

The Gods of Not Very Much

[Mansun](#)

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
We'll meet, we'll talk, we'll rush
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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