

Magdalena

Frank Zappa

Hey!

Ha!

Oh! There was a man

A little ole man

Who lived in Montreal

With a wife and a kid

And a car and a house

And a teenage daughter

With a see-thru blouse

Who loved to grunt and ball

And her name was Magdalena Magdalena The little ole man

Came home one night

To his house in Montreal.

He caught his daughter

In the blouse by the light

And he said to himself:

"She looks all right!"

And he reached for a tit

And grabbed it tight

And threw her up

Against the wall

(Blue cross!)

Magdalena My daughter dear, do not be concerned

When your Canadian daddy comes near.

My daughter dear, do not be concerned

When your Canadian daddy comes near.

I work so hard, don't you understand

Making maple syrup for the pancakes of our land.

Do you have any idea?

What that can do to a man?

What that can do to a man?

Do you have any idea?

What that can do to a man?

What that can do to a man? The little ole man

With the grubby little hand

Who lived in Montreal

Was drooling a bit

As he reached for her tit

And he said to himself:

"This is gonna be it!"
But the girl turned around
And said: "Go eat shit!"
And ran on down the hall.

Right on, Magdalena! My daughter dear, do not be concerned
When your Canadian daddy comes near.

My daughter dear, do not be concerned
When your Canadian daddy comes near.

I work so hard, don't you understand
Making maple syrup for the pancakes of our land.

Do you have any idea?
What that can do to a man?
What that can do to a man?
Do you have any idea?
What that can do to a man?
What that can do to a man?

(Tell 'em!) Magdalena, don't you tease me like this
Right in the hallway with your blouse and your tits
If your mommy ever finds us like this

She'll call a lawyer, oh how mom will be pissed DOODLE-ODDLE-ODDLE DOOT-DOO DEE-OOH
DOODLE-ODDLE-ODDLE DOOT-DOO DEE-OOH
DOODLE-ODDLE-ODDLE DOOT-DOO DEE-OOH

DOODLE-ODDLE-ODDLE DOOT-DOO DEE-OOH-WAH... Magdalena, Magdalena, Magdalena, Magdalena,
Daughter of the smog-filled winds of Los Angeles,
I'd like to take you in the closet and take off your little clothes until you are virtually stark raving nude,
Spread mayonaise

And kaopectate all over your body and take you down to Hollywood Boulevard and we can,
We can walk down the streets by the stars that say Jon Provost and Leo G. Carroll together, baby.

We can go dancing up at the Cinegrill
Can't you see it: Frank Pernell and us, until dark,
Don't you understand, my baby?

I didn't mean, I didn't need, I mean, it was so hard for me, I just...

I saw you standing under the Shell pest strip late last night,
In the light,

With your little nipples protruding through your little see-thru thingie, and I just said, "My god,
My god, I gave my sperm to this thing!" And now I just,

Oh, you got me so hard, I just,

I don't know what to do, Magdalena, don't you understand? So I grabbed you, but,
But don't hold it against me, I mean,

Your mom will never know, baby, and I wantcha to come back to me,
I mean, do you understand me? I want you to...

I'm down on my knees to ya, Magdalena! I wantcha ta walk back to me, baby,
I wantcha to turn around by the Sparkletts machine.

That's it! That's it! In the little chartreuse hallway with the little neon Jesus picture on the wall,
And I want you to step, baby,

I want you to walk back in your five inch spike heels that you got at Frederick's,
Same time you and your mommy got that crotchless underwear last year for Christmas,

And I want you to stroll back to me, baby

Walk back, baby, don'tcha understand me, baby?

I want you to walk back

I'm down on bended knees, baby

I'm gonna, I'm gonna, I wanna take off your little training bra

Don't you understand me?

I'm gonna take off you little maroon hot pants

I'm gonna get down on my knees, baby, don'tcha understand what I'm saying to you?

Your mom will never know, she's playing bridge with the girls,

And you and I...

You and I go sucking som'thing, baby,

It's just you and I, don'tcha understand?

We can make love all night long,

Nobody will ever know,

Come on, Magdalena!

Please, little girl,

Walk back to your daddy,

What did I do that was so wrong?

My God, I was only following the sexual impulse like I heard on the Johnny Carson Show from a book or
something I wrote,

I didn't know what I was doing

I got carried away

What can I say like, like...

Walk back, baby,

Come on,

Oh, please, you gotta walk back, baby, walk back,

Walk back to your daddy!

Come on, Magdalena, to your daddy, baby, you gotta walk back, baby, walk back,

Walk back, baby, walk back,

Your mom will never know,

Your mom will never know,

Walk back, baby, walk back,

Walk back, baby, walk back,

Magdalena, come back,

Come back to you daddy,

Walk back, baby,

Walk back, baby,

Walk,

Walk,

Walk,

Walk,

WALK!

Walk to your daddy,

Come on down, stroll it around of me,
I'm down on my knees, don't you understand?
Your mom will never know,
I told you so...
(I love you, Magdalena!)
You know what...
I said...

Songwriters

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