

Randy Newman, How Great Our Lord

ANGELS:

Oh, Lord

Oh, Lord

LORD:

Sorry ladies, to make you wait

There's a couple of Buddhists at the Pearly Gate

Asked for permission to come on board

ANGELS:

What'd you do Lord?

LORD:

I had to have 'em put out with the trash

Sing it!

ANGELS:

Oh Lord, how great our Lord

Oh Lord, how great our Lord

LORD:

Ladies, ladies

Why does the earth, glide by below

Like a great big rubber ball?

ANGEL:

It is like a rubber ball!

Why does the bird, fly through the sky

Why does the apple fall?

LORD:

Folks up here, ask me why

Things go badly down below

I tell them when they ask me why

I really do not know

ANGEL:

But you do know, don't you Lord?

LORD:

'Course I do! Sing it!

ANGELS:

Oh Lord, how great our Lord

Oh Lord, how great our Lord

LORD:

Folks up here, ask me why

Things go badly down below

I like to tell them when they ask me why

I really do not know

ANGEL:

But you do know, don't you Lord?

LORD:

'Course I do! Sing it!

ANGELS:

Oh Lord, how great our Lord

Oh Lord, how great our Lord

Oh Lord, how great our Lord

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Oh Lord, how great our Lord

