

# The Party

Phil Ochs

The fire-breathing rebels arrive at the party early  
Their khaki coats are hung in the closet near the fur  
Asking handouts from the ladies, while they criticize the Lords  
Boasting of the murder of the very hands that pour  
And the victims learn to giggle, for at least they are not bored

And my shoulders had to shrug  
As I crawled beneath the rug and retuned my piano

The hostess is enormous, she fills the room with perfume  
She meets the guests and smothers them with greetings.  
And she asks, "How are you" and she offers them a drink  
The countess of the social grace, who never seems to blink  
And she promises to talk to you if you promise not to think

And my shoulders had to shrug  
As I crawled beneath the rug and retuned my piano

The beauty of the hour is blazing in the present  
She surrounds herself with those who would surrender  
Floating in her flattery, she's a trophy-prize, caressed  
Protected by a pretty face, sometimes cursed, sometimes blessed  
And she's staring down their desires  
While they're staring down her dress

And my shoulders had to shrug  
As I crawled beneath the rug and retuned my piano

The egos shine like light bulbs, so bright you cannot see them  
Blind each other blinder than a sandbox  
All the fury of an argument, holding back their yawns  
A challenge shakes the chandeliers, the selfish swords are drawn  
To the loser go the hangups, to the victor go the hangers on

And my shoulders had to shrug  
As I crawled beneath the rug and retuned my piano

They travel to the table, the host is served for supper  
And they pass each other down for salt and pepper  
And the conversation sparkles as their wits are dipped in wine  
Dinosaurs on a diet, on each other they will dine  
Then they pick their teeth and they squelch a belch saying  
"Darling, you tasted divine"

And my shoulders had to shrug  
As I crawled beneath the rug and retuned my piano

The wallflower is waiting, she hides behind composure, composure  
She'd love to dance and prays that no one asks her  
Then she steals a glance at lovers while her fingers tease her hair  
And she marvels at the confidence of those who hide their fears  
Then her eyes are closed as she rides away with a foreign legionnaire

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Romeo is reeling, counting notches on his thighbone

Searching for one hundred and eleven  
And he's charming as a child as he leads you to his web  
Seducing queens and gypsy girls in the boudoir of his head  
Then he wraps himself with a tablecloth and pretends he is a bed

And my shoulders had to shrug  
As I crawled beneath the rug and retuned my piano

Oh, the party must be over, even the losers are leaving  
But just one doubt is nagging at my caustic mind  
So I snuck up close behind me and I gave myself a kiss  
And I led myself to the mirror to expose what I had missed  
There I saw a laughing maniac who was writing songs like this

And my shoulders had to shrug  
As I crawled beneath the rug and retuned my piano