

## 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  
She's got the best taste in wine  
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