

Fatima Mansions "Bishop Of Babel"

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no one comes from here
and so i'm not afraid
everyone's the same as me
we don't talk the same
so we don't talk at all
and our hosts just look on with glee
i'm the bishop of babel now
so it's low, yes it's low you must bow
though my flock may sneer and mock
i'm the bishop of babel now
you'll see me in the street
in golden hat and cape
and blessing all the waifs and strays
in the hail and shine
smiling, resigned

and abandoned to foolish ways
for i'm the bishop of babel now
as even stray dogs will allow
the poor folks flock
around and remark
look, the bishop of babel's down
oh i'm the bishop of babel now
and my audience don't count in this town
if relic and flock
here set to rot
i'm the bishop of babel now
sad old bishop of babel now

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