

Cantatonia, Shoot The Messenger

Somebody told me you'd found new bonhomie
Going places
You'd never go with me

I felt myself become a bitter old shrew
Oh I'd have bitten you in two
If you would let me

I 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 me

If 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 messenger

So help me God you talk so much
This knowledge ain't my business
But I hang on his every word

God speed his journey back to hell
I might retreat singing
But all I hear is you

Just give me one more shot of gin
I'll scream along to anything
Just let me shoot the messenger

So help me god you talk so much
This tart, this whore, my weakness
I'm gonna shoot the messenger

Oh let me shoot the messenger
I'm gonna shoot the messenger