

Life And Life Only

Al Stewart

Mr. Willoughby, whose only luxury is the sugar in his tea
Teaches history at High Worthington School
His clothing has remained unnoticeably plain
His common room technique suitably restrained, though maybe too
cool
Work done in the summery sun, see the cricket ball fly
Intently, like a strange demented bird towards the sun
Considering its flight, he pauses for a while
Ah, but Mr. Willoughby, we've never seen you smile
Tell me how come?
Ah well, sometimes it must get lonely
Ah, but it's life and life only

"Maurice," said Renee, "Why didn't you say that you'd be so late
The supper that I made is ruined again.
Is there anything you'd like?".
"No, nothing", he replied
Standing by the stairs, not looking in her eyes, so stupidly male
All dark and lying in bed,
"You've been with her again" She blurts out, then turning on her
side begins to cry
At first he doesn't stir but then mumbling his words
He reaches for her hand, she shivers, but doesn't take it away
Ah, for sometimes it does get lonely
Ah, but it's life and life only

Oh Smithy Smithers-Bell; clerk from Clerkenwell
On the beach at Bournemouth thinks he very well
May be next year in France
Inspired for a while, he decides to risk a smile at Mr. Willoughby
Who passes, polishing his glasses, studiously averting his glance
Renee, several deckchairs away, wonders if they would be better
While Maurice is with the kids out in the sea
And I was feeling small, sitting on the wall
Looking at them all and wondering who will I be?
Ah, but sometimes it does get lonely
Ah, but it's life and life only
Ah, but it's life and life only
Ah, but it's life and life only
Ah, but it's life and life ..