

## Vicar in a Tutu

The Smiths

I was minding mind business  
Lifting some lead off  
The roof of the Holy Name church  
It was worthwhile living a laughable life  
Just to set my eyes on a 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 child  
As Rose collects the money in the canister  
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 canister  
As natural as rain  
He dances again  
My God  
Vicar in a tutu, oh yeah

The next day in the pulpit  
With freedom and ease  
Combating ignorance, dust and disease  
As Rose counts the money in the canister  
As natural as rain he dances again  
And again and again  
The fabric of a tutu  
Any man could get used to  
And I am a living sign