

Mansun

"The Gods Of Not Very Much"

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Safety in numbers, together
Nobody can tell us if we're thick or if we're clever
See him, victim, shouting
Telling all the people that we're meeting in a field

Safety in numbers, together
Nobody can tell us if we're thick or if we're clever
See him, victim, shouting
Telling all the people that we're meeting in a field at
dawn
And we are foolishly drawn

We'll meet, we'll talk, we'll rush
The gods of not very much
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The gods of not very much

A strange dude in brown shoes with holes through
Stands at Speaker's Corner with a memo tape recorder
Nightfall, the crowd come, his Bible
Opened at a page that says he made us all the same

How funny, ironic, the crowd they
They agree to differ as they're wearing the same T-
shirt
Fit in, convention, nothing
You're just talking rubbish and you know that
You're not playing with us
'Cause we're the gods of not very much

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