

# Propeller Seeds

Imogen Heap

Propeller seeds  
Corridor scene  
Talk on, walk out.  
It took me a minute, my mind was on other things  
Oh, you got me at "Paris"  
I must be coming down with something to be thinking this

What's happening here?  
I'm growing roots through my toes  
And leaves from my fingertips

Unfold  
Where does this story go?  
Queue, food  
Drink up  
Continue

We float in tandem, past name tags and shaking hands  
Immune to the hubbub of others  
We're deep in discussion, the party's on mute.  
(Oh woah, oh woah)  
Our bubble's got it covered  
(Ooh...)  
You want me, well you've got me  
It doesn't have to be today  
I can't believe I said that out loud

What's happening here?  
I'm growing roots through my toes  
And leaves from my fingertips

I'm falling  
What does this story know?  
Wedding rings, children  
Are all the good ones taken?  
Rickshaw, disco  
Goodnight kiss  
Oh, cold shower

Call me for sweet... dreams of him  
Where does this story go?  
(Whoa whoa)  
What does this story know?  
(Whoa whoa)  
What does this story hold... for us?