

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, no, this is not love
This is not love, yeah?
How come you know better than me?
Well, how come you know better than me?
So how come you know better than me
That this is not love, this is not love?
Yeah, 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, no, this is not love
No, this is not love, this is not love
This is not love, this is not love?

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