Little God

Passatiges

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

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