

## Garden Party

Fish

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 waterers,  
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 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.