

George Thorogood, Nadine

As I got on a city bus and found a vacant seat,
I thought I saw my future bride walkin' up the street,
I shouted to the driver "hey conductor, you must slow down.
I think I see her please let me off this bus"
Nadine, honey is that you?
Oh, Nadine. Honey, is that you?
Seems like every time I see you darling you got something else to do.
(Alternate verse: Seems like every time I catch you, datcha you're up to something new)

I saw her from the corner when she turned and doubled back
And started walkin' toward a coffee colored Cadillac
I was pushin' through the crowd to get to where she's at
And I was campaign shouting like a southern diplomat.

Downtown searching for her, looking all around,
Saw her getting in a yellow cab heading up town.
I caught a loaded taxi, paid up everybodys tab.
With a twenty-dollar bill, told him "catch that yellow cab."

She moves around like a wave of summer breeze,
Go, driver, go, go, catch her balmy breeze.
Moving through the traffic like a mounted cavalier
Leaning out the taxi window trying to make her hear.