

God Will Thank You

Lori McKenna

I was born a sickly little child,
I nearly died just after my birth.
Five years I fought the illness,
My mother prayed and prayed for what it's worth.
At that time we traveled along, back home to Ireland.
I took sick and the doctors admit
I should have died right there and then by their hands.
Mother called it an overdose,
They called it an oversight.
But since then, I've never been sick a day in my life.

Call it divine purpose,
Call it fate.
Watch Mass on channel 56 and that way you'll never be late.
And God will thank you.

Well, I've seen the heavens open up.
I've seen the angels fly.
I've seen children kill and I've seen grown men cry.
I know all about Noah's ark,
The rain's been falling all the while.
And I heard about Adam and Eve,
But I still believe she never got a fair trial.

Call it divine purpose,
Say it's untrue
Well, they never brought anything back from Roswell
So who are you going to pray to?
God will thank you.

Maybe I only read the Bible
When I'm staying at the Holiday Inn.
I see church on Easter and Christmas
But every other Sunday I just can't fit it in.
But I'm coming from a true place,
I'm shining like a new light.
I'm thanking God for everything I have in my life.

Call it divine purpose,
Call it fate.
Or maybe you believe in God
Because the Big Bang theory don't hold much weight.
God will thank you.