

## Madalena

Brazzaville

Walking through the streets of Amsterdam  
Half a pack of kreteks in my hand  
The rain smells like a woman  
That I knew long ago  
And I hope she's happy  
Hope she's doin' grand

The cyclones never seem to get this far  
They die out off the shores of Zanzibar  
And at night I watch the storm clouds  
Lighting up the sea  
And I wonder if she ever thinks of me

Madalena  
There's something in the way you held me  
But there's not much left  
To hold onto anymore

I'm older now  
My hair is turning gray  
A fixture at this crumbling café  
And I'm haunted by the memories  
Of the man I used to be  
'Cause he took your love  
And threw it all away

And Madalena...