Stripper Vicar

Mansun

Dear Mavis, I'm compelled to write this letter
In the hope that you may soon be getting better
I've a feeling you should go and see a doctor
If you haven't then you know you really oughtaI was worried so I went to see the vicar
But before I could confess
He first confessed to be a stripperDear Mavis, it was very strange to see him
So I thought I'd write and ask for your opinion
Should I grass on him, report him to the cardinal
Or whether I should egg him on to turn professionalIf I dob on him they'll call him plastic scouser
But the only thing the stripper vicar wears
Is plastic trousersMavis' opinion is all we really seek
Mavis' opinion is all weShould we lie, while he's still alive
Should we lie, while he's still alive
'Cause when the vicar strips he gets away with itDear Mavis, thought I'd follow up my letter
Drop a line about the fate of our poor vicar
Very tragically his time on earth is endedFound him gagged and bound in stockings and suspenders
Dear Mavis, if you tell us what your thoughts are
And I hope that they're not biased
'Cause you are the vicar's daughterMavis' opinion is all we really seek
Mavis' opinion is all weShould we lie now that he has died
Should we lie now that he has died
'Cause when the vicar strips he gets away with itAnd we know him as our vicar
And by night a part time stripper
And the vicar got suspended
In his stockings and suspendersAnd he's making wine from water
While he dresses like his daughter
And we know that he's a rip off
'Cause we've seen him with his kit offShould we lie now that he has died
Should we lie now that he has died
'Cause when the vicar strips he gets away with it

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