

You're having tea with Graham Greene
In a colored costume of your choice
And you'll be held in high esteem
If you're seen in between
Stiffly holding umbrellas
Catching the fellows making the toast
To the civil servant Carruthers
Making the others worser than most

You're making small talk now with the Queen
And the elegant ladies in waiting
You're very nervous they can all tell
Pretty well they can tell
So save yourselves for the hounds of hell
They can have you all to themselves
Since the fashion now is to give away
All the things you love so well

Welcome back to Chipping and Sodbury
You can have another chance
It must all seem like second nature
Chopping down the people where they stand
According to the latest score
Mr. Enoch Powell is falling star
So in future please bear in mind
Don't see clear don't see far
When the average social director
Mistook a passenger for the conductor
So shocking see the old Church of E
Looking down on you and me