

## Danny O'Keefe "Magdalena"

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Magdalena sits in her chair speaking of the mass  
She talks in splices and splinters, she laughs like  
breaking glass  
She says that she would have me, spirit her away  
Stealing all my images, till there's nothin' left to say

Oh, Magdalena  
Nothing like the saint you are  
Your love is like a razor, my heart is just a scar  
Oh, Magdalena  
Nothing like the saint you are

She tells me that she wants me then she tells me not to  
bother  
She tells me that I couldn't hold a candle to her father  
She knows that she's got me when I start to rave about  
And she'll just smile and flash her eyes and blow the  
candle out

Oh, Magdalena  
Oh, Magdalena  
Nothing like the saint you are

Magdalena lying there could make a dancer stumble  
Make a preacher bite his tongue and leave him with a  
mumble  
And if you think I'm crazy babe or that I'm funning you  
Just pay your dues and lose your blues when she gets  
her tongue in you

Oh, Magdalena  
Nothing like the saint you are  
Your love is like a razor, my heart is just a scar  
Oh, Magdalena  
Nothing like the saint you are

I can't be forgotten and I can't be ignored  
You find me with my poems and my songs  
But if upon your journey you're turning to L.A.  
Won't you take this little red-haired girl along?

Oh, Magdalena

Nothing like the saint you are  
Your love is like a razor, my heart is just a scar  
Oh, Magdalena  
Nothing like the saint you are

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