## **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