

Imogen Heap "Wait It Out"

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Where do we go from here?
How do we carry on?
I can't get beyond the questions.
Clambering for the scraps
in the shatter of us collapsed.
It cuts me with every could-have-been.

Pain on pain on play, repeating
With the backup makeshift life in waiting.

Everybody says time heals everything.
But what of the wretched hollow?
The endless in-between?
Are we just going to wait it out?

There's nothing to see here now,
turning the sign around;
We're closed to the Earth 'til further notice.
A Stumbling cliché case,
crumbled and puffy faced.
Dead in the stare of a thousand miles.

All I want, only one street-level miracle.
I'll be a an out-and-out, born again from none more
cynical.
Everybody says time heals everything.
But what of the wretched hollow?
The endless in-between?
Are we just going to wait it out?

And sit here cold?
Well, We'll be long gone by then.
And lackluster in dust we lay
Around old magazines.
Fluorescent lighting sets the scene
for all we could and should be being
in the one life that we've got.

(Ah, Ah, Ah)

In the one life that we've got.

Everybody says that time heals everything.
But what of the wretched hollow?
The endless in-between?

Are we just going to wait it out? sit Here?
Just going to Wait it out? Sit here cold?
Just going to sweat it out?
Wait it out.

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