Magdalena

Leo Sayer

Magdalena sits in her chair
Speaking on the mass
She talks in splice and splinters
She laughs not breaking glassShe says that she would have me
Spirit her away
Stealing all my images
Till there's nothin' left to sayOh, Magdalena
Nothing like the saint you are
Your love is like a razor
My heart is just a scarOh, Magdalena
Nothing like the saint you areShe tells me that she wants me
Then she tells me not to bother
She tells me that I couldn't hold
A candle to her fatherShe knows that she's got me
When I start to rave about
She'll just smile and flash her eyes
And blow the candle outOh, Magdalena
Oh, Magdalena
Nothing like the saint you areMagdalena lying there
Could make a dancer stumble
Make a preacher bite his tongue
And leave him with a mumbleAnd if you think I'm crazy, babe
Or that I'm kiddin' you
Just pay your dues and lose your blues
When she gets her tongue in youOh, Magdalena
Nothing like the saint you are
Your love is like a razor
My heart is just a scarOh, Magdalena
Nothing like the saint you areWell, I can't be forgotten and I can't be ignored
You find me with my poems and my songs
But if upon your journey, you're returning to L.A.
Won't you take this little red-haired girl along?Oh, Magdalena
Nothing like a saint you are
Your love is like a razor
My heart is just a scarOh, Magdalena
Nothing like a saint you are

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