

Wait It Out

Imogen Heap

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 that 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.
Clambering for the scraps,
Clambering in the light.
We're closed to the Earth 'til further...

An all-out one, only one street-level miracle.
I'll be a an out-and-out, born again from none more cynical.

Everybody says that 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?
Look, you'll be long gone by then.
And lackluster in dust we lay
'round old magazines.
Fluorescent lighting sets the scene
For all we could and should being
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?
Just going to sweat it out?
Just going to sweat it out?
Wait it out.