

# Sweet Sweet Magdalene

Justin Vernon

The smallest part of me is an echoing cavern  
Waiting to be filled with the light of your lantern  
Kerosene careens from your grip onto the floor  
And you're looking to the place you think I might have  
torn

my bag it holds a camera sniffing salts and rakes  
A brownish hand recorder to put the sounds to tape  
To pay back for you later on inauguration day  
And you will teach them slowly how to pronounce your  
name

Sweet sweet Magdalene  
Build your time machine  
I'm sturdy like the sewer line  
But I'm one dead Nazarene  
Come invade my prison  
Come up to my cell  
Oh, what the hell  
We'll stay a spell tonight babe  
And I'll make love to you  
The whole night through  
You warned you would find bleeding  
A crease in my long back  
This is long before you knew me  
I was a slave to hearts attack  
You need it like a train track needs its pins and  
spikes

And the town below the damn falls needs its gutter and  
it's dice

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