

# P2 Vatican Blues (Last Saturday Night)

George Harrison

Gazed at the ceiling from below  
A splendid Michelangelo  
Filled my heart with delight  
Last Saturday night Arrived believing from home  
Climbed every step inside St. Peter's Dome  
Claustrophobic and ex-Catholic  
Last Saturday night Now how come nobody really noticed  
Puff of white smoke knocked me out  
The truth is hiding, lurking, banking  
Things they do at night It's quite suspicious to say the least  
Even mentioned it to my local priest  
One Our Father, three Hail Marys  
Each Saturday night I wish somebody would tell me  
That it's only a show  
And I'll confess, own up, let's face it  
In my concrete tuxedo It's quite suspicious to say the least  
While mentioning it to my priest  
One Our Father, three Hail Marys  
Each Saturday night One Our Father, three Hail Marys  
Each Saturday night  
One Our Father, three Hail Marys  
Each Saturday night

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