

Jill Scott**"Honey Molasses"**

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Honey Molasses
Ebony Majesty
Chocolate Brown Sugar
Sweet epiphany

I waited for your call
But you chose not to call me
I wondered what happened
Where you in side 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 trombone
it was magic the way it happened
pure electricity
I felt so inspired
and afraid at the same time
I don't know whether sing or to
rhyme
Call me

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