

Magdalena

Ian Siegal

Lame cat with a fat-back
Sitting on a blind man's shoulder
Hey little doll better catch my fall
Come and talk to me when you're older baby
Talk to me, when you get a little older

Red Bull got a tank-full
Jack O'Lantern under the grill
Armful o'junk and a body in the trunk
Gonna break it down at the mill
I can't get no grinding, get down at the mill

Tip on my car with liquor in the jar
Screaming up the Tower of Babel
Better get home because my baby's all alone
Gotta get some food on my table mama
Got to get it on the table

Smoking up a stack with the joker in the pack
Mixing up the mud with the water
Belly full of meat on the passenger seat
Come on won't you talk to you daughter mama?
Come on, talk to you daughter

You know I'm going out walking in my wolf-skin coat
Get my gravy browning
Gotta keep talking just to keep myself afloat
Wave to me when I'm drowning mama
Wave to me when I'm drowning

Be my little Magdalena
Be my little Magdalena

Big mama she is a hard lover
Choking in a bottle of wine
Tune'em in a flat keep it under your hat
You better stay away now

Rope'em in tight when they running outta sight
Let it out at the waist

Digging my hole gotta reach my goal
Maybe just a little old taste well maybe
I gots to have a little taste

Lyrics submitted by Vica.

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