

## Kevin Bloody Wilson

### "More Tea Vicar"

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Well welcome vicar we'd heard they'd sent a new bloke  
into town,  
Strange what happened to the last vicar after the time  
he come  
Around,  
And they reckon we was the last to see him alive  
Rough country round these parts,  
Yep just completely vanished, the fuckin' vicar and his  
horse and  
Kart,  
Look after the vicar's horse and kart you kids and  
mom, put the kettle  
On,  
The new vicar's stayin' for a cup'a and a chat  
Ain't had visitors now for so long that we could  
Talk about the drought I suppose, and lose in all me  
sheep,  
Ain't seen a kangaroo round here for years, you know  
them kids  
Never tasted meat?

More tea vicar? One lump or two?  
More tea vicar? Here just crack it with the spoon,  
Come all this way to christen them kids like the last  
bloke wanted to  
Do,  
More tea vicar? One lump or two?

Oh it's toughened 'em up but it's rough on them kids  
with sweet fuck  
All to eat,  
Except for grass and roots and plants and stuff,  
You know they've never tasted meat?  
But you never ever hear the little buggers complain,  
god bless their  
Fuckin' hearts,  
Take their minds off their empty bellies lookin' after the  
vicar's fuckin'  
Horse and kart,  
Hey mom one'a them kids must'a cut 'emselves got  
blood all over his

Feet,  
Look just stay outside and stich it up yourself  
Don't go botherin' your mother and me,  
Anyhow serves you right for playin' with the chainsaw  
now fuck off  
Back to the yard,  
And help your brothers and fuckin' sisters with the  
vicar's fuckin'  
Horse and kart fuck off!

More tea vicar? One lump or two?  
More tea vicar? Here just crack it with the spoon,  
Then we'll round up all them kids and christen 'em like  
the last bloke  
Wanted to do,  
More tea vicar? One lump or two?

You'd never guess them kids are starvin', listen to 'em  
out there in  
The yard,  
And they're washin' your rig real good hey vic 'cause  
they've taken it  
All apart,  
And now they're chuckin' it on the fire to dry,  
By Christ them kids are smart,  
Hungry or not doin' a damn good job  
On the vicar's fuckin' horse and kart,  
And I swear I smell fresh meat out back there cookin'  
on a barbecue,  
Well bugger me dead them bloody kids must'a caught  
a kangaroo,  
That's why they're so excited, 'cause for them that's  
quite a treat,  
Wouldn't matter if it tasted like a horse's ass they've  
never tasted  
Meat.

More tea vicar? Now where's he fucked off to?  
More tea vicar? How's that for fuckin' rude?  
He come all this way to christen them kids didn't stay  
for the  
Barbecue,  
More tea vicar? There's heaps of food.

More tea vicar? Don't taste like roo.

More tea vicar? Fuckin' horse shoe, how'd that get  
there.

Thank you God, again.

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