

# The Wicked Messenger

[Patti Smith](#)

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 ye cannot bring good news, then don't bring any"

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