

Elbow, An Audience With The Pope

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 easily 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 is going to have to wait

Where could she be?

Was that a minute or an hour?

Where could she be?

She turns the hours into days

I'm gonna 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

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