

Bad News from Home

Randy Newman

High on a cliff in Mexico
Staring down at the rocks and the sea below
I can hear the church bells ring
I can hear the choir

I remember the night she left
I drove to the station in the pouring rain
Sat all night behind my big iron desk
The oil on the water made a rainbow

At the end of this bone-white gravel road
They both lie sleeping on a feather bed
And her hair is black as the sky at night
But her eyes are gray like the moon
You can run but you can't hide
You can run but you can't hide
You said you love me but I know you lied
You said you love me but I know you lied