Magdalena

Brandon Flowers

Please don't tell me I can't make it
It aint gonna do me any good
And please don't offer me your modern method
I'm fixin' to carve this out of wood
From Nogales to Magdalena
There are 60 miles of sacred road
And the promise is made to those who venture
San Francisco will lift your load
In the land of old Sonora
A shallow river valley cries
The summer left her without forgiveness
It's mirrored in her children's eyes
Prodigal sons and wayward daughters
Carry mandalas that they might
Be delivered from the depths of darkness
And born again by candlelight
And born again my candlelight
Blisters on my feet

Wooden rosary
I felt them in my pocket as I ran
A bullet in the night
A Federales' light
San Francisco do you understand
Tell them that I've made the journey
And tell them that my heart is true
Not like his blessing or forgiveness
Before the angels send it through
And I will know that I am clean know
And I will dance and the band will play
In the old out to cantina
Cause we'll runneth over the ancient clay
And if I should fall to temptation
When I return to evil throes
From Nogales to Magdalena
As a two time beggar I will go
Where I know I can be forgiven, the broken heart of Mexico

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