

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/>