

Little God

Patty Griffin

Good morning little God
I see, you've come for me again
With a noose between your teeth
 You are not my friend
 Pouring little cups of tea
 Humming a little tune
 You sit across from me
 And fill my little room
 Little God
 Smoke is in the air
 From your little cigarette
 You tell me to throw the fight
 Go and place your little bet
 Shake, little God
 Shake your little fists
 All the strippers think you're odd
 But you leave the biggest tips
 Little God

Where oh, where did I leave myself today?
 On the bed, on the chair
Did I send myself away on a sleepy afternoon?
 Will I be returning soon?
 Laugh your little laugh
 Stomp your little feet
They sulk behind your back
 All the people that you meet
 They say time is running out
And you don't know what to do
 And I hear them talk about
 Another place without you
 Little God
 Little God
 Little God
 Little God
 Little God