

Fish

"Garden Party"

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Garden party held today, invites call the debs to play,
Social climbers polish ladders,
Wayward sons again have fathers,
"hello, dad!", "hello, dad!"
Edgy eggs and queuing cumpers,
Rudely wakened from their slumbers
Time has come again for slaughter on the lawns by still
cam waters,
It's a slaughter, it's a slaughter

Champagne corks are firing at the sun again
Swooping swallows chased by violins again
Straafed by strauss
They sulk in crumbling eaves again, oh God not again!

Aperitifs consumed en masse display their owners on
the grass
Couples loiter in the cloisters, social leeches quoting
chaucer
Doctor's son, a parson's daughter where, why not and
should they oughta
Please don't lie upon the grass, unless accompanied by
a fellow,
May I be so bold as to perhaps suggest othello,
perhaps suggest othello

Punting on the cam is jolly fun they say
Beagling on the downs, oh please do come they say
Rugger is the tops, a game for men they say, they say,
good God they say

I'm punting, I'm beagling, I'm wining, reclining, I'm
rucking, I'm fucking, so welcome, it's a party

Angie chucks another blue, mother smiles she did it too
Chitters chat and gossips lash, posers pose, pressmen
flash, flash, [flash]

Smiles polluted with false charm, locking on to royal
arms,
Society columns now ensured, returns to mingle with
the crowds

Oh what a crowd

Oh, punting on the cam, oh please do come they say
Beagling on the downs, oh please so come they say
Garden party held today they say, oh please do come,
Oh please do come, they say.

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