

# Cake, Hem Of Your Garment

I am intrinsically no good  
I have a heart that's made of wood  
I am only biding time  
Only reciting memorized lines  
And I'm not fit to touch  
The hem of your garment

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  
A soul that could easily kill  
And I'm not fit to touch  
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