

# Imogen Heap, Meantime

The purity in dreaming  
The mean time as a quarantine  
Suppose there is no difference  
And phone sex is eternal love

The promise in our yearning  
The mean time is a quarantine  
And the body parts can mix  
And you fail to make a whole

And you'll never found out if this was love  
Once you've dried out a river  
And you'll never found out if this was love  
So take my heart in the mean time

Will the next love be the real one  
Will the next love be the real one

Our dreams in holding patterns  
And the mean time is a quarantine  
And i'm the one comparing  
My having you tonight

And you'll never found out if this was love  
Caressing some other lover  
And you'll never found out if this was love  
So take my heart in the mean time

Will the next love be the real one  
Will the next love be the real one

In sexual positions  
We never got to try and i  
I see lovers in the swing door  
Entangled, in space

And you'll never found out if this was love  
Once you've dried out a river ?  
And you'll never found out if this was love  
So take my heart in the mean time

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