The girl in the pastry shop with the net in her hair Is making a cannoli for you to take on your hiking trip In the woods with your bros that you've known since second grade And you may encounter dragons or ruffians and be called upon To employ your testosterone In a battle for supremacy and access to females glued to the TV And even if you are victorious you may receive many cuts, bruises, and scrap And you will require band aids and antiseptic ointments And tender loving kisses on your stab wounds and when you come home She will be there waiting for you with a fire in her eyes And a big fat cannoli to shove in your mouth And that's why you Thank God for girls Holla Jesu Christe From Tennessee to LA Thank God for girls On your reckoning day You better bow down and pray

She's so big
She's so strong
She's so energetic in her sweaty overalls

Thank God for girls

I'm so glad I got a girl to think of even though she isn't mine
I think about her all the day and all the night it's enough to know that she
's alive
She says I give her sweaty palms she almost had a heart attack

The truth is that I'm just as scared I don't know how to act I wish that I could get to know her better
But meeting up in real life would cause the illusion to shatter I carved her name into all the trees
Sang a song down on one knee

Looking at the underwear page of the Sears catalog like when I was 14 I'm levitating like a magnet turned the wrong way around I'm like an Indian Fakir tryna' meditate on a bed of nails with my pants pul led down

Thank God for girls
Holla Jesu Christe
From Tennessee to LA
Thank God for girls
On your reckoning day
You better bow down and pray

She's so big
She's so strong
She's so energetic in her sweaty overalls
Thank God for girls

God took a rib from Adam, ground it up in a centrifuge machine Mixed it with cardamom and cloves, microwaved it on the popcorn setting While Adam was like "that really hurts"

Going off into the tundra, so pissed at God

And he started lighting minor forest fires, stealing osprey eggs

Messing with the bees who were trying to pollinate the echinacea Until God said, "I'ma smite you with loneliness And break your heart in two"
And Adam wept and wailed, tearing out his hair Falling on his knees, looked to the sky and said "Thank God"