

## 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  
Feel some change