HIDE AND SEEK, Imogen Heap.

Where are we?

What the hell is going on?

Dust has only just begun to fall,

crop circles in the carpet,

sinking, feeling.

Spin me round again

and rub my eyes,

this can’t be happening.

When busy streets amess

with people would stop to hold,

hold their heads, heavy.

Hide and seek.

Trains and sewing machines.

All those years,

they were here first.

Oily marks appear on walls,

where pleasure moments hung before.

The takeover, the sweeping

insensitivity of this still life.

Hide and seek.

Trains and sewing machines.

Blood and tears,

they were here first.

Mm, mm, what d’ya say,

that you only meant well?

 (well of course you did.)

Mm, mm, what d’ya say,

That it’s all for the best?

(Of course it is.)

Mm, mm, what d’ya say,

that it’s just what we need?

 (You decided this.)

Mm, mm, what d’ya say,

Oh what did you say?

|: Ransom notes keep falling out your mouth,

midsweet talk, newspaper word cut outs.

Speak no feeling, I don’t believe you,

you don’t care a bit, you don’t care a bit.

 (Hide and seek.) :| (4x)

they were here first.

Hide and seek,

they were here first.