

Sister Josephine      by Jake Thackeray

Oh Sister Josephine,  
What do all these policemen mean?  
By coming to the convent in their grim limousine  
After Sister Josephine

While you, Sister Josephine  
You sit with your boots upon the altar screen  
You light one last cigar,  
What a funny nun you are.

The Policemen say that Josephine's a terrorist in disguise  
Been on the run for fifteen months and more  
The sisters don't believe it "No that can't be Josephine"  
Just think about her tenderness towards the younger nuns...

Oh Sister Josephine  
They're searching the chapel where you've been seen  
The nooks and the crannies of the nun's canteen  
After Sister Josephine

While you, Sister Josephine  
Finish off a bottle of Benedictine  
Before your Au Revoir  
What a funny nun you are.

No longer will her snores be heard at chapel during prayers  
Nor her lustful moanings fill the stilly night  
No more empty bottles of altar wine come clunking from her cell  
No longer will the cloister toilet seat stand upright....

Oh Sister Josephine  
Founder of the Convent poker team  
They're searching through your bundles of playboy magazines  
After Sister Josephine

While you, Sister Josephine  
Share a little snort of some Benzedrine  
With the convent budgerigar  
What a funny nun you are.

Admittedly her hands were large and hairy  
And embellished with a curious tattoo  
Admittedly her voice was on the deep side  
And she seemed to shave more often than the other sisters do..

Oh, Sister Josephine,  
Streaking through the suburbs when last seen.  
Dressed only in her BVD's and rosary  
What a funny nun you seem to me...