

Punch Brothers

"This Girl"

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Father Father Father
It's been a long long time how are you doing?
How is your son how are His children?
I bet they're just like me
You must be tired tired tired
Of hearing prayers like mine no need to answer
Nobody likes knowing that favors
Are all they'll ever be
But there's this girl this girl this girl this girl this girl
And I'd be the happiest backslider in the world
If you would tell her it's your will for us to be together
Father Father Father You've seen me try and try to
maker her love me
I'd sell my soul to hear the one thing
She thinks she'll never say
But now it's Sunday Sunday Sunday
And her pretty voice is rising up to ask you
Like I once did like I'm about to
If you could show her the way
'Cause there's this girl this girl this girl this girl this girl
And I'd be the happiest backslider in the world
If you would tell her it's your will for us to be together
If you could show her the way
Father you of all gods ought to know how little to expect
from people
But I think you might be pleasantly surprised to see
what this girl
Would bring out of me
There's this girl this girl this girl this girl this girl
And I'd be the happiest backslider in the world
If you would tell her it's your will for us to be together
I would never bother you again unless you want me to
Hell we'll just both hang out with you in heaven when
we die

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