

# Vicar In a Tutu (Live in London, 1986)

## The Smiths

I was minding my business  
Lifting some lead off  
The roof of the Holy Name church  
It was worthwhile living a laughable life  
To set my eyes on the blistering sight  
Of a Vicar in a tutu  
He's not strange  
He just wants to live his life this way A scanty bit of a thing  
With a decorative ring  
That wouldn't cover the head of a goose  
As Rose collects the money in a canister  
Who comes sliding down the bannister ?  
The Vicar in a tutu  
He's not strange  
He just wants to live his life this way The monkish monsignor  
With a head full of plaster  
Said : "My man, get your vile soul dry-cleaned"  
As Rose counts the money in the canister  
As natural as rain  
He dances again  
My God!  
The Vicar in a tutu  
Oh yeah  
Oh yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Oh...  
The Vicar in a tutu  
Oh yeah  
Oh... The next day in the pulpit  
With freedom and ease  
Combatting ignorance, dust, and disease  
As Rose counts the money in the canister  
As natural as rain  
He dances again and again and again

Songwriters

STEVEN MORRISSEY, JOHNNY MARR Published by

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>