Jill Scott, Love Rain

Love rain down on me, on me, down on me Love rain down on me, on me, down on me Love rain down on me, on me, down on me

Met him on a Thursday, sunny afternoon Cumulus clouds, 84 degrees He was brown, deep Said he wanted to talk about my mission Listen to my past lives. (Word?) Took me on long walks to places where butterflies rest easy Talked about Moses and Mumia Reparations, blue colors, memories of shell-topped Adidas He was fresh, like summer peaches Sweet on my mind like block parties and penny candy Us was nice and warm, no jacket, no umbrella, just warm At night we would watch the stars And he would physically give me each and every one I felt like cayenne pepper, red, hot, spicy I felt dizzy and so near heaven and miles between my thighs Better than love, we made delicious He me had, had me he He had me tongue tied I could hear his rhythm in my thoughts I was his sharp, his horn section His boom and his bip And he was my love

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The rain was fallin' and, and slowly and sweetly and stinging my eyes And I could not see that he became my voodoo priest And I was his faithful concubine Wide open, wide, loose like bowels after collard greens The mistake was made Love slipped from my lips Dripped down my chin and landed in his lap And us became new Now me non-clarivoyant and in love Made the coochie easy and the obvious invisible The rain was falling And I couldn't see the season changing

And the vibe slipping off it's axis
Our beautiful melody became wildly staccato
(Repeat 1 in background)
The rain was falling and I could not see
That I was to be plowed and sowed and fertilized
And left to drown in his sunny afternoon
Cumulus clouds, 84 degrees, melody

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[Mos Def]

I stretched my arms towards the sky like blades of tall grass. The sun beat between my shoulders like carnival drums. I sat still in hopes that it would help my wings grow. So then I could really be fly. And then she arrived. Like day break inside a railway tunnel. Like the new moon, like a diamond in the mines. Like high noon to a drunkard, sudden. She made my heart beat in a now-now time signature. Her skinny canvas for ultraviolet brushstrokes.

She was the sun's painting
She was a deep cognac color
Her eyes sparkled like lights along the new city
Her lips pursed as if her breath was too sweet
And full for her mouth to hold
I said, "You are the beautiful, distress of mathematics."
I said, "For you, I would peel open the clouds like new fruit
And give you lightning and thunder as a dowry
I would make the sky shed all of it's stars like rain
And I would clasp the constellations across your waist
And I would make the heavens your cape
And they would be pleased to cover you
They would be pleased to cover you
May I please, cover you, please"