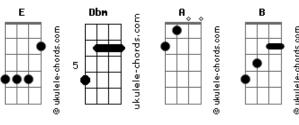


## The Smiths - Vicar In A Tutu

```
Tom: E
I was minding my 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 cannister
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 cannister
```

## Acordes



```
As natural as rain he dances again
          Dbm
Vicar in a tutu
Oh yeah
Oh yeah...
    Е
          E
Vicar in a tutu
Oh yeah
Oh yeah...
The next day in the pulpit with freedom and ease
Combating ignorance, dust and disease
As Rose counts the money in the cannister
As natural as raihe dances again and again and again
And the fabric of a tutu
Any man could get used to
And I am a living sign
            Dbm
I∼m a living sign....
            Dbm A
I∼m a living sign....
```