

Imogen Heap "Meantime"

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The purity in dreaming,
the meantime is a quarantine,
suppose there is no difference
and phone sex is eternal love

the promise in our yearning
the meantime is a quarantine
and the body parts can mix
when you fail to make her hard

and you'll never find out if this ones love
once you've dried out a river
And you'll never found out if this one's love
So take my heart in the mean time

Will the next love be the real one
Will the next love be the real one

Our dreams in holding patters
And the mean time is a quarantine
And i'm the one comparing
My having you tonight

And you'll never found out if this one's love
Caressing some other lover
And you'll never found out if this one's love
So take my heart in the mean time

Will the next love be the real one
Will the next love be the real one

In sexual positions
We never got to try and i
I see lovers in the swing door
Entangled, in space

And you'll never found out if this one's love
Once you've dried out a river ?
And you'll never found out if this one's love
So take my heart in the mean time

Will the next love be the real one

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