

Rehearsing My Choir

The Fiery Furnaces

Rehearsing my choir

But there was one other man with whom i didn't get along

The bishop

Would head down, head down to deerport station

To see what stars on the silver screen might be seen

Or broadway stage were all the rage

With his black leather autograph book

And his black leather pastoral pumps

And his pressed black robes

And his tidy black beard of which he was so proud

And his hat that stuck out in a crowd

But there he'd sit

At his table at the edgewater hotel

Wearing his ecclesiastical furs

And lunching with two giggly and none too healthy looking young men

And in his shirt pocket up close to his heart was his autographed picture of
robert mitchum

Which he no doubt used in an impure way

And i was at home rehearsing my choir

On christmas day

In the afternoon

I got a call at home

The bishop was on the phone

Wanting the choir to go and sing

On some channel 44 thing

And i said "out of the question!

The rest of the day is for their families!"

And the bishop became furious

All that time singing western music

Christmas carols, backsliding

And no time to represent the diocese

But of course he was just upset because he wanted to be on the show

And he hated women

And i knew he was angry with me

But i couldn't worry about it

I went about my business

Rehearsing my choir

Rehearsing my choir

(da da da da da da da)

Again!

(da da da da da da da)

Ugh, altos, out of tune!

(da da da da da da da)

That's not good!

(da da da da da da da)

That sounds horrible

Next sunday was my late sister's namesday

La la la

And the bishop was coming that day to our church to deliver a sermon
Which would give me quite a big surprise

"Decadence in the church!
Betrayal of our traditions!
Look up in the choir loft, for instance, the lady in red
Eva!
I ban her from receiving communion
And remove her as choir director!"

I couldn't believe my ears
And the congregation couldn't believe theirs
And my husband was furious when he was told, as he wasn't there at the time
And letters were written and phone calls were placed
And the matter was taken up, and i was granted an audience

And i sat there nervous and frightened
When into the room
Stepped his eminence
The archbishop

They had a strange deliberating process at his initiative
As it was his prerogative alone
But the hierarch with the tallest hat and longest beard would stand in the middle
And the prelates with shorter hats and beards radiated out
With the archbishop in front of them
And then they began to intone
And i was left on the other side of the door, alone

And when they came out, bishop nikolaki was sent to San Jose