

Roberta Flack

"It Might Be You"

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Jesse, come home, there's a hole in the bed
Where we slept, now it's growing cold
Jesse, your face and the place where we lay
By the hearth, all apart, it hangs on my heart
And I'm leaving the light on the stairs
No, I'm not scared -- I wait for you
Hey Jesse, it's lonely, come home
Jesse, the stairs and the halls, recalling
Your step, and I remember too
All the pictures are shaded and fading in gray
And I still set a place at the table at noon
And I'm leaving the light on the stairs
No, I'm not scared -- I wait for you
Hey Jesse, it's lonely, come home
Jesse, the spread on the bed, it's like
When you left, I kept it for you
All the blues and the greens have been recently
cleaned
And are seemingly new -- Hey Jess, me and you
Will swallow the light on the stairs
I'll fix up my hair, we'll sleep unaware
Hey Jesse, it's lonely, come home

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