

## Al Stewart "Not The One"

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It's the kind of gray November day that washes  
Away reflections in the eyes of hotel porters  
And the latticed wooden benches by the sea  
Contain no travelers 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 thinkin' of  
And you're not the one she really wants  
Just a point along the line she's leavin' 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 movin' on

And you're not the one she's thinkin' of  
And you're not the one she really wants  
Just a point along the line she's leavin' 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 thinkin' of  
No, she's not the one you really want  
Just a point along the line you're leavin' from

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