

# The Wicked Messenger

## Bob Dylan & Grateful Dead

There was a wicked messenger  
From Eli he did come,  
With a mind that multiplied  
The smallest matter.  
When questioned who had sent for him,  
He answered with his thumb,  
For his tongue it could not speak, but only flatter. He stayed behind the assembly hall,  
It was there he made his bed,  
Oftentimes he could be seen returning.  
Until one day he just appeared  
With a note in his hand which read,  
"The soles of my feet, I swear they're burning."  
Oh, the leaves began to fallin'  
And the seas began to part,  
And the people that confronted him were many.  
And he was told but these few words,  
Which opened up his heart,  
"If you cannot bring good news, then don't bring any."  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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