

Dog Latin

Coyne, Kevin

Painted grottos all falling down Prayer books and hymnals all s
trewn around

Father McCarthy cannot say his prayers Locked all the doors an
d taken away the chairs

And the cardinal still sits on his golden throne Weeping and pr
aying out in the hot day sun Little white lamb of God trapped i
n the wires Burning a brand new flame, a brand new fire.

Rome is empty, all the parishioners have gone Everyone's on the
night life, they're out having fun

Nobody's there, no nobody's home A little black monkey's on the
Papal Throne

And the cardinal still sits on his golden throne Weeping and pr
aying out in the hot day sun Little white lamb of God trapped i
n the wires Burning a brand new flame, a brand new fire.

Dominus vobiscum et cum spiritu Gloria Gloria Kyrie eleison Chr
isti eleison kyrie eleison Amen

Nobody cares and why should they care I don't want to see it, n
o I don't want to share

Yes I sing for free and nobody bothers me No I'm not a penitent
, I'm blind but I can see

And the cardinal still sits on his golden throne Weeping and pr
aying out in the hot day sun Little white lamb of God trapped i
n the wires Burning a brand new flame, a brand new fire.

Dominus vobiscum et cum spiritu Gloria gloria Kyrie eleison, Ch
risti eleison Kyrie eleison Christie eleison ad nauseum Amen

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aning out in the hot day sun Little white lamb of God trapped i
n the wires Burning a brand new flame, a brand new fire.