

(Bob Dylan)

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 a thumb.
For his tongue it could not speak, but only flatter

He stayed behind the assembly hall,
it was there that 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".

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