

# Missing You

Jill Scott

Come on  
Come on

Babe  
The only thing I think about at night is that yo ain't here  
So many ideas  
But truly I ain't sure  
I don't know  
That's how you got me boo  
Late nights

Missin' you  
Missin' your touch  
Missin' your love  
Missin' your spell  
I'm missin' you  
Missin' your kiss  
Missin' your arms  
Missin' your soul

Well  
It seems like all I do  
I'm stuck on  
The way you would hold my hand  
When we would cross the street  
Your eyes when they paid attention  
Oh the smell of your breath  
On my skin

I'm in  
I'm in  
And I'm missin' you  
I am missin' you  
Seems like all I know  
I am missin' you  
Seems like all I ever do