

# Don Henley, Little Tin God

"A new age is dawning  
On fewer than expected  
Business is usual"  
That's how the headline read  
Some shaky modern saviors  
Have now been resurrected  
In all this excitement  
You may have been misled  
People want a miracle  
They say "Oh Lord, can't you see us?  
We're tryin' to make a livin' down here  
And keep the children fed"  
But, from little dark motel rooms  
to "Six Flags Over Jesus"  
"How are the mighty fallen"  
So the Bible said  
You don't have to pray to a little tin god  
Step out of the way for a little tin god  
You might fear the reaper, you might fear the rod  
But you never have to get down on your knees  
You don't have to holler, "please, please"  
No, you never have to get down on your knees  
For a little tin god  
The cowboy's name was "Jingo"  
And he knew that there was trouble  
So in a blaze of glory  
He rode out of the west  
No one was ever certain  
What it was that he was sayin'  
But they loved it when he told them  
They were better than the rest  
But you don't have to pray for a little tin god  
Step out of the way for a little tin god  
You might hate to system, hate the job  
But you never have to get down on your knees  
You don't have to holler, "please, please"  
No, you never have to get down on your knees  
For a little tin god  
Throw down a rope from heaven  
And lead the flock to water  
The man in the middle would have you think  
That you have no other choice  
But to wander in the wilderness  
Of all the upturned faces  
If you stop and listen long enough  
You will hear your own small voice  
But you don't have to pray to a little tin god  
Step out of the way for a little tin god  
You might fear the reaper, fear the rod  
But you never have to get down on your knees  
You don't have to holler, "please, please"  
No, you never have to get down on your knees  
You don't have to holler, "please, please"  
You never have to get down on your knees  
For a little tin god