

Magdalena

Brandon Flowers

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

From Nogales to Magdalena
There are 60 miles of sacred road
And the promises 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
Prodigal sons and wayward daughters
Carry mandas that they might
Be delivered from the depths of darkness
And born again by candlelight
And born again by candlelight

Blisters on my feet, wooden rosary
I felt them in my pocket as I ran
A bullet in the night
A Federales' light
San Francisco, do you understand?

Tell him that I made the journey
And tell him 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
And I will dance and the band will play
In the old out to cantina
Cause we'll runneth over the ancient clay

And if I should fall to temptation when I return to evil throes
From Nogales to Magdalena
As a two time beggar
I will go where I know I can be forgiven
The broken heart of Mexico
The broken heart of Mexico
The broken heart of Mexico