

Tull Jethro

"My God"

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People what have you done
locked him in his golden cage.
Made him bend to your religion
Him resurrected from the grave.
He is the God of nothing
if that's all that you can see.
You are the God of everything
He's a part of you and me.
So lean upon him gently
and don't call on Him to save you
from your social graces
and the sins you wash to waive.
The bloody Church of England
in chains of history
requests' your earthly presence at
the vicarage for tea.
And the graven image you-know-who
he's got him fixed
with his plastic crucifix
confuses me as in who and where and why
as to how he gets his kicks.

Confessing to endless sin
the endless whining sounds.
You'll be praying till next Thursday to
all the God that you can count

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