

The People That You Never Get to Love

[Nancy Lamott](#)

You're browsing through
A second hand bookstore
And you see him
In non-fiction
V through Y
She looks up
From World War Two
And then you catch
His catching you
Catching his eye
And you quickly turn away
Your wishful stare
And take a sudden interest
In your shoes
If you only had the courage
But you don't she turns
And leaves and you both lose And you think about
The people
That you never get to love
It's not as if you even
Have the chance
So many worth
A second life
But rarely do you get
A second glance
Until fate cuts
In on your dance And you'll see him on a train
That you've just missed
At a bus stop
Where your bus will never stop
Or in a passing Buick
When you've been pulled over
By a traffic cop
Or you'll share an elevator
Just you two
And you'll rise
In solemn silence
To your floor
Like the fool

You are you get off
And he leaves your life
Behind a closing doorAnd you think about
The people
That you never get to love
The poem you intended to begin
The saddest words
That anyone has ever said
Are "Lord what might have been"
But noone said you get to winStill you're never gonna miss
What you don't know
And you don't know
Who you'll meet
At half past three
It could be a total stranger
Who looks something
Just exactly much like meOne of the people
That you never get to love
One of the people
That you never get to love
The people
That you never get to love

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