

## The Bearer Of Bad News

The Roches

I stand off to one side  
Counting the casualties  
As you will see in the morning the newspapers lied  
Difficult to say the truth in times like these.  
You are over there at the center  
The look on your face at the point of collision  
Once you've left you can never re-enter  
With your heart your soul and your vision.  
The light that's shining in  
Comes through a tear in the fabric  
That used to be your skin  
You need some heavyweight abracadabra  
But it's too late for who's whose  
Too soon for the long term blues  
Lord let me stand in another man's shoes  
Somebody who's not bringing this news.  
Yesterday brought a market correction  
We all sat around the house and pitched a bitch  
You called your man in the Caribbean the Jamaican connection  
It was a minor cut but we had to have it stitched  
And our little devil was naughty  
Again and again he swore hard  
We got over the fact we're forty  
All those little toys strewn around the backyard