

David Allan Coe

"Mary Magdeline"

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She walks the streets in silence
Till the early morning light
Daytime never sees her
Shes a lady of the night

Some say that her profession
Is a low down dirty shame
And some folks say shes just some hippie chick
Thats half insane

She talked to me about someone she called The Son of
Man
She told me things I wasn't quite prepared to
understand
Perhaps she was a vision of delirium I seen
This prostitute I meet last night named Mary Magdeline

Told a friend about
The strange experience I had
With Benzedrine indifference
He assured me I was mad

His dad had been a Preacher
Quoted scriptures from his head
Disbelief was on his face
Especially when I said

She talked to me about someone she called The Son of
Man
She told me things I wasn't quite prepared to
understand
Perhaps she was a vision of delirium I seen
This prostitute I meet last night named Mary Magdeline

With hepatitis eyelids
I went tripping down the street
The local Catholic mission
Offered rest for weary feet

The Priest heard my confession
While his breath smelled just like wine

He gave me the impression
I was waisting sacred time

He talked to me about someone he called The Son of
Man
He told me things I wasn't quite prepared to
understand
He talked to me of vision and things he'd seen in
dreams
And he talked about a prostitute named Mary
Magdeline

He talked to me about someone he called The Son of
Man
He told me things I wasn't quite prepared to
understand
Perhaps it was a vision of delirium I seen
That prostitute I meet last night called Mary Magdeline

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