

# An Audience with the Pope

## Elbow

Sweet Jesus, I'm on fire  
She has the sweetest, darkest eyes  
And when it comes into her eyes  
I know iron and steel couldn't hold me  
Good God, I'm easily bruised  
So often in love to her flame  
And the things that she's asked me to do  
Will see a city of saints 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 gonna have to wait (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  
Kill the phone, cover the cage  
And wait for the doorbell to ring  
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 gonna have to wait  
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But if she says she needs me  
She says she needs me everybody's gonna have to wait  
Everybody's gonna have to wait

Songwriters

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