

Meryn Cadell "The Pope"

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It began as a regular day in my room,
with a cup of hot black coffee
Sure, I was depressed but I always am
Some people love life, well not me.
But then the choppers came,
two by two by ten
announcing apocalypse of a different kind
So I ran out of my room, ran down the stairs
Down the street into Nathan Phillips Square
People, people running and horses everywhere
Yeah, the Pope, Pope, Pope, Pope, Pope
We're all here to see the Pope, Pope, Pope, Pope, Pope
Well you got yer pope pennants, buttons,
yer pope clothes
You got yer pope binoculars to see him up close
and I cried when I saw that man in white
I cried much to my surrounder's delight.
I cried 'cause I couldn't breathe anymore
I cried 'cause people were stepping on my feet
Hey, hey Mr. Holiness, way over there,
maybe we love you but we're sadly lacking air.
Well, I love that man, Pope John Paul III.
I love him, probably more than he deserves.
Okay, so he persecutes homosexuals,
does not believe in abortion,
vists with Kurt Waldheim
and tells us not to take the Pill,
there's still a certain je ne sais quoi...
Some peace, some love some goodwill
Yeah, the Pope, Pope, Pope, Pope Pope.
(Etc.)
Then he scooted away in that great Popemobile
I was feeling so trampled
I didn't know what else to feel.
Then we all kissed the ground
where John Paul had been.....
I can hardly wait
til someone famous comes to town again.

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