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Roberta Flack "Jesse"

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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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