

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 lines And 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 I 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 kill And 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, yea I am intrinsically no good
I have a heart that's made of wood
And I'm only biding time
Only reciting memorized lines And 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 No, 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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