

My God

Jethro Tull

People, what have you done?
Locked him in his golden cage, golden cage
Made him bend to your religion
Him resurrected from the grave, 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 inside 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 used to waive, you used 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
With his plastic crucifix, he's got him fixed
Confuses me as to who and where and why?
As to how he gets his kicks, he gets his kicks Confessing to the endless sin
The endless whining sounds
You'll be praying till next Thursday
To all the gods that you can count

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