

# Wait It Out (Artec Remix)

## Imogen Heap

Where do we go from here?  
How do we carry on?  
I can't get beyond the questions.  
Clambering for the scraps  
In the shatter of us collapsed.  
It cuts me with every could-have-been. Pain on pain on play, repeating  
With the backup makeshift life in waiting. Everybody says that time heals everything.  
But what of the wretched hollow?  
The endless in-between?  
Are we just going to wait it out? There's nothing to see here now,  
Turning the sign around;  
We're closed to the Earth 'til further notice.  
A stumbling clichéd case  
Crumpled and puffy faced  
Dead in the stare of a thousand miles. An all-out one, only one street-level miracle.  
I'll be an out-and-out, born again from none more cynical. Everybody says that time heals everything  
Oh in the end.  
But what of the wretched hollow?  
The endless in-between?  
Are we just going to wait it out? And sit here cold?  
We'll be long gone by then.  
And lackluster in dust we lay  
Around old magazines.  
Fluorescent lighting sets the scene  
For all we could and should be being  
In the one life that we've got. In the one life that we've got. Everybody says that time heals everything.  
But what of the wretched hollow?  
The endless in-between? Are we just going to wait it out?  
We sit here  
Just going to wait it out  
Sit here cold  
Just going to threat it out  
Wait it out.

Songwriters

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