Rake It In

Imogen Heap

I am here again
Tied up in your torture frame
Printed paper, guilty to blame
The story stays the sameDry me out, run me down
Burn me out and rake it in, you rake it in
Rake it in, you rake it in, yeahA slave upon your plate
I am your dreams, yeah, your life and your bait
Selfish schemes, I proceed, you await
You my indefinite hateDo you know what my chopping blocks for?
Do you know what my hanging braids for?
Do you know what my chamber maids for?
Can you guess what I, what I have in store for you?

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