

## Clarks, The "Madeline"

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Madeline flows like the summer stream  
She talks with her eyes, she moves in a dream  
Serenity grows in a pasture of green, and Madeline  
flows  
Abigail flies on a silver wing  
She might let me go she might let me sing  
Prosperity lies in a mountain of things, and Abigail  
flies

When you find her tell her you don't mind the way that  
she crosses her legs  
She winks to let you know  
I only like to observe I don't profess to know

Kira comes on like the morning sun  
She opens her eyes, she looks out for fun  
Affinity flies through a canyon of one, and Kira comes  
on  
Tabatha walks in the pouring rain  
She closes her eyes to block out the pain  
Disparity flows through a river of shame, and Tabatha  
walks

When you find her tell her you don't mind the way that  
she crosses her legs  
She winks to let you know  
I only like to observe I don't profess to know  
And in the garden of blue she's coming back to you  
and the feeling is true  
Oh Madeline won't you tell me what your gonna do

And when you find her tell her you mind the way she  
crosses her heart  
And says I hope to die  
I guess I'll never know you I guess I'll never know why  
And in the garden of blue she's coming back to you  
and the feeling is true  
Oh Madeline I never knew what you were going through

