

# Shawn Colvin, Kill The Messenger

Kill the Messenger

S. Colvin

Jane it sure looks like rain  
These Canadian plains  
And their windblown hair  
Jane the bruise colored clouds  
The smell of the ground  
In the ripening air  
I have seen you  
In your fluttering dress  
And your dry face of steel  
As you're dragging your red rowing boat  
Cross the forever fields  
See Jane something's gone dead  
Inside my head  
There's nothing but fear  
Jane the rivers of grief  
The tears of relief  
Seem ages from here  
Sometimes the beauty of life  
Hits like lightening washing everything  
clear  
And these dimmers of doubt flicker  
Fade out and disappear  
But Jane that is a luxury  
There are those of little faith it seems  
And they beg for truth like charity  
And I see them on every street corner  
They are holding out one righteous hand  
While the other leads the marching band  
In the shadow hymn of the scratchman  
Heed the message, kill the messenger  
Jane I heard you found love  
Wriggling up from the mud  
On the shores of Granville  
But Jane in the wink of an eye  
The naysayers fly  
Like hounds at your heels  
Jane they'll whisper your name  
And you won't feel the chains  
And you won't see the moss  
Oh, Jane there's an art to the game  
The aesthetics of love  
The athletics of loss  
Sometimes someone drifts by  
And our nets get entwined in the sea  
And in time I might find  
They still mean something to me  
But Jane that is a luxury  
There are those of little faith in me  
And they pull me down like gravity  
And I see them on every street corner  
They are masters in the sleight of hand  
They are dancers and they step so grand  
To the shibboleth of Shadowland  
Heed the message, kill the messenger