

The Toronto Order of Perpetual Indulgence

(1981-1986)



Sisters Songbook

with additional Solstice Lyrics

The Toronto Order of Perpetual Indulgence burst onto the scene in the spring of 1981. Inspired by the original Order in San Francisco, eight gay men in Toronto decided to create the Order and perform an exorcism in front of 52 Division (police precinct) as part of that June's Pride March.

The Order remained active until late in 1986, when the last-five active members agreed to dissolve the House. Before that date about two dozen men took vows as Sisters and performed a variety of 'good deeds' in Toronto's LGBT community.

This Songbook contains two parts; the first (pages 4-19) being the complete set of parody lyrics created for the **1984 Sister's Songbook** which premiered at a (not so) formal Tea held at the 519 Community Centre on the evening of Friday, September 21st. The parodies were written by a committee of the House; Sisters Atrociata von Tasteless, Sleazia, Sadie-Masochism and Flagellation of Forbidden Fruit and possibly Florida Naranja (records are not clear).

The second part contains parody lyrics distributed at the December 18th, 1983 Solstice Celebration. Some of the lyrics were new for that event while others had appeared at previous holiday events. Which Sisters authored specific selections is not recorded.

These parodies were composed for the gathered fruitful, and so it is hoped that at least some of them will resonate today. Of course, certain selections reflect the specific time and place they were created. Explanations for local references have been added to help. Feel free to use and distribute (but only without commercial gain). Also please honour the labours of the Sisters who created these parodies by crediting *the Toronto Order of Perpetual Indulgence (1981-86)* when using them.

The Sisters are a sex-positive organization and there are are passing references to sexual activity; please review all lyrics before using in a mixed audience.

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THREE NUNS IN A FOUNTAIN

(An historical folk-song based upon the events which actually transpired on Lesbian & Gay Pride Day- July 1, 1984- in the wading pool at Cawthra Square Park.)

Three nuns in a fountain,
How they got there, can't you guess?
Thrown there by eight helpful fellows-
Not one will the Sisters bless.

Three nuns in a fountain,
Wondering how this came to be.
There they sit in the fountain
Stripped of all their dignity.

Not one will the Sisters bless.
Not one will the Sisters bless.

Three nuns in a fountain,
Though they're wet they still can shine.
Want your wish to be granted
Light a candle at our shrine.

At our shrine,
At our shrine,
At our shrine.

YOU'RE A GRAND OLD FAG

(Dedicated with love to Sister Sleazia- the oldest nun in the order.)

Sister Sleazia has since joined the Nuns of the Above.

You're a grand old fag,

You're a high-stepping fag,

And forever we hope you're around.

You're the symbol of

The life we love

At home with your knees on the ground.

Oh your heart beats true for the last man you blew,

And this isn't a boast or a brag-

Oh her sweet lips you won't soon forget.

Keep your eyes on that grand old fag

CAMPY-TOWN RACY

Campy queens all sing this song - Cruising, cruising.

Ran into a sleazy nun- cruised the night away!

Found a man with quite a prong – Do him! Do him!

I can't believe his thing's that long! Oh please stick it in.

He's gonna ride all night. I'm gonna smile all day!

I'll spend my money on a leather leash- he won't get away.

FAR, FAR AWAY

Around his neck he wears a studded collar.
He wears it in the shower and the bedroom, so they say.
And if you ask him “Why the decoration?”
He wears it for his Master, who lives far, far away.
Far away, far away. He wears it for his Master,
Who lives far, far away. Far away, far away.
He wears it for his Master who lives down Fort Erie way.

GIVE ME A LITTLE HEAD

Give me a little head, will ya hon?
What have you got to dread, honey bun?
Gosh oh gee oh why do you refuse?
I can't see what you got to lose.
Oh give it a little squeeze will ya hon?
Why do you want to make them blue?
I know it's not the first time
That you used your lips that way.
In fact I've see you do at least a dozen men today.
Aw give me a little head will ya hon?
And I'll give it right back to you.

