The Song For Phil Daoust

Tim Minchin

This is a song for Phil Daoust:
occasional Guardian Newspaper journal-oust.
I never ever ever mentioned your name,
or the review that you wrote, when I was new to this game.But now the time has come,
I think I've dealt with my feelings at last.
I really wanna forgive ya Phil,
yeah I wanna put the past in the past-aOh and as this is London Town, I thought I outta take the opportunity.
'Cause there's a pretty good chance somebody out there will know you,
Maybe he will pass on a message for me.Just wanna say, Phil Daoust, occasional Guardian Newspaper journal-oust,
That it's been three years since you wrote it, and time is very healing.
But I still wanna cut big chunks of flesh out of your stupid face and make your children watch while I force you to eat them.
Yeah I wanna make your children watch you eat your own face-meat.
Ding Dang Ding Dang Dong,
This is my Phil Doust Song,
Everybody sing along,
La la la la la la la,
I hope one of your family' members dies.
Phil, Ding Dang Dong.
I've written you this special song,
to help you get the attention -
you obviously, desperately lack. And I know that you're a smart man,
and with such a fine mind, I guess it has to be hard-
To resist throwing narcissistic, intellectual tantrums in the supermarket isles of your self-regard.Just wanna say,
Phil Daoust, I know it must be really hard to be a journal-oust.
While a deadlines always looming, and the pressure to be entertaining.
So maybe you should quit and get a job that you'd be better at - like killing yourself, you fucking cunt.
Ding Dang Ding Dang Dong,
This is my Phil Doust Song,
Everybody sing along,
Tra la la la la la la,
I hope something you love catches on fire.
Phil, Ding Dang Dong.
I've written you this special song,
to show how far I've come along -
in my efforts to be more mature in the face of negative feedback.You fucking poo-face.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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