

## 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 ..