

Waiting for Margaux

Al Stewart

She says she works in government
Though her job is ill-defined
She's a registered Republican
With a bitter chocolate mind
She sometimes lives in Washington
She always lives in hope
She drives a European car
And buys expensive soap

She grew up as a rebel
Though her tastes were quite diverse
She stayed up in her room at night
With existential verse
But something changed in college
She grew more resolute
Still she keeps that air of danger
Even in a business suit

She's got the best taste in wine
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And though her icons and her medieval armor
Seem a little cold
I'd go 'round there anytime
That stuff is so hard to find
I don't know what we talk about
It drifts off to the chairs and curtain folds
Oh Margaux, I'm waiting for you
Oh Margaux, what can I do

I don't know what she sees in me
I sometimes get confused
At times she looks at me as though she's secretly amused
And though I'm no sophisticate
I don't think I'd be shocked
I'd like to know what's in those drawers
And rooms that she keeps locked