Carry On Up the Vicarage

Steve Hackett

Body was found at the vicarage quarter past nine
People die from sudden strokes all the time
Verdict of misadventure mending the roof
The doctors niece, whilst tending the rosehedge
Stung to death by a swarm of bees
"My wife's cooking is out of this world take a bite"Died from some rare tropical disease in the night
Dab hand at pharmaceuticals, still no one guessed
The village vet was drowned in the pigswill
You wonder whose turn will be next
"In the world of sinners all are condemned
My son this gun's loaded"
(A missing floorboard) then screaming from the belfry he fell

Songwriters
STEVE HACKETTPublished by
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/