

Between the Wars

Nada Surf

A lucky man, I grew up between the wars
I stayed young and adored
Eleven D, the times came to the door
First memory in our shared room
Was the city wind and sunlight on the floor

Black armbands pinned to little arms
Rode on our parent's shoulders
At a march for an end to the war in Vietnam

Here by grace
So go we
Every face has a key
Has a key

Minute mouse, courageous cat
On Saturdays, we'd sneak in to borrow
Our parents' tiny GE black and white
In the spring, it was sweet to be alive
Our sitter snuck us out to a rally in the park
Phil Ochs, the war is over, 1975
The spinning wheel of history recedes
We picked up the cans and bottles
And made our way home through the trees

Here by grace
So go we
Every face was meant to be
Has a key

See your brain
Feel some change
See your brain
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