

**Jill Scott****"Love Rain (feat. Mos Def)"**

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[Jill Scott]

Love rain down on me, on me, down on me

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Met him on a Thursday, sunny afternoon

Cumulus clouds, 84 degrees

He was brown, deep

Said he wanted to talk about my mission

Listen to my past lives. (Word?)

Took me on long walks to places where butterflies rest  
easy

Talked about Moses and Mumia

Reparations, blue colors, memories of shell-topped

Adidas

He was fresh, like summer peaches

Sweet on my mind like block parties and penny candy

Us was nice and warm, no jacket, no umbrella, just  
warm

At night we would watch the stars

And he would physically give me each and every one

I felt like cayenne pepper, red, hot, spicy

I felt dizzy and so near heaven and miles between my  
thighs

Better than love, we made delicious

He me had, had me he

He had me tongue tied

I could hear his rhythm in my thoughts

I was his sharp, his horn section

His boom and his bip

And he was my love

Love rain down on me, on me, down on me

The rain was fallin' and, and slowly and sweetly and  
stinging my eyes

And I could not see that he became my voodoo priest

And I was his faithful concubine

Wide open, wide, loose like bowels after collard greens

The mistake was made

Love slipped from my lips

Dripped down my chin and landed in his lap  
And us became new  
Now me non-clarivoyant and in love  
Made the coochie easy and the obvious invisible  
The rain was falling  
And I couldn't see the season changing  
And the vibe slipping off it's axis  
Our beautiful melody became wildly staccato  
[Repeat 1 in background]  
The rain was falling and I could not see  
That I was to be plowed and sowed and fertilized  
And left to drown in his sunny afternoon  
Cumulus clouds, 84 degrees, melody

Love rain down on me, on me, down on me  
Love rain down on me, on me, down on me

[Mos Def]

I stretched my arms towards the sky like blades of tall  
grass  
The sun beat between my shoulders like carnival  
drums  
I sat still in hopes that it would help my wings grow  
So then I could really be fly  
And then she arrived  
Like day break inside a railway tunnel  
Like the new moon, like a diamond in the mines  
Like high noon to a drunkard, sudden  
She made my heart beat in a now-now time signature  
Her skinny canvas for ultraviolet brushstrokes  
She was the sun's painting  
She was a deep cognac color  
Her eyes sparkled like lights along the new city  
She lips pursed as if her breath was too sweet  
And full for her mouth to hold  
I said, "You are the beautiful, distress of mathematics."  
I said, "For you, I would peel open the clouds like new  
fruit  
And give you lightning and thunder as a dowry  
I would make the sky shed all of it's stars like rain  
And I would clasp the constellations across your waist  
And I would make the heavens your cape  
And they would be pleased to cover you  
They would be pleased to cover you  
May I please, cover you, please"

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