

# Neglected Space

Imogen Heap

Hello  
I watch you come and go  
I know you can hear my voice  
Don't walk away  
Come daydream with me  
In closed loops and future-proof cardboard to caviar.  
Let's show them how good we are.  
If you look after me, I'll look after you.

Sonar, night vision or desperate lovers  
Seeking privacy for their forbidden...  
I am their defenseless host.  
Through my open wounds they let themselves in.  
Sheltered (sheltered), they mock me (they mock me).

If you stand up for me, I'll stand up for you.

I'm weather-beaten in a losing battle punctured by nature, becoming organic  
The air in here ages me, ungracefully!  
But if you take care of me, I'll take care of you.

Oh, my crumbling heart!  
If you'll be good to me,  
I'll be good to you.

I'm amidst:  
I could be the best decision you ever made, a beacon, your peaceful corner.  
Find me, cherish me, take me on or pull me down. You choose.  
Wait!

Oh, safe in the ache of soul-decay!  
Cause I will remember you - will you remember me?

Bespoke to broken, this interwoven tapestry of tragedy,  
Crooked frames and cracked glazing  
Slithers of wistful window gazes glint in borrowed light.

Where doorways with no door stage a ballet of leaves,  
Who pirouette in the footsteps of once glorious days...

By peeling paint, I'm a sunken ceiling,  
I'm cracking up, and can seem threatening.

I'm falling apart.

I'm scary at night.  
Take dark, forbidden: keep out, keep out! No, no, no go forth.

A has-been, a once was, the leftovers, an eyesore, bleeding, oxidising,  
A few remaining, unloved, emotionally damaged, a waste of space,  
A nuisance, I haven't had time to become, unwanted!  
What's gone? I'm losing it  
This is not what I stand for  
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It was a perfectly good grand piano.

Stop in the name of love! I've got just what you're looking for!  
I've got tree-lined interiors, where we can dine with the biosphere.

If you'll take care of me, I'll take care of you.  
If you be good to me, then I'll be good to you.

Oh... I'm a story in mourning, and you're the author  
So pour out your masterpiece.

Entropy increasing, how long before I'm dust?

Can we discuss?