

Tim Minchin- The Song For Phil Daoust

E G#7 A C D E
This is a song for Phil Daoust occasional Guardian Newspaper journal-oust. I never ever ever
G#7 A B
mentioned your name, or the review that you wrote, when I was new to this game.
C#mi C#mi/c E/B F#7/A# F#mi7
But now the time has come, I think I've dealt with my feelings at last. I really wanna forgive ya Phil,
B
yeah I wanna put the past in the past-a

E G#7 A C D E
Oh and as this is such a big tour, I thought I outta take the opportunity. 'Cause there's a pretty good
G#7 A B
chance somebody out there will know you, Maybe they will pass on a message for me.
C#mi C#mi/c E/B F#7/A# F#mi
Just wanna say, Phil Daoust, occasional Guardian Newspaper journal-oust, That it's been three years
G#mi A A/E
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.

(In octaves play with both hands B, A F#)

E B C#mi G#mi A E F#mi
Ding Dang Ding Dang Dong, This is my Phil Doust Song, Everybody sing along, La la la la la la, I
B E B C#mi G#mi
hope one of your family' members dies.] Phil, Ding Dang Dong. I've written you this special song, to
A E F#mi B E
help you get the attention - you obviously, desperately lack.

E G#7 A C D
And I know that you're a smart man, and with such a fine mind, I guess it has to be hard- To resist
E G#7 A B
throwing narcissistic, intellectual tantrums in the supermarket aisles of your self-regard.
C#mi C#mi/c E/B F#7/a# F#mi
Just wanna say, Phil Daoust, I know it must be really hard to be a journal-oust. What with deadlines
G#mi A A/E
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.

(In octaves play with both hands B, A, F#)

E B C#mi G#mi A E F#mi
Ding Dang Ding Dang Dong, This is my Phil Doust Song, Everybody sing along, Tra la la la la la, I
B E B C#mi G#mi
hope something you love catches on fire. Phil, Ding Dang Dong. I've written you this special song, to
A E F#mi F#mi
show how far I've come along - in my efforts to be more mature in the face of negative feedback.
You fucking poo-face. **E**