

McEvoy Eleanor, Precious Little

Shake your beads out
One by one
And call me Magdalene
It won't grieve me
I understand
Where it is you're coming from
Draw a curtain
Close your eyes
When history's pages fail you
I will not open up those history books
That's not for me to do

Precious little in your life
Is yours by right
And won without a fight
Precious little in your life
Is yours by right
And won without a fight

Shadows call me
In the wind
Some don't go away
Angels guide me
From the clouds
In everything I do and say
Shake your beads out

Kneeling down
It will not pass me by
Two people coming from a different place
Maybe neither one is right

Repeat CHORUS

Shake your beads out
Join your hands
That still won't make you right
Those so-called sinners that you're praying for
Are standing by your side

Repeat CHORUS

Repeat CHORUS