

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?

Lyrics provided by

<https://damlyrics.com/>