

Jesus on the Windshield

The Tiger Lillies

It goes to show what's most despised
May well someday be highly prized.
One afternoon in '45
Sniggles were about to go for a ride.
'Omletta, get in the back seat',
Said Uncle to his little niece,
'But on the windshield is Jesus'.
'Omletta, don't be ridiculous.'
But neither sponge or razor blade
Any effect on windshield made.
Her mother Mildred she asked why
When Father Slackjaw chanced pass by.
'Look at Jesus', said the little girl,
The priest said 'it's a miracle'.
The papers the priest did call
Set windshield up in parish hall,
The crowds grew larger, how they queued.
Miracle cures they had them too,
Postcards, T-shirts, plates and cups,
The sales figures went up and up.
The Sniggles built a house and smiled,
Carpeted it in shaggy pile,
But sadly Omletta she did die,
But she will soon be canonized.