

Dear Mavis I'm compelled to write this letter
In the hope that you may soon be getting better
I've a feeling you should go and see a doctor
If you haven't then you know you really oughta
I was worried so I went to see the vicar
But before I could confess he first confessed to be a stripper

Dear Mavis it was very strange to see him
So I thought I'd write and ask your opinion
Should I grass on him, report him to the cardinal
Or wether I should egg him on to turn professional
If I dob on him they'll call him plastic scouser
But the only thing the stripper wears is plastic trousers

Mavis' opinion is all we really seek
Mavis' opinion is all we

Should we lie while he's still alive
Should we lie while he's still alive
'Cos when the vicar strips he gets away with it

Dear Mavis thought I'd follow up my letter
Drop a line about the fate of our poor vicar
Very tragically his time on earth is ended
Found him gagged and bound in stockings and suspenders
Dear Mavis if you tell us what our thoughts are
And I hope that they're not biased 'cos you are the vicar's daughter

Mavis' opinion is all we really seek
Mavis' opinion is all we

Should we lie now that he has died
Should we lie now that he has died
'Cos when the vicar strips he gets away with it

And we know him as our vicar
And by night a part-time stripper
And the vicar got suspended
In his stockings and suspenders
And he's making wine from water
While he dresses like his daughter
And we know that he's a rip off
'Cos we've seen him with his kit off

Should we lie now that he has died
Should we lie now that he has died
'Cos when the vicar strips he gets away with it