

Magdalena

Leo Sayer

Magdalena sits in her chair
Speaking on the mass
She talks in splice and splinters
She laughs not breaking glass

She says 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, 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 returning to L.A.
Won't you take this little red-haired girl along?

Oh, Magdalena
Nothing like a saint you are

Your love is like a razor
My heart is just a scar

Oh, Magdalena
Nothing like a saint you are