

## **James Dean Bradfield**

# **"Say Hello To The Pope"**

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The doorbell of your house still bears your name,  
But you'll never come back to this place.  
You were sitting on your steps yesterday again,  
I guess it's just an old neighbourhood thing.

You don't have to pray, because he knows my name,  
So just remind yourself to say hello to the Pope,  
To say hello to the Pope.

You can swear all you like but you're still such a  
beautiful girl,  
Especially when you walk through that door in your  
Sunday best.  
So just one more cigarette and a vodka for you,  
I'll even dance the old town music for you.

You don't have to pray, because he knows my name,  
So just remind yourself to say hello to the Pope,  
To say hello to the Pope.

You don't have to pray, because he knows my name,  
So just remind yourself to say hello to the Pope,  
To say hello to the Pope

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