

Neil Diamond "Lady Magdalene"

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The man on the right is a man undone
he'd give you his soul if you asked him
for some.
A child in his way for he needs to believe
that love is a song
for each man to sing.
The man on the left is a prize unwon
a candle
unlit and a song unsung.
Believing that love is a dreamer's dream,
the man
on the left the me in between.
Lady Magdalene, I can hear your distant
trumpet
calling from the morning mountain,
singing to the passing river.
Take me home, show me peaceful days before my
youth has gone.
The man
in between waits between the two
not hearing the lie and not seeing the
true.
Unknowing what is and denying what seems
and there he will sleep the
man in between.
Lady Magdalene, I can hear your distant
trumpet
calling from the morning mountain,
singing to the passing
river.
Take me home, show me peaceful days before my
youth has
gone.
Lady Magdalene, make the sound of silent thunder
calling from
the lips of Abraham
make a sound that we may wonder, where we are.
Take us
to you soul for we have wandered far.
The man on the right was a man
undone
the man on the left like a prize unwon.

And God only knows what
their time will bring
or what will become of the man in between.

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