

Nazareth, Madelaine

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Standing, watching a pale blue moon,
Rising slowly in the winter sky.
Waiting, hoping she'll be home soon,
And I won't ask her where or why.

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

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

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