

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?

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