

## **Frank Zappa & The Mothers Of Invention**

### **"Magdalena"**

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Mark Volman (lead vocals)  
Howard Kaylan (lead vocals)  
Ian Underwood (woodwinds, keyboards, vocals)  
Aynsley Dunbar (drums)  
Don Preston (keyboards, mini-moog)  
Jim Pons (bass, vocals)

There was a man  
A little ole man  
Who lived in Montreal  
With a wife and a kid  
And a car and a house  
And a teenage daughter  
With a see-thru blouse  
Who loved to grunt and ball - -  
And her name was Magdalena

The little ole man  
Came home one night  
To his house in Montreal.  
He caught his daughter  
In the blouse by the light  
And he said to himself:  
"She looks all right!"  
And he reached for a tit  
And grabbed it tight  
And threw her up  
Against the wall  
(BLUE CROSS!)

Magdalena, my daughter dear,  
Do not be concerned when your  
Canadian daddy comes near.  
My daughter dear  
Do not be concerned when your  
Canadian daddy comes near.  
I work so hard,  
Don't you understand,  
Making maple syrup  
For the pancakes of our land.  
Do you have any idea

What that can do to a man  
What that can do to a man?  
Do you have any idea  
What that can do to a man  
What that can do to a man?

The little ole man  
With the grubby little hand  
Who lived in Montreal  
Was drooling a bit  
As he reached for her tit  
And he said to himself:  
"This gonna be it!"  
But the girl turned around  
And said: "Go eat shit!"  
And ran on down the hall.  
Right on, Magdalena!

My daughter dear,  
Do not be concerned when your  
Canadian daddy comes near.  
My daughter dear  
Do not be concerned when your  
Canadian daddy comes near.  
I work so hard,  
Don't you understand,  
Making maple syrup  
For the pancakes of our land.  
Do you have any idea?  
What that can do to a man  
What that can do to a man?  
Do you have any idea?  
What that can do to a man  
What that can do to a man?

Magdalena, don't you tease me like this  
Right in the hallway with your blouse and your tits  
If your mommy ever finds us like this  
She'll call a lawyer, oh how mom will be pissed

DOODLE DOODLE DOODLE DUH-DUH DEE-UH  
DOODLE DOODLE DOODLE DUH-DUH DEE-UH

Magdalena, Magdalena, Magdalena, Magdalena,  
daughter of the smog-filled winds of Los Angeles,  
I'd like to take you in the closet  
and take off your little clothes  
until you're virtually stark raving nude,  
spread mayonaise and kaopectate all over your body  
and take you down to Hollywood Boulevard  
and we can, we can walk down the streets

by the stars that say John Provost and Leo G. Carrol  
together, Baby.

We can go dancing up at the Cina Grill ... can't you see  
it: Frank Pernell and us, until dark ... don't you  
understand, my Baby ... I didn't mean, I didn't need, I  
mean ... it was so hard for me ... I just ... I saw you  
standing under the Shell pest strip late last night, in the  
light, with your little nipples protruding through your  
little see-thru thingie...and I just said 'My god, my god, I  
gave my sperm to this thing'...and now I just,...oh you  
got me so hard, I just, I don't know what to do  
Magdalena, don't you understand? So I grabbed you -  
but, but don't hold it against me - I mean, your mom  
will never know, Baby ... and I wantcha to come back to  
me... I mean... do you understand me?... I want you to...  
I'm down on my knees to ya, Magdalena... I wantcha ta  
walk back to me, Baby... I wantcha to turn around by the  
Sparkletts machine... that's it! that's it!... in the little  
chartreuse hallway with the little neon Jesus picture on  
the wall... and I want you to step, Baby, I want you to  
walk back in your f  
ive inch spike heels that you got at Frederick's, same  
time you and your mommy got that crotchless  
underwear last year for the christmas... and I want you  
to stroll back to me, Baby... Walk back Baby, dontcha  
understand me Baby... I want you to walk back... I'm  
down on bended knees, Baby... I'm gonna, I'm gonna, I  
wanna take off your little trainig bra...Don't you  
understand me. I'm gonna take off you little maroon  
hot pants... I'm gonna get down on my knees, Baby...  
dontcha understand what I'm saying to you... your mom  
will never know... she's playing bridge with the girls...  
and you and I... you and I will... Baby, it's just you and  
I... dontcha understand... we can make love all night  
long... nobody will ever know... come on, Magdalena!  
...please, little girl... walk back to your daddy... what did  
I do that was so wrong?...my god, I was only following  
the sexual impulse like I heard on the Johnny Carson  
Show...from a book or something I wrote, I didn't know  
what I was doing...I got carried away... walk bac  
k, oh please, to your daddy!... come on, Magdalena...  
to your daddy, Baby... your mom will never know...  
come back to you daddy!...

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