

## Off the wall

Sheela na Gig's feeling down on her luck  
Her *sine qua non* is as common as muck  
Served young, jazzled up, never wearing a wig  
Its a far cry from my day, says Sheela na Gig

A female is equal though not quite in pay  
And what if she gets in the family way?  
Sheila climbed from her window, thin as a twig  
I'll start with the clergy, says Sheela na Gig

The bishop is busy, the housekeeper sneers  
He's up to his oxters in childer and queers  
For your wizened pudenda he'll not give a fig  
I'll wait in the lobby, smiles Sheela na Gig

Her lichenous visage set stony and grey  
Advise him to drop to his knees now and pray  
She reached for the ashtray then lit up a cig  
We'll give him five minutes, gurns Sheela na Gig

The housekeeper flees. Hunkered down on the floor  
Sheela strains to remember just what she was for  
Beware ye of lust? Dust to dust? Rate my rig?  
I'm somewhat confused, remarks Sheela na Gig

The bishop emerges, a glass in one hand  
Why meddle in matters you don't understand  
Return to your crevice. He takes a long swig  
I'll teach you some manners, says Sheela na Gig

Felled by her foot, bishop drops to the ground  
Now sheesht ye oul bastard, don't make a sound  
Desist with those dictats, ye chauvinist pig  
And mind where you came from, says Sheela na Gig

Sheela calls for the whisky to lighten her way  
The fags she packs up in her fal-de-dal-dey  
Inside the old churchyard she dances a jig  
I think that went quite nicely, says Sheela na Gig.