

Shoot The Messenger

Catatonia

Somebody told me you'd found new bonhomie
Going places you'd never go with me
I felt myself became a bitter old shrew
Oh I'd have bitten you in two if you would let me

I'd look deadly as a nun
Martyrdom does not become me
I'll find love in vanity
Somebody told me you'd found places to go
New people to know, new ladies and so
I felt myself become a bitter old shrew
I'd have bitten her in two if you would let me

If I don't laugh what do I do
If I don't laugh and see this through
I shouldn't eve think of you
Allow me one extravagance
Before they come and ban me
And let me shoot the messenger

So help me God they talk so much
This knowledge ain't my business
But I hang on his every word
God speed his journey back to hell
I might retreat singing
But all I hear is you
Just give me one more shot of gin
I'll scream along to anything
Just let me shoot the messenger

So help me God we talk so much
This tart this whore, my weakness
I'm gonna shoot the messenger

Let me shoot the messenger