

Bridezilla, St Francine

Forgetting Saint Francine

(with the freckles to dare, and the shiny red hair).

Drop the cross

(by accident or not),

Fearing the thought

(of nothing of the sort),

Further away

(nuns follow me) too far (they run out of breath),

And I am left with a blanket of tar

(wishing for a car).

What might you say to me,

if I came to thee,

with nothing but a...

?

Forgetting what you might say to me,

if I came to thee,

with nothing but a...

?

Scotch and Bourbon (I snort)

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Consult the nurse,

"Go away" from the Duke.