Doxology II

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(Martin Grosswendt)

Praise God from whom all blessings flow
Who made clams and Spaghetti-O
Prunes, pickled onions and Cheez-Whiz.
Praise Him who am the great "I is."

Praise God who put our friends beside us
Then gave us all conjunctivitis;
Gout, rickets, cancer and the leech.
Plus that fate which awaits us each.

Praise God, who made both me and you
And made the Pill and condom, too,
With these and diaphragms and all
We're lucky we got here at all.

Praise Him who lurks behind the cloud
Who does us dirty, does us proud;
A sense of humor from on high.
God! What a concept, what a guy!