

Over My Head

Andrew Peterson

She was a fine theologian who passed for a pope
And she never ever was able to say
That she wanted no more of the bishops and the boards
What she needed was a good man for a day
So she wept in her chambers and burned like a flame
For a man by the name of sir 'next dope who came in the room'

She said, I'm in over my, over my, over my head
If they knew I was nothing but gold plated lead
They'd stone me, dethrone me and leave me for dead
I'm in over my, over my head

Well the bishop from Thames had a bloody good name
And was a good looking devil to boot
So when he showed up that evening for the annual meeting
With the pope that he thought that he knew
Understandably stunned that the pope was a nun
The bishop initially started to run
But their meetings were frequent and secretly done
And she told him that a baby would come

He said, I'm in over my, over my, over my head
If they knew I was nothing but gold plated lead
They'd stone me, dethrone me and leave me for dead
I'm in over my, over my head
I'm in over my, over my head

Well I live in Nashvegas and I sing and I play
And everybody thinks that I write my own
There's a fellow named Guido who lives in Encino
Who wrote every song that I know
Well, he sends mp3s for a nominal fee
And I sing 'em, and play 'em, and tell 'em it's me

I'm in over my, over my, over my head
If they knew I was nothing but gold plated lead
They'd stone me, disown me and leave me for dead
I'm in over my, over my head
I'm in over my, over my head