

## Oyster Band

### "Between The Wars"

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I was a miner, I was a docker  
I was a railwayman between the wars  
I raised a family in time of austerity  
With sweat at the foundry, between the wars  
I paid the union and as times got harder  
I looked to the government to help the working man  
They brought prosperity, down at the armoury  
We're arming for peace, my boys, between the wars  
I kept the faith and I kept voting,  
Not for the iron fist, but for the helping hand  
Theirs is a land with a wall around it  
And mine is a faith in my fellow man  
Theirs is a land of hope and glory  
Mine is the green field and the factory floor  
Theirs are the skies all dark with bombers  
Mine is the peace we knew between the wars  
Call up the craftsmen, bring me a draughtsman  
Build me a path from cradle to grave  
And I'll give my consent to any government  
That does not deny a man a living wage  
Go find the young men, never to fight again

Call up the banners from the days gone by

Sweet moderation, the heart of this nation,

Desert us not, we are between the wars

(the mumbling is said to be "And behold when they  
opened the sixth door

there was a great earthquake,

and the sun became black as sackcloth

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