HE'LL BE COMING ON THE MOUNTAIN

He'll be coming on the mountain when he cums,
He'll be coming on the mountain when he cums,
He'll be coming on the mountain,
He'll be coming on the mountain,
He'll be coming on the mountain when he cums,
He'll be riding a handsome sailor when he cums,
He'll be riding a handsome sailor when he cums,
He'll be riding a handsome sailor,
He'll be riding a handsome sailor,
He'll be riding a handsome sailor when he cums,
Oh those bedsprings will be creaking when they cum,
Oh those bedsprings will be creaking when they cum,
Oh those bedsprings will be creaking,
Yes those bedsprings will be creaking,
Oh those bedsprings will be creaking when they cum,
Oh there'll be a lot of shouting when they cum,
Oh there'll be a lot of shouting when they cum,
Oh there'll be a lot of shouting,
Yes there'll be a lot of shouting,
Oh there'll be a lot of shouting when they cum

There'll be stains upon the ceiling when they cum,
There'll be stains upon the ceiling when they cum,
There'll be stains upon the ceiling,
There'll be stains upon the ceiling,
There'll be stains upon the ceiling when they cum,
Oh the neighbours all will know it when they cum,
Oh the neighbours all will know it when they cum,
Oh the neighbours all will know it,
Yes the neighbours all will know it,
Oh the neighbours all will know it when they cum,
Oh they're happy but exhausted now they've cum,
Oh they're happy but exhausted now they've cum,
Oh they're happy but exhausted,
Yes they're happy but exhausted,
Oh they're happy but exhausted now they've cum,

THE CLASSIFIED AD

If you want this choice position

Have a sleazy disposition:

Dimpled cheeks – no warts

Play games- all sorts.

You must be camp, you must be witty,

Partly butch and partly flitty,

Take me on outings, buy me toys.

Stop seeing other boys.

Never be cross or cruel-

Never use motor oil, you fool.

Never tie me to the bed post

And I won't have to burn your post roast.

If you won't try to dominate me

I will never give you cause to hate me.

I won't make a spectacle where others can see

Put trolls in your bed, instead of me.

Reply quickly- send your name and number.

Hope to meet you soon!

WAIT 'TIL YOUR SON TURNS NELLY

Wait 'til your son turns nelly,
And those queens come prancing by.
You're gonna be upset Ellie,
But don't you cry.
He'll have his act together,
You can if you try.
So what if your son turns nelly:
He's still quite a guy!

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MINCING HOME AGAIN

When Johnny comes mincing home again (Hurrah! Hurrah!)
We'll give him a hearty welcome then (Hurrah! Hurrah!)
Oh the dykes will cheer and the queens will shout:
“We're awfully glad that you came out!”
And we'll all be gay when Johnny comes mincing home.
Let love and friendship on that day (Hurrah! Hurrah!)
Their choicest treasures then display. (Hurrah! Hurrah!)
When all know freedom and have gay pride
There'll be no reason for any to hide.
And we'll all be gay when Johnny comes mincing home.

AIN'T HE SWEET

Ain't he sweet? See him struttin' down the street
Now I ask you very confidentially, ain't he sweet?
Ain't he nice? Lick him over once or twice.
Now I ask you very confidentially, ain't he nice?
Just cast an eye
In his direction.
Oh me, oh my!
He's got an erection!
I repeat: Don't you love that kind of meat?
And I ask you very confidentially, ain't he sweet?

SUMMERTIME

Summer time, and the Sisters are sleazy.
Those parks are crowded, with men who are gay.
Their needs are urgent- need release oh so badly.
So give them a blessing; to drive any guilt away.
Early in the morning is the best time to be there.
The sun is rising; and so are the men.
Those studs are so eager, and the Sisters so willing.
To help their parishoners find that joy once again.

WHILE STROLLING IN THE PARK

While strolling in the park one day,
Happy that I was gay,
I was taken by surprise
By a pair of roguish eyes
In a moment he had stole my pants away.
A smile was all he left to me
bum-ba-dum-ba-dum ba-dum ba-dum
Of course I was happy as I could be,
bum-ba-dum-ba-dum ba-dum ba-dum
Immediately on my knees
That man I tried my best to please.
I never shall forget
The afternoon I met
A stud who wasn't just another tease.

MY BODY LIES OVER HIS FACE

(Fran's is/was a local chain of mid-range restaurants with some locations open 24 hours- often filled with very gay crowds late night./ early morning)

My body lies over his face now;

My body lies stretched out in bed.

My body is tense with desire;

As my partner is giving me head.

CHORUS

Oh I'll give you, give you,

I'll give you my body for free (for free)

I'll give you, give you,

I'll give you my body for free (for free)

My body was licked by his tongue, dear;

My body was stroked by his hands.

Our lust has been totally sated.

Now let's go have breakfast at Fran's.

