

# Al Stewart, Love Chronicles

I can remember the first girl that I did love  
It was Stephanie  
In kindergarten arithmetic classes she used to  
Sit next to me  
I'd pass her sticky sweets under the table  
Where the teacher couldn't see  
Although she wouldn't remember me now  
Sometimes I wonder where she can be

I can remember the first girl I kissed  
It was Christine when I was ten  
I'd been told we were moving away  
I thought I'd never see her again  
Oh don't forget me  
I'll be back when they let me  
Before you learn how to lie when you're leaving  
Love is so much easier then

And at school would you believe three hundred boys  
And no girls at all  
But you're a fool if you should leave  
Just think of the joys of rugby football  
And prep in the morning and Brylcreem and acne  
And cross-country running to kill evil thoughts  
I'm surprised that I survived  
I ran ten thousand miles with my back to the wall

I can remember the first girl that I made love to  
It was in a park  
In the lower pleasure gardens in Bournemouth  
In summer just after dark  
My mind was reeling: Oh what a feeling.  
I missed the bus and walked twelve miles home  
And it really didn't seem far

And all through my seventeenth summer  
Running together from crowds and ties  
Taking our clothes off and feeling each other  
With fingers and senses and mouths and eyes  
Incurring the glances of old disapproval  
From elderly local inhabitant's eyes  
Oh time, time we hardly even knew you  
You didn't touch us with your lies

In the halcyon days of my late adolescence  
My goal seemed clearly in sight  
Playing electric guitar with a beat group  
We set the ballrooms alight  
Camping it up for the dyed blonde receptionists  
Who told us we were al-ri-yi-yight  
On an ego trip for a teenage superstar  
On thirty shillings a nigh-yight

And so it fell that I came up to London  
To look for fortune and fame  
Starry eyed in my seaside successes  
And much too sure of the game  
First girl I met there I thought I'd get there  
But the first girl was nearly the last girl  
She left my eyes in the drain  
She sat on my floor in the dead of the night  
Rolling a joint and looking round for a light  
Her clothes were so black and her face was so white  
How could I know what was right?

And I sat all huddled upon my bed  
Watching her in my innocence  
And it was no sense at all, but too much sense  
That took me to the bridge of impotence  
Oh Artaud's anthology lay spread on the floor  
And the thoughts that she gave me,  
I'd not met before  
And stranded half hypnotised,  
I watched her in awe  
Of everything that she stood for

And I wanted more than anything to be like her with every sense  
But it was no sense at all, but too much sense  
That took me to the bridge of impotence  
She came over to me and kissed me in play  
Taking my hand between her legs as she lay  
And she looked in my eyes but I turned them away  
Finding no words fit to say

And I hated myself, but could not move  
Shattered in my confidence  
But it was no sense at all, but too much sense  
That took me to the bridge of impotence  
Now the stare of the lightbulb tore holes in my brain  
As she got up in the silence that hung like a stain  
And I wanted to speak, or to call out her name  
But how could I begin to explain?

And my prosecuting room still holds  
A strand of her hair in evidence  
But it was no sense at all, but too much sense  
That took me to the bridge of impotence  
Oh I still think about her when the night fills with rain  
And speaks in its voices uneasy and vain  
And I think were I maybe to find her again  
Oh I'd probably see her more plain

And I should have known she was just like me  
It was after all only common-sense  
But it was no sense at all, but too much sense  
That took me to the bridge of impotence  
But it was no sense at all, but too much sense  
That took me to the bridge of impotence

At first I didn't go out much at all  
I just stayed at home in my chains  
Picking over the threads of my confidence  
And searching for the remains  
And when I couldn't stand any more of it  
Going down to a club  
Mixing in with the sounds and the crowds  
I let the music cover me up

And only, lonely, the harlequins and painted phonies  
Pick their ways, through the haze  
Of highs and lows and blues  
And all that I could do was to pick my way to you  
Though I didn't tell you  
You were just a thing to prove  
I was hungry when found you, but I'm alright now

They sigh, they lie, the refugees and superheroes  
On ice, so nice to see you, what's your name?  
And all that I could do was to say the same to you

Take you for the moment, though the moment wasn't true  
But I was hungry when I found you and I'm alright now

Though the street lamp cut through the curfew  
It shed no light on our mind  
It would have been so easy to love you  
At any other time  
Only, lonely, you came to me the night hung coldly  
In your eyes, some other time I might have stayed with you  
But all that I could do was to turn around to you  
Thanks for what you gave me now it's time to say "Adieu"  
I was hungry when I found you but I'm alright now.

Ba ba ba alright now

And so it came that I stood disillusioned  
By everything I'd been told  
I just didn't believe love existed  
They were all just digging for gold  
Widows and bankers and typists and businessmen  
Loved each other they said  
But all it was though was just a manoeuvre  
The quickest way into bed

And so I followed the others' example  
And jumped into the melee  
In the hunting grounds of Earls Court and Swiss Cottage  
I did my best to get laid  
Beer cans and parties, deb girls and arties  
Bouncing around in the social confusion  
Missing and making the grade

The very first time I must confess  
I thought you'd be like all of the rest  
And we'd be strangers once again  
By the time we were dressed  
But when you'd smoked your cigarette  
And talked of some people that we'd met  
I found myself asking was it set,  
did you have to go yet

And so you laughed and then kissed me  
And stayed for the whole weekend  
Although the bed was so narrow  
We had to sleep end to end

And so the weeks passed through my brain  
In their dadaistic chain  
I found myself seeing you again, and again and again  
And all you gave you gave it free  
Asking for nothing back from me  
You gave yourself unselfishly as a part of me  
And where I thought that just plucking  
The fruits of the bed was enough  
It grew to be less like fucking  
And more like making love

Of all the girls I ever knew  
some loved and some denied me  
And all the words I ever said  
have been no use to hide me  
And all the songs I ever sung  
each one of them untied me  
And all the girls I ever loved  
have left themselves inside me

