

# Magdalena

## Brandon Flowers

Please don't tell me I can't make it  
It ain't gonna do me any good  
And please don't offer me your modern methods  
I'm fixing to carve this out of wood  
From Nogales to Magdalena  
There are sixty miles of sacred road  
And the promise is made to those who venture  
San Francisco, lift your load  
In the land of old Sonora  
A shallow river valley cries  
The summer left her without forgiveness  
It's mirrored in her children's eyes  
Prodigal sons and wayward daughters  
Carry Mandas that they might  
Be delivered from the depths of darkness  
And born again by candlelight  
And born again by candlelight  
Blisters on my feet, wooden rosary  
I felt them in my pocket as I ran  
A bullet in the night, a federale's life  
San Francisco, do you understand?  
Tell them that I made the journey  
And tell them that my heart is true  
I'd like his blessing of forgiveness  
Before the angels send it through  
And I will know that I am clean now  
And I will dance and the band will play  
In the old Artu Cantina  
Cups will runneth over the ancient clay  
And if I should fall to temptation  
When I return to evil throws  
From Nogales to Magdalena  
As a two time beggar I will go  
Where I know I can be forgiven  
The broken heart of Mexico  
The broken heart of Mexico  
The broken heart of Mexico

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>