

Honey Molasses

Jill Scott

Honey molasses, ebony majesty
Chocolate brown shuga, sweet epiphany
I waited for your call but you chooz not to call me
I wonder what happened
Were you inside 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 excited and afraid at the same time
I don 't know whether to sing or to rhyme
Call me
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