

## Marillion "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  
Strafed by Strauss they sulk in crumbling eaves again  
Oh God  
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}

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 chalks another blue  
Mother smiles she did it too  
Chitters chat and gossips lash  
Posers pose, pressmen 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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