

First Train Home

Imogen Heap

Got to get on it
Got to get on it
Got to get on it Bodies disengage, our mouths are fleshing over
(Over, over, over, over)
Is this an echo game?
Iris retreat into ovals of white The urge to feel your face, in blood,
Rushing to paint my handprint
And Frisbee, one by one, your vinyl on laminate
I'm desperate for some kind of contact
First train home, I've got to get on it
First train home, I've got to get on it
First train home, I've got to get on it
Got to catch, to catch, to catch, catch, catch the...
First train home, I've got to get on it
First train home, I've got to get on it
First train home, I've got to get on it
First train home Temporal dead zone where clocks are barely breathing
(Breathing, breathing, breathing)
Yet no one cares to notice for all their yamming on,
I clam up to hold it together I want to Play-Doh waveforms in the hideaway
I want to get on with getting on with things
I want to run in fields, play in the kitchen, love someone
And I can't do any of that here, can I?
First train home, I've got to get on it
First train home, I've got to get on it
First train home, I've got to get on it
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 got a silly hat on
So what, I didn't want to come here anyway What matters to you, it doesn't matter, matter to me
What matters to me, doesn't matter, matter to him
What matters to him, doesn't matter, matter to them
What matters to them, it 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 the...
(First train home)
First train home, I've got to get on it
First train home
(First train home) Got to, got to, got to, got to

Get, get, get, get
Out, out, out, out
Now, now, now, now

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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