

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...