

This Is Not Love

Jethro Tull

Winds howled. Rains spit down.
All these nights playing precious games.
Cheap hotel in some seaboard town
closed down for the winter and whispered names.
Puppy-dog waves on a big moon sea
snap our heels half-heartedly
and how come you know better than me
that this is not love.
No, this is not love.

Empty drugstore postcards freeze
sunburst images of summers gone.
Think I see us in these promenade days
before we learned October's song.
Out on the headland, one gale-whipped tree;
curious, head bent to see.
And how come you know better than me
that this is not love.

Down to the sad south, smokey plumes
mark that real world city home.
Broken spells and silent gloom
ooze from that concrete honeycomb.
Puppy-dog waves on a big moon sea
snapped our heels half-heartedly
and how come you know better than me
that this is not love.