

# 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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