

# Catatonia, Shoot The Messenger

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 me  
I'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 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

Aaa

Aaa

Aaa

So 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 messenger  
Yea, 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