

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 with a decorative ring
That wouldn't cover the head of a goose
As Rose collects the money in a cannister
Who comes sliding down the banister? 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 cannister
As natural as rain he dances again, my God The vicar in a tutu, oh yeah yeah
Oh yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah la la la The vicar in a tutu
Oh yeah, oh oh oh oh oh The next day in the pulpit with Freedom and Ease
Combating ignorance, dust, and disease
As Rose counts the money in the cannister
As natural as rain he dances again and again and again In the fabric of a tutu any man could get used to
And I am the living sign, I am the living sign
I am a living sign, I am a living sign
I am a living sign, I am a living sign, sign
I am a living sign

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