

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?