

Last Man at the Party

Jethro Tull

Sister Bridget by the stair... a glass of wine and she's almost there.

Cousin Jimmy at the door... another beer and he's on the floor.

Friends and neighbours come around,

waste no time we're heaven-bound.

But not before we raise a glass to good camaraderie.

Stinky Joe from down the street fell right over his own three feet.

He's doubled up in the outside loo, to taste again the devil's brew.

Friends and neighbours come around,

waste no time we're heaven-bound.

But not before we raise a glass to good camaraderie.

So make yourselves jolly under mistletoe, holly and ivy.

Get to it - and be in good cheer.

And when it's all over... pigs gone to clover -

Will the last man at the party wish me a happy New Year.

The house is jumping, suppers up. Curried goat in a paper cup.

Forks of plastic, knives of tin... who cares what state the goat is in.

Someone with the gift of song

has brought his pal to sing along.

Now they're turning up old Frank Sinatra on the stereo.