

Running naked through poppy fields
Woth my anchovy flapping freely in the wind
Then I see Father O'Reilly
And I confess, Yes I have sinned

And Father O'Reilly, he spoke to me slighly
And winked at the nun sitting bare on his knee.
My anchovy rising, it was quite surprising
A cat of a nun that filled me with glee

A church it imploded, a herd of green puppets
Demanded a pizza with chocolate and cheese
The nun in a frenzy she swatted the puppets
And prayed to the God of my proud anchovies

The taste of a Pizza, it seemed to increase her
But father O'Reilly broke up from the Wait
He fell in the field, but the nun didn't yield,
The poppies they burst exploding his fate.

The oxygen missing, my anchovie hissing,
I ran through the fields calling for help
I tripped on a poppy and felt kinda dopey
Dropped on the earth with an opium yelp!

Lying naked in poppy fields with my anchovie flappin' freely in
the wind

Then I dream of Father O'Reilly
And I trully know, yes I have sinned