

Love Rain

Jill Scott

Love rain down on me,on me,down on me [4x]

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 pyhsically give me each and every one
I felt like cayenne pepper,red,hot,spicy
I felt Dizzy, Sonya, heaven, and Miles between my thighs
Better than love,we made delicious
He me had,had me he
He made 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

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

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-clairvoyant 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
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

Love rain down on me,on me,down on me [2x]

[Mos Def]

In stretched my arms towards the sky like blades of tall grass
The sun beat in between my shoulders like carnival drums
I sat still in hopes that it would help my wings grow
So then I would 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
She lips pursed as if her breath was too sweet
And full for her mouth to hold
I said, "You are beautiful, distress of mathematics."
I said, "For you, I would peel open the clouds like new fruit."
And give you lightning and thunder as dowry
I would make the sky shed all of its stars like rain
I would clasp the constellations around your waist
And I would make the heavens your cape
And they would be please to cover you
They would be pleased to cover you
May I please, cover you, please.