

Hem of His Garment

Faithless

Oh I wish I could be
touched by the hem of his garment

To be proud has
Never been
So mean, so hard, so stern, so cruel
Oh I wish I could be
Touched by the hem of his garment

Mmmm mmmm I've come a long way
Mmmm mmmm I've come a long way
Mmmm mmmm I've come a long way
Mmmm mmmm I've come a long way
Mmmm mmmm I've come a long way

Touch the hem of his garment

And anger should be
The tool of a clown, or a fool you see
Why should spite and such pain
Hang between you and me
When love should be
The queen on her thrown looking after own

Wish I could be
Touched by the hem of his garment

Two chairs
This table
One bed
In this house
Seriously
I think we could be, feel we could be
Touched by the hem of his garment

Mmmm mmmm I've come a long way
Mmmm mmmm I've come a long way
Mmmm mmmm I've come a long way
Mmmm mmmm I've come a long way
Mmmm mmmm I've come a long way

Touch the hem of his garment