

The Tuna Helpers "Christian Girl"

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You be the mama
You be the daddy
And I will be the dancing girl
And we'll live in the stomach
Of a soft fat cat
Who shivers with a Siamese purr
And she plays pretend all over my pillow
And she hasn't really been a Christian friend
But she promises to behave this time
Taking the flesh and the blood
In a cracker served with wine
Chase her kitten tails
Through the enchanted forest
Up to a castle made from a carpenter's heart
We hang onto fur when it's soft
When it's pretty
When the kittens know
That we are all girls
And she's there buried in a sandbox boat
Hiding games under skirts
So mother won't see
That she's not playing house
Appropriately

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