

Holding On

Jill Scott

It's 2am
And I'm makin' love to a memory
The sound of your footsteps
Towards my bed
Ring in my ears
I wait you called my name
The smell of your days work
And your aftershave, your smile
Your smile keeps me holding on

It's 3am
And I'm holding on to what used to be
Your fingers
Tickling my palm, telling me yes please
The arch of your back
The stickiness of your nectar
The shiver through our bodies
When we arrive together

I'm still holding on,
I'm still holding on
I'm still

It's 5 o'clock,
4 o'clock in the morning
I feel so weak
Thoughts of you are graining me
It's 5 o'clock in the morning
Lawd, I wish you were with me
But you're gone, you're gone
You're gone,
You're gone
I know I must sleep