Steve Hackett, Love Of Another Kind

The joint was jumping all the time
Something running through my mind
There was a pretty face on the floor
I stood there wondering if I could score

She said:
Too many people knocking on my door
When I answer they still want more
You look different from the other guys
A love of another kind

I walked her home, we talked all night
I never noticed the morning light
Maybe I changed, I can't quite say
I had to see her for another day

She said:
Too many people knocking on my door
When I answer they still want more
You look different from the other guys
A love of another kind

Now I see that girl all the time
Just to know she is mine
Can't you see that I'm a changed man
I see that girl whenever I can

She said:
Too many people knocking on my door
When I answer they still want more
You look different from the other guys
A love of another kind