A Song About the Bishop of Argyll

A Song About the Bishop of Argyll
(Larry Winger)

Bishop Rod'rick Wright of Argyll, and other Highland places
One day he up and disappeared; he left no sign nor traces.
What's happened to the saintly garb, the mitre, crook and praises?
They've gone away, alack the day, he joined the human races.

cho: Oh me lads, you should'a seen him gannin'
Every night, from ten to 3, just as he were stannin'
This position, that one too, up and down the bedstead
The bishop's found he loves to screw . . .like all the human races!

A honeymoon in Keswick and, a week in gay Paree
Is more than most can stand me boys, e'en we were feelin' free.
But Bishop Wright can stand the night and still tell you and me
He's sorry now, he's quite contrite -- caint help it though you see.

As long as there's no issue, as long as they're a pair
They'll have it off though priests do scoff, and papists tear their hair.
They're doing what comes naturally, without another care
And if they can, they'll tape it all, for Sunday Sport's full fare. [1]

Now maybe there's another love, maybe there's a banker
Maybe there's a teary eye, that needs a little hanker
But I know you, and you know me, and we all know to thank 'er
A woman's way is better Lord, than any monk-ish wanker.

[1] Sunday Sport = a British newspaper containing mostly sex stories.
To the tune of Blaydon Races:
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