

# Magdalena

## Miguel Angel Munoz

Mark volman (lead vocals)

Howard kaylan (lead vocals)

Ian underwood (woodwinds, keyboards, vocals)

Aynsley dunbar (drums)

Don preston (keyboards, mini-moog)

Jim pons (bass, vocals)

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

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 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?

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 doodle doodle duh-duh dee-uh  
Doodle doodle doodle duh-duh dee-uh  
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're 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 john provost and leo g. carrol  
Together, baby.

We can go dancing up at the cina grill ... 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  
Ave 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 m  
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,  
.. 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,  
Nt you to walk back in your f  
Ive inch spike heels that you got at frederick's, same time you and your mommy got that crotchless underwear  
last year for the christmas... and I want you to stroll back to me, baby... walk back  
, dontcha 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 trainig bra...don't you understand me. I'm gonna t  
Ff you little maroon hot pants... I'm gonna get down on my knees, baby... dontcha understand what I'm saying  
to you... your mom will never know... she's playing bridge with the girls... and you  
... you and I will... baby, it's just you and i... dontcha understand... we can make love all night long... nobody  
will ever know... come on, magdalena! ...please, little girl... walk back to yo  
Ddy... 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 doin  
Got carried away... walk bac  
K, oh please, to your daddy!... come on, magdalena... to your daddy, baby... your mom will never know... come  
back to you daddy!...

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