

# Vicar In a Tutu

## The Smiths

I was minding my business  
Lifting some lead off  
The roof of the Holy Name church  
It was worthwhile living a laughable life  
To set my eyes on the 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  
Covered with a decorative ring  
Wouldn't cover the head of a goose  
As Rose collects the money in the cannister  
Who comes sliding down the bannister?  
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 cannister  
As natural as Rain  
And he dances again, my God  
Vicar in a tutu.  
The next day in the pulpit  
With Freedom and Ease  
Combatting ignorance, dust with disease  
As Rose counts the money in the cannister  
As natural as Rain  
And he dances again and again.  
With a fabric of a tutu  
Any man could get used to  
And I am the living sign  
And I'm a living sign  
I'm a living sign.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>