

## The Candidate

Al Stewart

Inside the lonely building sits the candidate  
His speech is typed and ready, the hundred dollar plates  
Sit on deserted tables beneath fluorescent light  
But no one comes to hear him; no cheers disturb the night

So where are all the voters? Where the voters' wives?  
They've all gone to the movies, trying to understand their lives  
The candidate is slipping into some dream of old  
Not noticing around him, a thousand rubber chickens going cold.