

Madeline

Nazareth

Standing watching a pale blue moon,
Rising slowly in the winter sky,
Waiting, hoping shell be home soon,
And I wont ask her where or why.

As the evening shadows fall,
Madeline, madeline
I can hear the night wind call,
Call her name, madeline.

Turning slowly I hear her call,
Echo softly through the silver pines,
Walking home the first snowflake falls,
Still, shes always on my mind.

As the evening shadows fall,
Madeline, madeline
I can hear the night wind call,
Call her name, madeline.