

Not the One

Al Stewart

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