

# Holding On

Jill Scott

It's two a.m. and I'm makin' love to a memory  
The sound of your footsteps towards my bed ring in my ears  
I wait you called my name the smell of your days work  
And your aftershave, your smile, your smile keeps me holding on  
It's three a.m. and I'm holding on to what used  
to be  
Your fingers tickling my palm, telling me yes please  
The arch of your back the stickiness of your nectar  
The shiver through our bodies when we arrive together [Chorus]  
I'm still holding on  
I'm still holding on  
I'm still  
It's 5 o'clock, 4 o'clock in the morning  
I feel so weak thoughts of you are graining me  
It's five o'clock in the morning  
Lord, I wish you were with me  
But you're gone, you're gone  
You're gone, you're gone  
I know I must sleep

Songwriters

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