

Lowest Of The Low

"For The Hand Of Magdalena"

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You couldn't believe when they told you that she'd
never been 'round here before
Thought she hung out in the Cologne Hotel, or with the
Cubans in the Puerta Del Sol
And when she smiled all you thought about was
running up Suicide Hill
And nothing short of a bullet could've broken your will

And all for the hand of Magdalena
Your boots planted in the soil of Spain
(Your heart broken in the soil of Spain)
(Your blood's red like the soil of Spain)
Like her tears in the Spanish rain
All for the Hand of Magdalena

Clark Gable with a bayonet, you never thought anyone
could look so cool
And she could handle that Soviet pistol like she learned
to do it in school
You fell in love in an air raid, a bombshell sanctioned
attraction
You were wet with fear, she was wet with passion

Your mother could never understand why her son took
the call to arms
And her father could never understand how she could
fall for your Republican charms
Magdalena, Magdalena, Magdalena... the choice was
never ours

In a week and a half you'll be walking down Forty-
second street again
And you can read it in the New York Times they're
plagiarizing Ernest Hemingway
And you can touch that spot where a fascist bullet
nearly severed your arm
But that's nothing like the way that your soul was
scarred

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