

Hey! Luciani

The Fall

Aborteum.

I said Luciani

The future's here today

I said Hey Luciani

Pope of three three days

They made out you were are an ultra nut

And had no time for your Christianity

You paid with your life for their treachery

The future's here today

The future's here to stay

Luciani

Hey Luciani

Jesus has gone away

I said Hey Luciani

Meet the Church, Bank, S.A.

They said you were of peasant stock

And one day the curia murdered you

Your hermeneutics are through

And on that fruited plain

The corporate bishop's graze

Exit church of poverty and pain

The future's here today

The future's here to stay

Hey Luciani

A pop star in your cell

I said Hey Luciani

A Polish son of Hell

You were the first John Paul I

How is it your 'Christian' is gone?

Can you see it from your grave?

The TV snow-storm on top,

The brass Holy Grail

Imitation for sale

The future's here today

Luciani

And all the cowls are black

On an inquisition rack

The future's here today

The future's here to stay

Luciani