

Imogen Heap

"2-1"

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First the earth was flat
But it fattened up when we didn't fall off
Now we spin laps round the sun

All the gods lost 2-1
And holes to heaven pointed out to us from light years
away
We're surrounded by a billion galaxies

Things are not always
Things are not always how they seem
Will you be ready?
Will you be ready?

The interim of life
Has got you tiptoed and pinning all your hopes
On the top dog of dreams

You're not alone in this
The polyfilla way looks strong in the weakness
Of the gaps

Things are not always
Things are not always how they seem
They don't turn out always

Don't quite turn out always how we think
Will we be ready?
Will we be ready?

I'm dying to know, what's in your head
I'm dying to know, how it all got in there
I'm dying to know, to help make some sense of it all
I'm dying to know
Tell me is it my fault?

And I care about you, darling

And I care about you
Course I care about you
More than anyone else

Things are not always
Things are not always how they seem
They don't turn out always
Don't quite turn out always how we think
Will we be ready?

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