

Henry Ate, Mother Superior

Down at the bus stop all dressed in black
Men with their cases on their way to work
The mother superior walks on by a book in her hand
Been banned on all known book shelves

Into the school yard the children are playing
Tripping away on the caps they bought a lunch break
The Mother Superior walks on by a gun in her hand
She's bound to shoot someone she hates

So you get down on your knees boy - get down on your knees
For the angels would like to play
Get down on your knees boy - get down on your knees
What's the matter you don't like this game
It's called life

The corner shop's doing well these days
On sales of coke cause pepsis don't go down the same
The mother superior runs on by, two cops on her heels
No worries God will make her fly
Faith will take her places, It won't take you or I, you or I

The dog next door tends to bark too loud
No worries as long as it drowns out their youngest cries
The mother superior will whip him in blame
I believe she'll do it in Gods name

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What' the matter you don't like this game
(It's called life)