

## The Party

Godley & Creme

Ding dong, ding dong  
Hi! Hey! Sorry we're late  
You're not the first  
Oh Great!  
Hey listen I'm sorry but we can't stay late  
So we parked in the middle at the top by the gate  
On the grass with the crass Volkswagen estate  
Whose is it? Mine! You're kidding, it's great! (Jesus)  
I just love the way he's used the car like an empty canvas  
And let the rust eat itself into the overall design  
With such devastating spontaneity  
David you're ignoring me, come here  
Who do you have to fuck to get a drink `round here?  
It's art David, neo-functional mannerism  
Cerebral but oblique  
It's one star four owner shagged out chic  
One star four owner shagged out chic  
You're a cocksucker Michael  
You are what you eat David!  
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong  
Darling, darling, Hi darling  
Hello darling John! Ben! John! Sandy! John! Somerset! John!  
Weekend! John! Wendy! John! Kevin! Got any?  
No but I've got champagne!  
Hi, hi, hi there.

Damn it I know you're in a bit of a spot  
And you're used to the Merc and the Moet and the yacht  
And it must be a blow to the ego, what!  
But forget about this video rot  
And write yourselves a hit or three  
Like "I'm Not in Paris" or "The Dean and Me"  
I mean really I don't like your stuff very much  
It's too avant garde and aggressive and butch  
I prefer a gentle and melodic touch  
But the kids today have got their ears in their crutch  
If it's not robots singing in Dutch  
It's Adam and the Ants and Starsky and Hutch  
By the way here's your present, Thanks very much  
Now who's here?

The Prews, the Magoos, the Targetts and the Benmen  
Johnny Peruvian, Marathon Man,  
Blonde and the dangerous cameraman  
Hello. The Prews, the Magoos, the Targetts, and the Benmen  
Brando, Banacek, Pusher, Taker,  
Student Prince and cocktail shaker  
Hello. The Prews, the Magoos, the Targetts, and the Benmen  
Tim Clinch Vicar's son, Prince Buster meets Tweedledum...  
Hello. The Prews, the Magoos, the Targetts, and the Benmen  
Well Jesus Christ is that the time  
I could have sworn it was only twenty to nine  
Hello Susan darling you look divine  
Anyway we'd better be off before we get blocked in  
So give our regards to the Paul and the Lynnes  
And the swankys and the chatters and the Tequila twins  
Sorry Attilla's brides

Anyway must go, must fly, don't drink yourselves to death  
But the baby is allergic to the babysitter's breath  
And she'll have her boyfriend in a vice-like grip  
On the backgammon table sucking guacamole dip  
Through the holes in his stockings, isn't it shocking!  
Champagne.

I hope the whole world comes to my birthday party  
Oh boy my skin feels about an inch thick, how about you Ben?  
I'm fine, another line?  
Why is everybody talking in speech balloons  
And disappearing in Tequila fumes  
Another line? Fine.  
I love you Ben, let me count the ways  
Whoops here comes the Spaghetti Bolognaise  
So I'm stuck in the toilet with Rick  
And I'm gonna be, I'm gonna be, I'm gonna be, I'm gonna be  
I think I'm gonna be, it's gonna be, I'm gonna be,  
It's gonna be, gonna be, gonna be, it's gonna be  
So long Rick

It's gonna be me and the bowl,  
Me and the bowl  
Me and the never ending bowl  
Me and the bowl  
Me and the bowl  
Me and the never ending bowl  
Me and the bowl  
Me and the bowl  
Me and the never ending bowl

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