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
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And I'm saving the world at eight
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