

Jill Scott

"Missing You"

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Come on (repeat 2)
Babe
The only thang I think about at night is that yo ain't here
So many ideas
But truly I ain't sure
I don't know
That's how you got me boo
Late nights
missin you
Missin your touch
Missin your love
Missin your spell
I'm missin you
Missin your kiss
Missin your arms
Missin your soul
Well
It seems like all I do
I'm stuck on
The way you would hold my hand
When we would cross the street
Your eyes would maintain attention
Oh the smell on your breath
On my skin
I'm in
I'm In
And I'm missin you
I am missin you
Seems like all I know
I am missin you
Seems like all I ever do

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