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 Oh Lord, how great our Lord

Oh Lord, how great our Lord

