LADY MAGDELENE

Moderately, very legato

Words and Music by NEIL DIAMOND


mf


A(add9)

The man on the right is a man undone.
The man on the left is a prize unwon.
The man in between waits between the two,
He'd give you his soul if you asked him for some,
a candle unlit and a song unsung,
not hearing the lie and not seeing the true,

A child in his way,
Believing that love,
Unknowing what is,

for he needs to believe,
is a dreamer's dreams,
and denying what seems,
that love is a song,
the man on the left,
and there he will sleep.

A(add9)

To Coda

each man to sing.
me in between.
man in between.

A

Lady Magdelene,
I can hear your distant trumpet
calling from the morning mountain,
singing to the passing river.

Take me home. Show me peaceful days

before my youth has gone.
Lady Magdalene,

make the sound of silent thunder calling from the lips of Abraham,

make a sound that we may wonder
where we are. Take us to your soul

for we have wandered far.
The man on the right was a man undone,
the man on the left like a prize unwon.

And God only knows...
what their time will bring

or what will become

A(add9)

man in between.