

Hallelujah Song

Dave Dobbyn

When the Pope kissed the ground
A sniper fired an angry round
Well, it missed him by a whisker
And the gunman could not be found
Found a bullet in a chapel nearby
It was embedded on the altar stone
A statue Virgin upon the altar
Started bleeding on a Sunday
So the faithful came in thousands
From as far as the Philippines
Prayed for healing, for the Virgin
And they kissed that bullet clean
Word got around about the Virgin
There were pilgrims, there were tourists
Souvenirs and postcards
Plastic virgins and bullet rosaries
Many cripples started walking
And the mute began to speak
And the sceptics kept on talking
It went on like this for weeks
Sing Hallelujah, song
Hallelujah song
Sing Hallelujah, song
Hallelujah...
Sing Hallelujah, song
Hallelujah song
Sing Hallelujah, song
Hallelujah...
Soon they found the statue shattered
A bloodied rifle among the pieces
Found the sniper above the altar
Didn't tangle in the alley
As they rifled through his jacket
A bloodied wallet identified him
And his surname was Emmanuel
And his given name was Jesus
So they buried him in a chapel
With the rifle by his side
And they pulled it down, the statue Virgin
With the both Sees from the healing
Now she stands upon the altar
Spring water runs from the bullet holes
Now the chapel is a shrine
They use the water to make wine
Now when the Pope kisses ground
Bullet-proof glass all 'round
And that's the story of the Virgin,
Sniper Jesus and the faithful
That's the story of the Virgin,
Sniper Jesus and the faithful

That's the story of the Virgin,
Sniper Jesus and the faithful
Sing Hallelujah, song
Hallelujah song
Sing Hallelujah, song
Hallelujah...
Sing Hallelujah, song
Hallelujah song
Sing Hallelujah, song
Hallelujah...Amen!

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