

Tim Minchin, The Song For Phil Daoust

This is a song for Phil Daoust
Occasional Guardian newspaper journal-oust
I never ever mentioned your name
Or the review that you wrote when I was new to this game

But now the time has come
I think I've dealt with my feelings at last
I really wanna forgive you, Phil
Yeah, I wanna put the past in the past-a-a

And as this is London Town
I thought I ought to take the opportunity
Cause there's a pretty good chance somebody out there will know you
Maybe they will pass on a message for me

Just wanna say, Phil Daoust
Occasional Guardian newspaper journal-oust
That it's been three years since you wrote it
And time is very healing
But I still wanna cut big chunks of flesh out of your stupid face
And make your children watch while I force you to eat them
Yeah I wanna make your children watch you eat your own face-meat

Ding dang ding dang dong
This is my Phil Doust song
Everybody sing along
La la la, la la la la
I hope one of your family members dies

Phil, ding dang dong
I've written you this special song
To help you get the attention
You obviously, desperately lack

And I know that you're a smart man
And with such a fine mind, I guess it has to be hard
To resist throwing narcissistic, intellectual tantrums
In the supermarket aisles of your self-regard

Just wanna say, Phil Daoust
I know it must be really hard to be a journal-oust
While a deadline's always looming
And the pressure to be entertaining
So maybe you should quit and get a job that you'd be better at
Like killing yourself, you fucking cunt

Ding dang ding dang dong
This is my Phil Doust song
Everybody sing along
Tra la la, la la la la
I hope something you love catches on fire

Phil, ding dang dong
I've written you this special song
To show how far I've come along
In my efforts to be more mature in the face of negative feedback

You fucking poo-face