

First Train Home

Imogen Heap

(I've got to get on it) (3x)

Bodies disengaged, our mouths are fleshing over.
It's just an echo game, irises retreating
to ovals of white.
The urge to feel your face
And blood rushing to paint my handprint
A Frisbee one by one
Your vinyl on lamenent
Desperate for some kind of contact.

First train home, I've got to get on it (3x)
To Catch, to catch, catch catch catch.
First train home, I've got to get on it (3x)
First Train home

Temporal deadzone where clocks are barely breathing
Yet no one cares to notice for all the yelling
All night clamor to hold it together.
I want to play don't wait forms in the hideaway
I want to get on with getting on with things
I want to run in fields, paint the kitchen
And love someone
And I can't do any of that here, can I?

First train home, I've got to get on it (3x)
First Train home

So what? You've had one too many.
So what? I'm not that much fun to be with
So what? You've come silly hatter
So what? I didn't want to come here, anyway.

What matters you, doesn't matter, matter to me.
What matters to me, doesn't matter, matter to you.
What matters to you, doesn't matter, matter to them.
What matters to them, doesn't change anything.

Got to get on it first train home.
Got to get on it first train home

First train home I've got to get on it
(I've got to get on it)
To catch, to catch, catch-catch, catch.
(First train home)
First train home I've got to get on it
First train home.
(First train home)

To go, to go, to go
Get, get, get, get
Out, out, out, out
Now, now, now, now