

# Hem of Your Garment

## Cake

Alright, I am intrinsically no good  
I have a heart that's made of wood  
And I am only biding time  
Only reciting memorized linesAnd I'm not fit to touch  
The hem of your garment  
And no, no, I'm not fit to touch  
The hem of your garmentI have no love but only goals  
How very empty is my soul  
It is a soul that feels no thrill  
It is a soul that could easily killAnd I'm not fit to touch  
The hem of your garment  
And no, no, I'm not fit to touch  
The hem of your garment, yea yea, yeal am intrinsically no good  
I have a heart that's made of wood  
And I'm only biding time  
Only reciting memorized linesAnd I'm not fit to touch  
The hem of your garment  
And no, no, I'm not fit to touch  
The hem of your garmentNo, no, I'm not fit to touch  
The hem of your garment  
And no, no I'm not fit to touch  
The hem of your garment, yea yea, ha  
Yaa, yea, huh, alright, oh no, hoo, hey, hey  
Hoo, ah, huh, huh, huh, huh, say  
Hoo, hoo, hey, hey, hoo, hoo

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