

Poke at the Pope
by Donovan

Have you ever seen a picture of Pope Paul?
Have you ever asked yourself this question,
Would you trust this man with your soul now?
Would you trust this man? ask yourself now

His eyes are sunken and his cheeks are hollow
While you dig the poor of the world they follow
He hoarding up their gold in the Vatican
Would you trust this man? ask yourself now

A poke at the Pope, that's what we're havin'

Ave Maria, Ave Maria...

Do you remember when the floods hit Italy?
How the things they treasured most were destroyed
All the paintings and the worshipped images
'Cos they lost their faith in the real God

He's goin' down and he's goin' down fast
You really didn't think the ignorance could last
All the little children are learning
And the constellation is turning.

A poke at the Pope, that's what we're havin'

Mumbling by the tumbling tide
The kind of America humbly cried
Save my soul, save it soon!
The king of America fell in swoon

Oh yea, my honey, Oh yea my honey...