

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