Magdalena

Trasthes

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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