

Sweet Sweet Magdalene

Justin Vernon

The smallest part of me is an echoing cavern
Waiting to be filled with the light of your lantern
Kerosene careens from your grip onto the floor
And you're looking to the place you think I might have
torn

my bag it holds a camera sniffing salts and rakes
A brownish hand recorder to put the sounds to tape
To pay back for you later on inauguration day
And you will teach them slowly how to pronounce your
name

Sweet sweet Magdalene
Build your time machine
I'm sturdy like the sewer line
But I'm one dead Nazarene
Come invade my prison
Come up to my cell
Oh, what the hell
We'll stay a spell tonight babe
And I'll make love to you
The whole night through
You warned you would find bleeding
A crease in my long back
This is long before you knew me
I was a slave to hearts attack
You need it like a train track needs its pins and
spikes
And the town below the damn falls needs its gutter and
it's dice

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