

The Who, A Man In A Purple Dress

How dare you wear robes and reside
How dare you cover your head to hide
Your face from God

How dare you smile from behind your beard
To hide the fact that your hearts are feared
And wave your rod

How dare you be the one to assess
Me in this godforsaken mess
You, a man in a purple dress
A man in a purple dress

When you place your frown
Between my God and prayer
However grand your crown
Or dignified your hair
Men above men all prats
In your high hats

You priest, you mullah so high
You pope, you wise rabbi
You're invisible to me
Like vapor from the sea

I lovingly mock you noble lords
We all dress up to grand awards
I do that as well

I dare condemn your fashion sense
At least you're not astride the fence
That wouldn't sell

But I will deliver this address
Your souls conditioned don't impress
You, a man in a purple dress
A man in a purple dress