

The Record Company Bash

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There's a woman in the wardrobe singing Beatles out of tune,
And a salesman in the corner trying to blow up a burst balloon,
And the managing director, he's a-lying on his back,
He's got ice-
cream on his trousers and he's planning his attack,
It's just another record company bash,
Nice to know they've got the cash,

You're the only one here I can talk to,
Is there nowhere near we can walk to,
I really want to see you again,
But I don't know your name;

Let's go, let's go home,
Yea, let's go, let's go home,
Let's go, let's get out...

The promotion department secretaries are out to kill tonight,
And the A and R director is still looking for his wife,
Oh and there's a party in the bedroom,
They've got the mirror on the floor,
And there's a guy who says he's from Rolling Stone
Who shouldn't be here at all,
It's just another record company bash,
Nice to know someone's got cash,
And they're gonna do something obscene,
With the video machine,
I really think it's time to leave,
Won't you come with me please?

Let's go, let's go home,
Let's go, let's go home,
Grab a bottle of whisky and a bottle of wine,
It doesn't really matter if it's your place or mine,
Let's go, let's go home...