

## **Brandon Flowers "Magdalena"**

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Please don't tell me I can't make it  
It aint gonna do me any good  
And please don't offer me your modern method  
I'm fixin' to carve this out of wood

From Nogales to Magdalena  
There are 60 miles of sacred road  
And the promise is made to those who venture  
San Francisco will lift your load

In the land of old Sonora  
A shallow river valley cries  
The summer left her without forgiveness  
It's mirrored in her children's eyes

Prodigle sons and wayward daughters  
Carry mandalas that they might  
Be delivered from the depths of darkness  
And born again by candlelight  
And born again my candlelight

Blisters on my feet

Wooden rosary  
I felt them in my pocket as I ran

A bullet in the night  
A federale's life  
San Francisco do you understand

Tell them that I made the journey  
And tell them that my heart is true  
I'd like his blessing of forgiveness  
Before the angels send it through

And I will know that I am clean now  
I will dance and the band will play  
In the old ... cantina  
Cups will runneth over the ancient clay

And if I should fall to temptation  
When I return to the evil throws

From Nogales to Magdalena  
As a two time beggar I will go  
Where I know I can be forgiven  
The broken heart of Mexico

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