

Imogen Heap, Oh Me, Oh My

quiet now in sleepy dreams
to me it seems the only time to be, just me
bombarded by the phone, in my own home
can't get the space that I need, and how I need it

oh me, oh my
oh me, me, me, me, oh my
oh when I look, when I look at my life
oh me, oh my
when I look at my life

crowded by the city, all around me
need some silence from the loud and noisy crowds
and I'm trying to catch a breath, through the air of death
can't see the sun for the clouds, those dirty clouds

and the night has no compassion for your actions
when you're trying to get away from the hard day
and I need someone to talk to apart from you
but I guess that's just the way, come what may

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oh me, me, me, me, oh my
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oh me, oh my
when I look at my life

god
are you there
are you out there
if so where are you hiding?
I'm having trouble finding you

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