

Eleanor McEvoy **"Precious Little"**

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Shake your beads out, one by one
And call me Magdalene
It won't grieve me, I understand
Where it is you're coming from

Draw a curtain, close your eyes
When history's pages fail you
I will not open up those history books
That's not for me to do

Precious little in your life
Is yours by right
And won without a fight

Precious little in your life
Is yours by right
And won without a fight

Shadows call me in the wind
Some don't go away
Angels guide me from the clouds
In everything I do and say

Shake your beads out kneeling down
It will not pass me by
Two people coming from a different place
Maybe neither one is right

Precious little in your life
Is yours by right
And won without a fight

Precious little in your life
Is yours by right
And won without a fight

Shake your beads out, join your hands
That still won't make you right
Those so-called sinners that you're praying for
Are standing by your side

Precious little in your life

Is yours by right
And won without a fight

Precious little in your life
Is yours by right
And won without a fight

Oh, precious little in your life
Is yours by right
And won without a fight

Precious little in your life
Is yours by right
And won without a fight

Oh, precious little

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