

God Of Small Things

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God of all things, God of small things, God of power and might,
Did you really make the world in seven days and seven nights?
'Cause I don't know if you exist or if I even care,
But when I lay me down to sleep I'd like somebody there.

'Cause it's hard to make sense of this all, and it gets harder
with each passing day.
I believe in little things, and things I cannot see;
In science and the saints and all that stuff like gravity,
Not that sentimental fairytale to keep us in our place.
'Cause I have seen you here when no-one else is looking -
A calm and silent bliss, a calm and silent bliss.

All your people do these days is argue, fuss and fight,
Then they fuss some more and wipe the blood and say, "At least
we know we're right".
How foolishly, how foolishly your good things come undone,
How silently, how silently, and now we all are done.

And it's hard to make sense of it all, and it gets harder with
each passing day.
But I believe in little things, and things I cannot see;
In science and the saints and all that stuff like gravity,
Not some sentimental fairytale to keep us in our place.
'Cause I have seen you here when no-one else is watching -
A strange and silent bliss, a strange and silent bliss.

God of all things, God of small things, God of loss and hope,
God of people struggling, of people who can't cope,
Do you keep your blessings for the rich, the pious and their guns?
Or if you're half the man, I hope you root for everyone,
You root for everyone.