

Al Stewart, Life Between The Wars

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