

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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{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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