

The Roches

"The Bearer of Bad News"

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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

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