

Al Stewart, Not The One

It's the kind of grey November day that washes away reflections
In the eyes of hotel porters
And the latticed wooden benches by the sea contain no travellers
Or Irish lady authors
And the girl in the raincoat walks the lanes of Brighton
With her collar turned against the wind
And hovers in the doorways of second-hand bookshops
Among the dust and fading print
And you're not the one she's thinking of
And you're not the one she really wants
Just a point along the line she's leaving from

She goes into a cafe, orders tea, looks at the menu
But there's nothing really on it
And the place is as deserted as a plaza in a heat-wave
And the cloth has jam upon it
But the girl in the raincoat doesn't stop to count the tea-leaves
Or turn to see the mists around the sun
For the winter's unfolding around her
And it's time for moving on
And you're not the one she's thinking of
And you're not the one she really wants
Just a station on the line she's leaving from

And so you sit there in the middle of the carpet
With her suitcases around you
And it comes to you she journeyed to the center of your life
But she never really found you
Just another girl in a raincoat
Who shared the passing of the days
And you're glad of the warmth that she gave you
And you hardly need to say
That she's not the one you're thinking of
No she's not the one you really want
Just a point along the line you're leaving from