

# 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

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