

# Margaux

Matilda Mann

Another day, another room and nothing new to say  
But pretty eyes that match the sky and softness in her face  
She can't decide and never cries, I think that's just her style  
Margaux, stay a little while

Countless hours spent outside to waste her time away  
And overbearing, endless staring into, out of space  
I can't recall the time before I felt so out of place  
Margaux left without a trace

Sunday mornings are quieter these days  
And when do I get back the time we wasted?  
We both know there's no one else to blame  
Margaux left and nothing felt the same

Another meal in silence and I don't know what to make  
My room is still a mess and my hair is just the same  
I contemplate and wait for something just to make me move  
Margaux said I'd never lose

Sunday mornings are quieter these days  
And when do I get back the time we wasted?  
We both know there's no one else to blame  
Margaux left and nothing felt  
Margaux left, it's for the best  
Margaux left and everything has changed