

J-Live

"The Monks' Song"

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Welcome to our monastery
Please have a chair
Good to see you monks
So deep in prayer
Once the praying's finished
Your chores must be done
The main rule of a good monk's life is no fun

We have to pray eight times a day
Seven days a week
And copy all these manuscripts
In writing so antique
I'll finish off this letter 'A'
Once I've ploughed our field
Milked the cows, mucked the sows, vegetables peeled

I'll be doing that and praying too
Very well gents, I'll bid you adieu
Advenium regnum tuum

(Okay brothers, I think he's gone)

Now the bishop's not around
Throw off these religious gowns
Hunky, chunky, funky monks
Get down!

It's not all hymns and prayin'
It's not all work and no playin'
So let's start misbehavin'
And get with the funk!

We love to have a party
Eat food that is hearty
Let's get the boozin' started
Drunk like a monk!
Play that monky music, funk boy!

Just wanted to check
That during my absence
You're honouring your

Mealtime vow of silence

Althought we didn't oughter
We liked to hunt and slaughter
Don't need no bread and water
Just funk, funk, funk!

Monastery is jumpin'
Party beat is thumpin'
Just lacks a certain somethin'
A funky nun!
Get in the party habit, girlfriend!

It's true that life
Is tough here
But you obey the rules
That is clear
That's why we're a place
Of great repute
What's this?
I see we have a new recruit
Welcome to our monastery
What's your name?

She- he can't talk
And his name is... Wayne
Amen!
Ah men!

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