

Magdalen

Anthony Phillips

She takes the morning air
She take the utmost care
She's very good
She sets the flowers aright
She gives the birds their flight
She's very good - she's very good to me
Westminster strolling
Battersea rolling by
And in the night
You will find her
At her easel drawing
Ducks and drakes,
Cathedral eyes
She is one of the best
You can be sure of it
Magdalen, of the misty eyes
You didn't think I'd lose you again
Magdalen, sees the shifting skies
Her majesty makes mighty of men
Magdalen's gone to Edinburgh spires
And she's holding your life in her hands - in her hands
Who holds the world outside?
Who stills the rising tide?
She's very good
Who weaves the stars display?
Who seals the dwindling day?
She's very good - she's very good to me,
Oxford bells ringing,
Phantom choirs singing
Magdalen, of the misty eyes
The world is waiting at behest
Magdalen, sees the shifting skies
And old St. Ives stands firm in the West
Magdalen's gone to Edinburgh spires
And she's holding your life in her hands
Holding your life in her hands - In her hands
We watch the Autumn glow
We take the evening slow
It's very good
We hear the vespers rung
And night's web deftly spun
It's very good, it's very good that she
Sleepy car stories;
Lighthouse lives
Gulls crying, "storm!"
And in the night
You will find her
In the sistine chapel
Looking down
Cathedral mind
She was here from the start
She has seen all of it....
Magdalen, of the misty eyes
You didn't think I'd lose you again
Magdalen, sees the shifting skies
Her majesty makes mighty of men
Magdalen's gone to Edinburgh spires

And she's holding your life in her hands - in her hands
And she's holding your life in her hand
Holding our lives in her hands, in her hands