

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 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 In the fabric of a tutu
Any man could get used to
And I am the living sign
And I'm a living sign
I am a living sign
I'm a living sign
I am a living sign

I'm a living sign
Sign
I am a living sign

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