

# First Train Home

## Imogen Heap

Got to get on it  
Got to get on it  
Got to get on it Bodies disengaged  
Our mouths are fleshing over  
As hiss and echo gain  
Irises retreating to ovals of white The urge to feel your face  
In blood, rushing to paint my handprint  
And Frisbee one by one,  
You're vinyl on laminate  
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, catch, catch, catch 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 Da-dum, dah, day-o  
Day-o, dah day-o  
Da-dum, dah, day-o  
Day-o, dah day Temporal dead zone  
Where clocks are barely 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  
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  
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 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

(Got to catch, to catch, catch, catch, catch)

First train home, I've got to get on it

First train home

First train homeGot to go, to go, to go

To get, get, get, get

Out, out, out, out

Now, now, now, now

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