

# Shoot The Messenger

Catatonia

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  
New people to know, new ladies and so  
I felt myself become a bitter old shrew  
I'd have bitten her in two 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 eve think of you  
Allow me one extravagance  
Before they come and ban me  
And let me shoot the messenger

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

Let me shoot the messenger