

## **Tim Minchin**

### **"Thank You God"**

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I have an apology to make  
I'm afraid I've made a big mistake  
I turned my face away from you, Lord

I was too blind to see the light  
I was too weak to feel Your might  
I closed my eyes; I couldn't see the truth, Lord

But then like Saul on the Damascus road,  
You sent a messenger to me, and so  
Now I've have had the truth revealed to me  
Please forgive me all those things I said  
I'll no longer betray you, Lord  
I will pray to you instead

And I will say thank you, thank you  
Thank you, God  
Thank you, thank you  
Thank you, God...

Thank you, God, for fixing the cataracts of Sam's mum  
I had no idea, but it's suddenly so clear now  
I feel such a cynic, how could I have been so dumb?  
Thank you for displaying how praying works:  
A particular prayer in a particular church  
Thank you Sam for the chance to acknowledge this  
Omnipotent ophthalmologist

Thank you, God, for fixing the cataracts of Sam's mum  
I didn't realize that it was so simple  
But you've shown a great example of just how it can be  
done  
You only need to pray in a particular spot  
To a particular version of a particular god,  
And if you pull that off without a hitch,  
He will fix one eye of one middle-class white bitch

I know in the past my outlook has been limited  
I couldn't see examples of where life had been  
definitive  
But I can admit it when the evidence is clear,

As clear as Sam's mum's new cornea  
(And that's extremely clear! )

Thank you, God, for fixing the cataracts of Sam's mum  
I have to admit that in the past I have been skeptical  
But Sam described this miracle and I am overcome!  
How fitting that the sighting of a sight-based  
intervention  
Should open my eyes to this exciting new dimension  
It's like someone put an eye chart up in front of me  
And the top five letters say: I C, G O D

Thank you, Sam, for showing how my point of view has  
been so flawed  
I assumed there was no God at all but now I see that's  
cynical  
It's simply that his interests aren't particularly broad  
He's largely undiverted by the starving masses,  
Or the inequality between the various classes  
He gives you strictly limited passes,  
Redeemable for surgery or two-for-one glasses

I feel so shocking for historically mocking  
Your interests are clearly confined to the ocular  
I bet given the chance, you'd eschew the divine  
And start a little business selling contacts online

Fuck me Sam, what are the odds  
That of history's endless parade of gods  
That the God you just happened to be taught to believe  
in  
Is the actual one and he digs on healing,  
But not the AIDS-ridden African nations  
Nor the victims of the plague, nor the flood-addled  
Asians,  
But healthy, privately-insured Australians  
With common and curable corneal degeneration

This story of Sam's has but a single explanation:  
A surgical God who digs on magic operations  
No, it couldn't be mistaken attribution of causation  
Born of a coincidental temporal correlation  
Exacerbated by a general lack of education  
Vis-a-vis physics in Sam's parish congregation  
And it couldn't be that all these pious people are liars  
It couldn't be an artefact of confirmation bias  
A product of groupthink,  
A mass delusion,  
An Emperor's New Clothes-style fear of exclusion

No, it's more likely to be an all-powerful magician

Than the misdiagnosis of the initial condition,  
Or one of many cases of spontaneous remission,  
Or a record-keeping glitch by the local physician

No, the only explanation for Sam's mum's seeing:  
They prayed to an all-knowing superbeing,  
To the omnipresent master of the universe,  
And he quite liked the sound of their muttered verse.

So for a bit of a change from his usual stunt  
Of being a sexist, racist, murderous cunt  
He popped down to Dandenong and just like that  
Used his powers to heal the cataracts of Sam's mum  
Of Sam's mum

Thank you God for fixing the cataracts of Sam's mum!  
I didn't realize that it was such a simple thing  
I feel such a dingaling, what ignorant scum!

Now I understand how prayer can work:  
A particular prayer in a particular church  
In a particular style with a particular stuff  
And for particular problems that aren't particularly  
tough,  
And for particular people, preferably white  
And for particular senses, preferably sight  
A particular prayer in a particular spot  
To a particular version of a particular god

And if you get that right, he just might  
Take a break from giving babies malaria  
And pop down to your local area  
To fix the cataracts of your mum!

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