Randy Newman, Relax, Enjoy Yourself

LORD:
When I'm feeling down
Worried about every little thing
I take a look around,
And this is what I say...

DEVIL:
Uh-oh.

LORD:
Relax, enjoy yourself
It's all just a glorious game
There're fruit trees growin' in an open field
And wild roses bloomin' down a country lane
Look around old chum
Slow it down old chum or you never will succeed
You never will succeed

DEVIL:
Oh, no! Look, I, I....

LORD:
Relax, enjoy yourself
It's all just a wonderful game
There are rivers, and forests
And mountains high
There's the deep green ocean
And the pale blue sky

Let it go and then, you will know, old friend
That you never will succeed
You never will succeed

ANGEL CHILD:
It must be very trying to be bad all the time
Vicious and cruel and mean
When there's so much beauty
All around us to be seen
And so very little time in which to see it all
And feel it all
So little time
Perhaps when you were little
No one held you in their arms
And told you that they loved you very much
Perhaps you were embittered
By your fall from grace

DEVIL:
How long have you been dead?

ANGEL CHILD:
Two months.

DEVIL:
Do you miss your friends?

ANGEL CHILD:
Yes, I miss them,
I've tried to make friends here, but it's hard

DEVIL:
You were a good girl
Cut down in your prime?

ANGEL CHILD:
Yes.

DEVIL:
The man who shot you in the head
In that Burger King in Tucson
Well, he never will be punished, you know
He will move to Big Pine, California
Become the richest man in Inyo County
While that may not be much, it's enough
When he dies
Sixty-five years from today
With his loved ones all around him
He'll be whisked right up to heaven
He won't pass go or have to wait
He'll just march right through the Goddamned gate
And why, you may ask yourself why
For thousands and thousands of years
I have asked myself why

LORD:
Faith. Contrition. Sincere contrition.
Confession. Sincere confession.

ANGELS:
Yes, Lord! Yes, Lord!

LORD:
Redemption. Absolution.
Those who seek Me shall find Me
In the case of this man,
Predestination.

My ways are mysterious
Sometimes even to myself
My ways are mysterious

DEVIL:
Relax, old chum, relax
It's only a glorious game that we're playing
And in a few more years
When I move up here
Things will never be the same!

Same! (Give it to me!)
Same! (Give it to me!)
Thank you.
Same!