REPEAT CHORUS

YOUR SON WILL COME OUT TOMORROW

Your son will come out tomorrow,

Bet your bottom dollar that tomorrow, he'll come out.

Just thinking about tomorrow

Gives him strength to fight the fear and sorrow, and the doubt.

'Cause he's tired of a life that's sad and lonely

He's tired of hiding who he is.

When your son does come out tomorrow

Remember he's still your son tomorrow, come what may.

Tomorrow, tomorrow, he'll come out tomorrow.

And tell you he's proud he's gay.

Tomorrow, tomorrow, he'll come out tomorrow.

And tell you he's proud he's gay.

MY FAVOURITE THINGS

Boys in white dresses, with pink satin sashes.
Old men who cum on my nose and eyelashes.
Handsome young sailors all tied up with string;
These are a few of my favourite things.

Sequins and sparkles and glamour and glitter.
Long false eyelashes and fairies that flutter.
Rhinestones and necklaces. Bracelets and rings;
These are a few of my favourite things.

CHORUS:

When the straights preach-
When the cops raid-
When I'm feeling sad.
I think of a few of my favourite things
And then I don't feel so bad.

Jockstraps and handcuffs and titclamps and leathers.
Big bulging muscles and dragqueens in feathers.
Dancing 'til daybreak and hot summer flings;
These are a few of my favourite things.

Poppers and KY and Joy-Gel and Crisco.
Cruising the gay ghetto in San Francisco.
Hairspray and quiche and a t-shirt that clings;
These are a few of my favourite things.

REPEAT CHORUS

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON A STRANGER

('The Bay' refers to a Canadian chain of department stores. One particular location's bathroom allegedly was a common meeting place.)

I've been working on a stranger- met him at The Bay.

I've been working on a stranger 'cause he took my breath away.

I can see his crotch a-bulging. Rising up so early in the morn.

I can hardly wait to ask him "Won't you blow my horn?"

Mister "Won't you blow?" Mister "Won't you blow?"

Mister "Won't you blow my horn?"

Mister "Won't you blow?" Mister "Won't you blow?"

Mister "Won't you blow my horn?"

But someone's in the washroom with video;

Someone's in the washroom with micro-phones.

Someone's in the washroom a-spying;

Why can't they leave us alone?

Cops with their ears on the vents,

Cops with their eyes on those stalls,

Cops with their prying ways-

Sealed up in the bathroom walls.

HOW GREAT HE WAS

Oh goddesses, when in my dreams I wander
Considering all the tricks that I have done
One man stands out; he is the one I ponder
He showed me many ways we could have fun.

CHORUS:

Then sings my heart, alive with memories,
How great he was. How great he was.
Then sings my heart, alive with memories,
How great he was. How great he was.

He was no stud, but rather sweet and caring-
Just made for love. This special, gentle man.
He taught me all the secret joys of sharing,
To stay with him forever was my plan.

REPEAT CHORUS

We came together- with shouts of acclamation.
He took me home and joy did fill my heart.
I would have stayed in humble adoration,
But his lover tore the two of us apart.

REPEAT CHORUS

PLEASE RE-GREASE ME

Please re-grease me, let it flow.

Or I can't fuck you any-more.

To waste this load would be a sin-

Re-grease me and let it slide right in.

I have found your ass so dear

That I will always want it near.

Your lips are warm, and so's your hole

Re-grease me and sit upon my pole.

Please re-grease me, can't you see

That it's as dry as it can be.

Continuing now will bring you pain-

Re-grease me and slip it in again.

HE'S GOT MY HARD THING IN HIS HANDS

He's got my really hard thing in his hands,

He's got my really hard thing in his hands,

He's got my really hard thing in his hands,

He's got my hard thing in his hands.

He's got the tip of my thing in his lips,
He's got the tip of my thing in his lips,
He's got the tip of my thing in his lips,
He's got the tip of it in his lips

He's got the whole thing sliding down his throat,
He's got the whole thing sliding down his throat,
He's got the whole thing sliding down his throat,
He's got the whole thing down his throat.

He's got me really working up a head of steam,
He's got me really working up a head of steam,
He's got me really working up a head of steam,
He's got me working up a head of steam,

He's got me pretty close to cumming with that tongue,
He's got me pretty close to cumming with that tongue,
He's got me pretty close to cumming with that tongue,
He's got me close to cumming with that tongue.

It feels like an earthquake as I shoot,
It feels like an earthquake as I shoot,
It feels like an earthquake as I shoot,
I feel the earth move as I shoot.

