

# Jill Scott, Honey Molasses

Honey Molasses  
Ebony Majesty  
Chocolate Brown Sugar  
Sweet epiphany

I waited for your call  
But you chose not to call me  
I wondered what happened  
Where you in side a safe space  
And too I wondered  
Were you thinking about me and if you were  
why was I feeling so lonely  
by the phone  
alone to the bone  
although the night before  
you were in my home my body  
my dome  
in a circle of passion we  
paris italy  
japan africa rome  
we made music  
we trombone  
it was magic the way it happened  
pure electricity  
I felt so inspired  
and afraid at the same time  
I don't know whether sing or to  
rhyme  
Call me

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