The Vatican

Paul N. Dion / Allen M. Dion

When I was a child, I lived in a small house but in a large family.

My brothers loomed large. We had hardly any space at all.

When I was fifteen, the convent became my home.

The sisters became my family. My room was so small,

I had hardly any space at all.

My mother had told me the Vatican has a thousand rooms.

Are there really enough brooms to sweep those floors?

What are a thousand rooms all for?

The Vatican!

It makes my heart sing.

And the Vatican shapes my ambitions,

My inhibitions are now set free.

I firmly resolve I’ll never waste a single day.

Meet challenges with dignity and grace.

Only God knows just how far I may go.

I’ve always known I’d find my mission.

With blue skies overhead I’m shown my calling.

I firmly resolve I’ll never waste a single day.

The Vatican!

Majestic influence.

In St. Peter’s dome, I’ll find my life’s work, my comfort,

My home will be

The Vatican.

God’s power oe’r the earth, and the Vatican,

Fulfills my own plan by God’s hand and destiny.

My destiny!

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Website: www.lapopessa.com Email: allen.dion@lapopessa.com Phone: (978) 337-5902

Mailing Address: 458 Old Petersham Road, Barre, MA 01005