

Vicar in a Tutu

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
Covered with a decorative ring
Wouldn't cover the head of a goose
As Rose collects the money in the cannister
Who comes sliding down the bannister?
Vicar in a tutu
He's not strange
He just wants to live his life this wayThe monkish monsignor
With a head full of plaster
Said: "My man, get your vile soul dry-cleaned!"
As Rose counts the money in the cannister
As natural as Rain
And he dances again, my God
Vicar in a tutu.
The next day in the pulpit
With Freedom and Ease
Combatting ignorance, dust with disease
As Rose counts the money in the cannister
As natural as Rain
And he dances again and again.
With a fabric of a tutu
Any man could get used to
And I am the living signAnd I'm a living sign
I'm a living sign.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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