

Jill Scott, Free (Epilogue)

Free like a bumblebee
Free like the open sea
Free like a flying dove
Free like the moon above
Free like the four letters that spell out L-O-V-E
loveree like the second, minute, moment when you hold me only
Free like the bluest sky
Free like mountain's eye
Free like... free like... free like.... free like
Free like the brown in my eye
Free like the tears that I cry
Free like... free like.... free like... free like
Free like a willow tree
Free like a summers eve
Free like the waves are crashing on the side of a solitary beach
Free like a bumblebee
Free like the open sea
Free like the minute, second, moment when you hold me closely
Free like a flying dove
Free like the moon above
Free like... free like... free like.... free like (fades out)