

How Great Our Lord (feat. James Taylor)

Randy Newman

Oh, Lord
Oh, Lord Sorry ladies, to make you wait
There's a couple of Buddhists at the Pearly Gate
Asked my permission to come on board
(What'd you do, Lord?)
I had to have 'em put out with the trash, sing it Oh, Lord
How great our Lord
Oh, Lord
How great our Lord Ladies, ladies Why does the earth glide by below
Like a great big rubber ball?
(It is like a rubber ball)
Why does the bird, fly through the sky
Why does the apple fall?
(We don't know, Lord) Folks up here, ask me why
Things go so badly down below
I tell them when they ask me why
I really do not know
(But you do know, don't you Lord?)
Of course I do, sing it Oh, Lord
How great our Lord
Oh, Lord
How great our Lord
So great Lord Folks up here, ask me why
Things go so badly down below
I like to tell them when they ask me why
I say, I really do not know
(But you do know, right?)
You know it, come on Oh, Lord
How great our Lord
Oh, Lord
How great our Lord Oh, Lord
How great our Lord
Oh, Lord
How great our Lord

Songwriters

NEWMAN, RANDY Published by

Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., DOWNTOWN MUSIC PUBLISHING LLC Song Discussions is
protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>