

Madelaine

Paul Roland

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

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