

# Al Stewart, Clifton in the Rain

The rain came down like beads  
Bouncing on the noses of the  
People from the train  
A flock of salty ears  
Sparkled in the traffic lights  
Feet squelched soggy leaves across the grain  
I took my love to Clifton in the rain

And all along the way  
Wanderers in overcoats with  
Collars on parade  
And steaming in the night  
The listeners in the Troubadour  
Guitar player weaves a willow strain  
I took my love to Clifton in the rain

Jacqueline Bisset  
I saw your movie  
Wondered if you really felt that way  
Do you ever fear  
The images of Hollywood?  
Have you felt a shadow of its pain?  
I thought of you in Clifton in the rain