

Kill the Messenger

Shawn Colvin

Jane, it sure looks like rain
These Canadian plains and their windblown hair
Oh Jane, the bruise colored clouds
The smell of the ground in the ripening air I have seen you in your fluttering dress
And your dry face of steel
As you're dragging your red rowing boat
'Cross the forever fields See Jane, something's gone dead inside my head
There's nothing but fear
Oh Jane, the rivers of grief, the tears of relief
Seem ages from here Sometimes the beauty of life
Hits like lightening washing everything clear
And these dimmers of doubt flicker
And fade out and disappear But Jane, that is a luxury
There are those of a little faith, it seems
And they beg for truth like charity
And I see them on every street corner They are holding out one righteous hand
While the other leads the marching band
In the shadow hymn of the scratch man
Heed the message, kill the messenger Oh Jane, I heard you found love
Wriggling up from the mud on the shores of Granville
Oh but Jane, in the wink of an eye
The naysayers fly like the hounds at your heels Oh Jane, now they'll whisper your name
And you won't feel the chains, you won't see the moss
Oh Jane, there's an art to the game
The aesthetics of love, the athletics of loss Sometimes someone drifts by
And our nets get entwined in the sea
And in time I might find
They still mean something to me But Jane, that is a luxury
There are those of a little faith in me
And they pull me down like gravity
And I see them on every street corner They are masters in the sleight of hand
They are dancers and they step so grand
To the shibboleth of Shadowland
Heed the message, kill the messenger

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