## **The Party**

## **Insane Clown Posse**

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 You're a cocksucker Michael You are what you eat David! 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 quacamole dip Through the holes in his stockings, isn't it shocking! Champagne. I hope the whole world comes to my birthday party I hope the whole world comes to my birthday party I hope the whole world comes to my birthday party I hope the whole world comes to my birthday party I hope the whole world comes to my birthday party I hope the whole world comes to my birthday party I hope the whole world comes to my birthday party 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 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 I hope the whole world comes to my birthday party I hope the whole world comes to my birthday party I hope the whole world comes to my birthday party I hope the whole world comes to my birthday party I hope the whole world comes to my birthday party I hope the whole world comes to my birthday party I hope the whole world comes to my birthday party

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