

The Magnetic Fields "The Horrible Party"

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Take me away from this horrible party
And let me get home to Mother
Don't make me stay at this horrible party
And I'll never go to another

People are shedding their inhibitions and their clothes
Many are sprawled on divans painting each other's
toes
Everyone seems to be stuffing something up his nose
A player piano is tinkling ["Anything Goes"] again and
again

Deliver me from this horrible party
And I will give you some money
Why, why are we at this horrible party?
And I don't see what's so funny

Here in the darkness known hitherto only to moles
People are using the slang they picked up from the
proles
Everyone's finding new uses for muffs and mink stoles
And ["Anything Goes"] goes again, have they no other
rolls?

Some plastic surgeon's done horrible things to poor
Jane
Making her terrifically popular, men are insane
["Anything Goes"] is the motto and endless refrain
My dear, it was heaven until they ran out of champagne

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