

An Audience with the Pope

Elbow

Sweet Jesus, I'm on fire
She has the sweetest, darkest side
And when it comes into her eyes
I know iron and steel couldn't hold me

Good God, I'm easy bruised
But so often a moth to her flame
And the things that she's asked me to do
Would see a senior saint forgetting his name

I have an audience with the Pope
And I'm saving the world at eight
But if she says she needs me, she says she needs me
Everybody's going to have to wait, ah, ah

Where could she be?
Was that a minute or an hour?
Where could she be?
She turns the hours into days
Kill the phone, cover the cage
And wait for the doorbell to ring

Where could she be?
No, she won't come running
Where could she be?
The world is turning at her pace
Gonna kill the phone, cover the cage
And wait for the doorbell to ring

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