**Thank God For Girls.**

**Weezer.**

 Am G D

 The girl in the pastry shop with the net in her hair

 F Am G

 Is making a cannoli for you to take on your hiking trip

 D F

 In the woods with your bros that you’ve known since second grade

 Am G D

 And you may encounter dragons or ruffians and be called upon

 F Am

 To employ your testosterone

 G D F

 In a battle for supremacy and access to females glued to the TV

Am G D F

 And even if you are victorious you may receive many cuts, bruises, and scrapes

 Am G

 And you will require band aids and antiseptic ointments

 D F Am

 And tender loving kisses on your stab wounds and when you come home

 G D F Am

 She will be there waiting for you with a fire in her eyes

 G D

 And a big fat cannoli to shove in your mouth

 F

 And that's why you

 Am G D F

 Thank God for girls

 Am G

 Holla Jesu Christe

 D F

 From Tennessee to LA

 Am G D F

 Thank God for girls

 Am G

 On your reckoning day

 D F

 You better bow down and pray

 Am G

 She’s so big

 D F

 She’s so strong

 Am G D F

 She’s so energetic in her sweaty overalls

 Am G D F

 Thank God for girls

Am G D F

 I'm so glad I got a girl to think of even though she isn't mine

Am G D F

 I think about her all the day and all the night it's enough to know that she's a-live

 Am G

 She says I give her sweaty palms she almost had a heart attack

D F

 The truth is that I’m just as scared I don’t know how to act

Am G

 I wish that I could get to know her better

 D F

 But meeting up in real life would cause the illusion to shatter

Am G

 I carved her name into all the trees

D F

 Sang a song down on one knee

Am G D F

 Looking at the underwear page of the Sears catalog like when I was 14

Am G D F

 I’m levitating like a magnet turned the wrong way around

 Am G D F

 I’m like an Indian Fakir tryna’ meditate on a bed of nails with my pants pulled down

 Am G D F

 Thank God for girls

 Am G

 Holla Jesu Christe

 D F

 From Tennessee to LA

 Am G D F

 Thank God for girls

 Am G

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 She’s so energetic in her sweaty overalls

 Am G D F

 Thank God for girls

Am G D F Am

 God took a rib from Adam, ground it up in a centrifuge machine

 G D F

 Mixed it with cardamom and cloves, microwaved it on the popcorn setting

 Am G D

 While Adam was like “that really hurts”

 F Am G

 Going off into the tundra, so pissed at God

 D F Am

 And he started lighting minor forest fires, stealing osprey eggs

 G D

 Messing with the bees who were trying to pollinate the echinacea

F Am G

 Until God said, “Imma smite you with loneliness

 D F

 And break your heart in two”

 Am G D F Am G

 And Adam wept and wailed, tearing out his hair, falling on his knees

 D

 Looked to the sky and said

 “Thank God”