

Man of the Hour

Paul N. Dion / Allen M. Dion

I bring greetings from Pacelli, the current rising star.
But you didn't hear that from me, Sister Pascalina.

How wonderful, how is he?
Is he happy? Is he well?
I need to know, please tell me that it's so.

I am passing through on my way to Rome.
The Vatican is like my second home.
I have been asked to make arrangements for you, Sister Pascalina.
For soon the day will come for you to return
and resume your affairs, I meant your chores.
But the time has come for me to take my leave now.
Please don't worry. I'm on the job now. You're in good hands.

When I was just a boy, my friends treated me like a banker.
I loaned them money but charged very little interest.
But now I know the world is my new playground.
I am the one who people come to when they need money.
I know just what to say to make people like me.
I spread guilt or lavish praise, whichever one works.

And now the stakes are high.
The church has sought me out to save them from corruption,
greed and to pay for art collections.
I am the best. I have no competition.
When times are hard, they know to turn to the man who can't lose.
If you need a lot of cash with no pesky questions asked,
give me a call or send your driver.
In a Cadillac.

It doesn't take a genius.
You can really trust me.
I've seen it all and how!
Where's the confessional?
I like a taste of danger.
Success to me, no stranger.
I am the man of the hour!