

Next Time

Al Stewart

He heard the clatter of her heels in the street
The clock said half-past three
He lay there waiting in the dark
To hear the scraping of the front-door key

He wouldn't say to her
"Don't wanna know where you were?"
She wouldn't find him there
Next time

She missed the train, she felt the rain upon her face
It seemed to clear her head
She watched him drive into the night
A broken tail-light, a speck of red

She still felt his touch
It didn't seem to mean that much
She wouldn't go back there
Next time

When you were just a kid
You loved to go to movies in the afternoon
And so you left the factory
And got a job in the projection-room

Bette Davis plays
Ran away with the passing days
You'll be a movie star
Next time