

# Al Stewart, Almost Lucy

Lucy worked a different club every day,  
And though she put her mind to it,  
Her heart was never in it,  
She stayed around just long enough to get paid,  
She won't pass the time with you, she can't stay a minute,  
And all these changing faces never bothered her at all,  
They just existed like a back-drop or a pattern on the wall,  
Lucy looks like someone who is waiting for a call,  
She knows he'll come, but no-one else can hear at all,

Lucy finds the dressing room and the bar,  
Hangs her clothes up, hopes tonight,  
The contract won't be broken,  
Well, they kick you round so much when you're not a star,  
Make you play all night just for a pittance or a token,  
But all these imperfections never bothered her at all,  
She says it sharpens your perception when your back's against the wall,  
There's something that enables her to rise above it all,  
To shrug it off, just when it seems to go too far,

Hey, hey, hey, I think you almost, feel the pain comin' on inside,  
Hey, hey, hey, I think you almost, feel it now and you don't know why,  
You don't know why.

(Instrumental Solo)

The last time that I saw her she had given up the chase,  
Moved away to California, got a suntan on her face,  
She said that life was just another time another space,  
It's over now, she learned a lot, it's not a waste,

Hey, hey, hey, I think you almost, feel the pain comin' on inside  
Hey, hey, hey, I think you almost, feel it now and you don't know why,

Hey, hey, hey, I think you almost, feel yourself reaching out inside,  
Hey, hey, hey, I think you almost, feel it now and you don't know why.