Shoot the Messenger

Catatonia

Somebody told me you'd found new bonhomie
Going places, you'd never go with me
I felt myself became a bitter old shrew
Oh, I'd have bitten you in two, if you would let meI'd look deadly as a nun
Martyrdom does not become me
I'll find love in vanity
Somebody told me you'd found places to go
And new people to know, and new ladies and so
I felt myself become a bitter old shrew
I'd have bitten her too, if you would let meIf I don't laugh ,what do I do?
If I don't laugh and see this through
I shouldn't even think of you
Allow me one extravagance
Before they come and ban me
And let me shoot the messengerAaa
Aaa
AaaSo help me God they talk so much
This knowledge ain't my business
But I hang on his every word
Hey Lord, speed his journey back to hell
I might retreat singin'
But all I hear is you
And just give me one more shot of gin
I'll scream along to anything
And just let me shoot the messengerYea, so help me God, it talks so much
This yard, this song, my weakness
I'm gonna shoot the messenger
Oh, let me shoot the messenger
I'm gonna shoot the messenger

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