

## Life Between the Wars

Al Stewart

Paul Gervaise picks up the Herald  
And sees the face of Zelda Fitzgerald  
She's part of the scene  
Of life between the wars

The tropic sun is sticky and warm  
And it bakes the head of Somerset Maugham  
Who is writing a scene  
Of life between the wars

You're waiting by the hotdog stand  
In the onion air  
As the ball flies through the park  
Violet and Vita run  
Through the streets of Paris  
Their laughter floating through the dark

A fog that fell is swallowing London  
Coco Chanel came back with a suntan  
To brighten the scene  
Of life between the wars

There will be a pint of milk  
And a Hovis loaf  
At the end of every street  
You can hear a silver band on the radio  
And it makes the grocer tap his feet

The King is leaving Buckingham Palace  
It's all too cold  
He'd rather have Wallis  
They're part of the scene  
Of life between the war