

# Cadell Meryn, The Pope

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 lakcing 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.