

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