

Faithless

"Him Of His Garment"

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Oh I wish I could be
Touched by the hem of his garment
to be proud has never been
so mean, so stern, so cruel
Oh I wish I could be
touched by the hem of his garment

Oh, I've come a long way
To touch the hem of his garment

And anger should be
The tool of a clown or a fool you see
And why should such spite and such pain
Hang between you and me
When love should be
A queen on her throne
Looking after her own
I wish I could be
Touched by the hem of his garment
Two chairs at this table
One bed in this house
Seriously, I think we could be
Touched by the hem of his garment

Oh, I've come a long way
To touch the hem of his garment

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