

# Bob Dylan, 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  
Oftentimes he could be seen returning  
Until one day he just appeared  
With a note in his hand which read  
"The soles of my feet, I swear they're burning";

Oh, the leaves began to fallin'  
And the seas began to part  
And the people that confronted him were many  
And he was told but these few words  
Which opened up his heart  
"if ye cannot bring good news, then don't bring any".