

The 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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