

Al Stewart "Life And Life Only"

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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 deck chairs 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

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