

# 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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