

# Imogen Heap, Rake It In

I am here again  
Tied up in your torture frame  
Printed paper, guilty to blame  
The story stays the same

Dry me out  
Run me down  
Burn me out  
And rake it in, you rake it in  
Rake it in, you rake it in, yeah

A slave upon your plate  
I am your dreams, yeah your life and your bait  
Selfish schemes, i proceed, you await  
You my indefinite hate

Do 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?