

Nadine

Dion

As I got on a city bus and found a vacant seat,
I thought I saw my future bride walking 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.

I saw her from the corner when she turned and doubled back
And started walking toward a coffee colored Cadillac
I was pushing through the crowd to get to where shes 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 everybody's 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.