

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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