We Wish You A Joyous Solstice

We wish you a joyous solstice,

We wish you a joyous solstice,

We wish you a joyous solstice,

And a happy new year!

Glad tidings we bring

To you and your kin

We wish you a joyous solstice

And a happy new year!

Guilt Can Go

Oh our sense of decorum is frightful,

But as nuns, we're so delightful.

And if there's some guilt you know;

let it go, let it go, let it go!

We never show signs of stopping

And we've brought some Rush for popping,

So turn the lights way down low;

Guilt can go, guilt can go, guilt can go

Hark The Herald Faeries Shout!

Hark the herald faeries shout:

“Gay is good and gays are out
Out of closets, out to say
‘Liberation’s on its way.’“

Some they laughed at, some they jailed,
Some they sacked but still they failed
To crush the Pride that makes us free;
Gays in solidarity.

Hark the herald faeries shout:

“Gay is good and gays are out!”

Told us we were weak and sad;
Monsters, perverts, sicko, mad.
Told us we should know our place
Strangers to the human race.

Turned out this was just a rumour,
Still we kept our sense of humour.
Smashed the lies and learned to care
Now we’ve love and life to spare.

Hark the herald faeries shout:

“Gay is good and gays are out!”

Sleazia Is Coming In Town

You better watch out,
You better not cry,
You better not pout,
I'm telling you why:
Sister Sleaze is coming in town.

He's making a list,
And checking it twice
He's gonna find out
Who's riddled with vice
Sister Sleaze is coming in town.

He needs you when you're sleeping,
The same when you're awake,
He knows if you've been bad or good
So indulge, for Sister's sake!

Oh you better watch out,
You better not cry,
You better not pout,
I'm telling you why;
Sleazia is coming in town.

Winter Wonderland

Sleigh bells ring are you listening?

In the lane snow is glistening.

A beautiful sight, we're happy tonight,

Walking in the winter wonderland.

All drunk up is the blue nun,

Here to stay is a new nun,

He sings a love song as we go along

Walking in the winter wonderland.

In the bushes we will build a snow nun

And pretend that he is Sister Sleaze

He'll say "are you busy?" we'll say "No man"

So he can do the job down on her knees.

Later on we perspire as we screw by the fire

"Come sit on my face!"

That nun's a disgrace;

Working in a winter wonderland.

Sadie, The New Nun

Sadie the new nun
Was a raunchy-entious soul;
With a starched white bib and a new white veil
And a very busy hole

Sadie the new nun
Is a fairie so they say.
She was full of guilt but the Sisters know
How she shed it all away.

Chorus:

thumpity-thump-thump thumpity-thump-thump
Look at Sadie go
thumpity-thump-thump thumpity-thump-thump
Over the ice and snow

There must have been some magic
In that new black robe they found;
For when they placed it on his bod
He began to dance around

Oh! Sadie the new nun
Was alive as he could be.
And the Sisters say
You can dance and play
Just the same as she and we.

Repeat Chorus

Dress The Nuns With Bibs and Wimples

Dress the nuns with bibs and wimples

Fa la la la la, la la la la

Smile now, Sisters, show your dimples

Fa la la la la la la la la

Don we now our gay apparel

Fa la la, la la la, la la la

Even trolls can sing these carols

Fa la la la la, la la la la

See the skating rink before us

Fa la la la la, la la la la

Join in, suckers, on the chorus

Fa la la la la, la la la la

Follow Sister Mary Measure

Fa la la, la la la, la la la

While she shows the way to pleasure

Fa la la la la, la la la la

Fast away old winter passes

Fa la la la la, la la la la

To the solstice raise your glasses

Fa la la la la, la la la la

Sing we joyous, all together,

Fa la la, la la la, la la la

Heedless of the cops and weather

Fa la la la la, la la la la

Convent Bells

Skating through the snow

Proud that we are gay

Round the rink we go

Camping all the way!

Bells on Sisters ring

making spirits bright

What fun it is to skate and sing

A solstice song tonight!

Chorus:

Convent Bells, convent bells

Ringing all the way

Oh what fun it is to skate

And scream that we are gay!

repeat Chorus

A day or two ago

I thought I would not come

I said to all my friends:

“Those nuns are really dumb!”

But one was tall and dark

Good fortune seemed my lot

The snow was freezing in the park

But boy that nun was hot!

repeat Chorus

repeat Chorus