

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.