

The Gods Are People Too

Tripod

Shake your tiny fists up at the sky
Gnash your little teeth and scream out "why?"
Get up off your knees, it's time you knew
That the gods are people, too

It's a miracle the sky ever stayed up
Creation's all just basically made up
They're all improvising, just like you
Those gods are people, too

They've got their shiny headbands
They've got their shiny wristbands
But no amount of horns on your helmet's gonna keep
All the cows up in the top paddock

They've got their shiny headbands
They've got their shiny wristbands
Don't forget we're talking 'bout creative types here
They're bound to be a little temperamental

Next time that you think you're on your own
There's no need to feel that you're alone
You're a part of someone's bigger plan
Some massive tool up there
Looking down on you
Wrecking everything