

# 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 60 miles of sacred road  
And the promises made to those who venture  
San Francisco will 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 Federales' light  
San Francisco, do you understand?

Tell him that I made the journey  
And tell him 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 out to cantina  
Cause we'll runneth over the ancient clay

And if I should fall to temptation when I return to evil throes  
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