

Al Stewart, Next Time

"Next Time"

He heard the clatter of her heels in the street

The clock said half-past three

He lay there waiting in the dark to hear

The scraping of the front-door key

He wouldn't say to her

"Don't want to know where you were"

She wouldn't find him there

Next time

She missed the train, she felt the rain upon her face

It seemed to clear her head

She watched him drive into the night

A broken tail-light, a speck of red

She still felt his touch

It didn't seem to mean that much

She wouldn't go back there

Next time

When you were just a kid you loved

To go to movies in the afternoon

And so you left the factory

And got a job in the projection-room

Bette Davis plays

Ran away with the passing days

You'll be a movie-star

Next time