

Gomez

"A Song For Lovers In Between The War"

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She's my age, her smile's a razor blade
Her heart beats a train delay
She kneels and plays her weeping serenade
For the coming of another day

The dust won't settle on her new desk phone
They always call a call to arms if they call at all
Information swim downstream, lies grow tall
Sing the song for lovers in between the wars

Edelweiss don't grow on these climes
They don't like the sand and lime
For you doubters, share token flowers
'Tween sweethearts and office hours

There's a notice hanging on their wall
Says you people better work a little more
But while those businessmen and gods are keeping
score,
Sing this song for lovers in between the wars
In between the wars

Life is pale in transparent detail
Right down to the very last nail
A murder mile of elegant style
Even we fools are versatile

A fashionista feels her blood grow cold
The future king of England's getting really old
With all that white noise waiting at your door
Sing this song for lovers in between the wars
In between the wars

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