

# Roberta Flack, It Might Be You

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