

# Leo Sayer, Magdalena

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Magdalena sits in her chair  
speaking on the mass  
she talks in splice and splinters  
she laughs not breaking glass  
she said 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, ho, ho, 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 turning to I.a.  
won't you take this little red-haired girl along?

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