Kill The Messenger

Aesop Rock

Jane it sure looks like rain
These Canadian plains
And their windblown hair
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
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
Fade out and disappear

But Jane that is a luxury
There are those of 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 scratchman
Heed the message, kill the messenger

Jane I heard you found love
Wriggling up from the mud
On the shores of Granville
But Jane in the wink of an eye

The naysayers fly
Like hounds at your heels

Jane they'll whisper your name
And you won't feel the chains
And 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 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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