

The Messenger

[Tim Wheatley](#)

She was hotter than the Georgia asphalt
Now her hearts gone cold for me
I used to take the short cut home
Now I play til the last man leaves Please don't shoot the messenger
Don't you know I come in peace In an orgy of exaggeration
I always seem to give as good as I get
Form and credence to my agitation
Like a bindi in my foot again Please don't shoot the messenger
Don't you know I come in peace
Please don't shoot the messenger
But you blew him to smithereens The woman what done it is too far gone
She and I pass like ship in the night from now on
I took a little trip to bring me back somehow
I sent you a postcard, signed San Francisco by now Please don't shoot the messenger
Don't you know I come in peace
Please don't shoot the messenger
But you blew him to smi

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