

Magdalena

Donny Hathaway

Magdalena sits in her chair
Speaking on the mass
She talks in splice and splinters
She laughs not breaking glass
She said that she would have me
Spirit her away
Stealing all my images
Till there's nothin' left to say

Oh, Magdalena
Nothing like the saint you are
Your love is like a razor
My heart is just a scar
Oh, Magdalena
Nothing like the saint you are

She tells me that she wants me
Then she tells me not to bother
She tells me that I couldn't hold
A candle to her father
She knows that she's got me
When I start to rave about
She'll just smile and flash her eyes
And blow the candle out

Oh, Magdalena
Oh, ho, ho, Magdalena
Nothing like the saint you are

Magdalena lying there
Could make a dancer stumble
Make a preacher bite his tongue
And leave him with a mumble
And if you think I'm crazy babe
Or that I'm kiddin' you
Just pay your dues and lose your blues
When she gets her tongue in you

Oh, Magdalena
Nothing like the saint you are
Your love is like a razor
My heart is just a scar
Oh, Magdalena
Nothing like the saint you are

Well, I can't be forgotten
And I can't be ignored
You find me with my poems
And my songs
But if upon your journey
You're turning to L.A.
Won't you take this little
Red-haired girl song?

Oh, Magdalena
Nothing like the saint you are
Your love is like a razor

My heart is just a scar
Oh, Magdalena
Nothing like the saint you are