

**Thank God For Girls**  
**Weezer**

**Bm E G A**  
E|-5---5---8---3-|  
B|-5---7---10--3-|  
G|-5---7---10--4-|  
D|-7---7---10--5-|  
A|-7---5---8---5-|  
E|-5---x---x---3-|

[VERSE 1]

**Bm A E**  
The girl in the pastry shop with the net in her hair  
**G Bm A**  
Is making a cannoli for you to take on your hiking trip  
**E G**  
In the woods with your bros that you ve known since second grade  
**Bm A E**  
And you may encounter dragons or ruffians and be called upon  
**G Bm**  
To employ your testosterone  
**A E G**  
In a battle for supremacy and access to females glued to the TV  
**Bm A E G**  
And even if you are victorious you may receive many cuts, bruises, and scrapes  
**Bm A**  
And you will require band aids and antiseptic ointments  
**E G Bm**  
And tender loving kisses on your stab wounds and when you come home  
**A E G Bm**  
She will be there waiting for you with a fire in her eyes  
**A E**  
And a big fat cannoli to shove in your mouth  
**G**  
And that s why you

[CHORUS]

**Bm A E G**  
Thank God for girls  
**Bm A**  
Holla Jesu Christe  
**E G**  
From Tennessee to LA  
**Bm A E G**  
Thank God for girls  
**Bm A**  
On your reckoning day  
**E G**

You better bow down and pray

Bm A

She s so big

E G

She s so strong

Bm A E G

She s so energetic in her sweaty overalls

Bm A E G

Thank God for girls

[VERSE 2]

Bm A E G

I m so glad I got a girl to think of even though she isn t mine

Bm A E

G

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

Bm A

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

E G

The truth is that I m just as scared I don t know how to act

Bm A

I wish that I could get to know her better

E G

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

Bm A

I carved her name into all the trees

E G

Sang a song down on one knee

Bm A E G

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

Bm A E G

I m levitating like a magnet turned the wrong way around

Bm A E

G

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

[CHORUS]

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Holla Jesu Christe

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[VERSE 3]

Bm A E G Bm  
 God took a rib from Adam, ground it up in a centrifuge machine  
 A E G  
 Mixed it with cardamom and cloves, microwaved it on the popcorn setting  
 Bm A E  
 While Adam was like that really hurts  
 G Bm A  
 Going off into the tundra, so pissed at God  
 E G Bm  
 And he started lighting minor forest fires, stealing osprey eggs  
 A E  
 Messing with the bees who were trying to pollinate the echinacea  
 G Bm A  
 Until God said, Imma smite you with loneliness  
 E G  
 And break your heart in two  
 Bm A E G Bm A  
 And Adam wept and wailed, tearing out his hair, falling on his knees  
 E  
 Looked to the sky and said  
  
 Thank God