricity

I felt so inspired and afraid at the same time

I don't know whether to sing or to rhyme Call me

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Sweet epiphany {Hi, um, I was calling, I, last night was, I, last night was, um

I, look, just don't, just don't be afraid, okay?

Alright, um, hope you'll call me back and I'll talk to you then I, I

Hello? Hello? Hello?

Hello?}

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