

# Spoons, Don't Shoot The Messenger

A light in the tower of the fortress  
Was a warning sign  
Yet with all odds against him  
He entered the kingdom  
His arms empty  
But his head was full of gifts and new ideas  
That nobody wanted to hear

DONT SHOOT THE MESSENGER

Today...another time, another place  
But some things still remain  
Though the language is different  
Its the same words all over again  
The originals, like seeds in chosen fields  
Have grown up tall  
And now the harvest is here

DONT SHOOT THE MESSENGER

It runs through the night  
As if it were hunted  
A sight for sore eyes  
The final clue

DONT SHOOT THE MESSENGER