

The Black Keys, The Wicked Messenger

There was a wicked messenger,
From Eli he did come,
With a mind that multiplied,
The smallest matter,
When questioned who had sent for him,
He answered with his thumb,
For his tongue it could not speak, but only flatter,

He stayed behind the assembly hall,
It was there he made his bed,
And often times he could be seen returning,
Until one day he just appeared,
With a note in his hand that read,
"The soles of my feet, I swear they're burning,"

Oh, the leaves began to fall,
The seas began to part,
And the people that confronted him were many,
And he was told with these few words,
Which opened up his heart,
"If you cannot bring good news, don't bring any."