

# Magdalena

Leo Sayer

Magdalena sits in her chair  
Speaking on the mass  
She talks in splice and splinters  
She laughs not breaking glass

She says that she would have me  
Spirit her away  
Stealing all my images  
Till there's nothin' left to say

Oh, Magdalena  
Nothing like the saint you are  
Your love is like a razor  
My heart is just a scar

Oh, Magdalena  
Nothing like the saint you are

She 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 father

She knows that she's got me  
When I start to rave about  
She'll just smile and flash her eyes  
And blow the candle out

Oh, Magdalena  
Oh, Magdalena  
Nothing like the saint you are

Magdalena lying there  
Could make a dancer stumble  
Make a preacher bite his tongue  
And leave him with a mumble

And 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 you

Oh, Magdalena  
Nothing like the saint you are  
Your love is like a razor  
My heart is just a scar

Oh, Magdalena  
Nothing like the saint you are

Well, 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 scar

Oh, Magdalena  
Nothing like a saint you are