

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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