Hem Of His Garment

Faithless

Wish he was a man

Oh I wish, I could be touched by the hem of his garment

And the dream

To be proud has never been so mean

So hard, so stern, so cruel

Oh I wish, I could be touched by the hem of his garment

Mmm, I've come a long way

To touch the hem of his garment

Anger should be the tool of a clown

I'm a fool, you see

It's not

Why should such violence, such pain hang between you and me When love should be a queen on her throne lookin' after her own

I wish, I could be touched by the hem of his garment

Two chairs, this table, one leg, in this house

Seriously, I think we could be

Feel we could be touched by the hem of his garment

Mmm, I've come a long way

To touch the hem of garment

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