

# Jill Scott, Love Rain

Love rain down on me, on me, down on me  
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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 its 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"