

Simpsons

"God Bless The Child"

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{Can you hear me in the booth?
Loud and clear, Lisa
Oh, good, thank you, sir
For letting me be in a real studio
It's a genuine thrill, sir}

{Could I trouble you with one request?
Sure thing, no synthetic sound, please
I want all live musicians}

Them that's got, shall get
Them that's not, shall lose
So the Bible says and it still is news

Mama mayhem, Papa mayhem
God bless the child that's got his own
That's got his own

It's the strong, get smart
While the weak ones fade
And if I get stumped
They'll never make the grade

Mama mayhem, Papa mayhem
God bless the child that's got his own
That's got his own

When you've got money
You've got lots of friends
Crowded 'round the door

But when it's gone
And all else find an ends
Well, they don't come round no more

Which relations give
Crust of bread and such
You can help yourself
But don't take too much

Mama mayhem, Papa mayhem
God bless the child that's got his own

That's got his own

{Well that was lovely, Miss Lisa, very soulful
Thank you, Mr. Murphy
Now, let's play a little blues}

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