

# Let It Blow

Richard Thompson

He was a species on the verge of extinction  
She was an Air New Zealand hostess  
They were mystically joined like Rawicz and Landauer  
Like Pinky and Perky, like Porgy and Bess

Oh, he loved the pursuit and the romance  
But the details were more of a chore  
When the bride's veil lifted, his mind soon drifted  
At least that's what happened before

Let it blow, let it snow  
Let the mercury bubble and dive  
Life's little traumas and courtroom dramas  
Remind me I'm glad I'm alive

Oh, she loved the clinking of glasses  
When the toast was to nobles and princes  
In the conjugal nest she was seen at her best  
With her keen eye for curtains and chintzes

And she had all of the furniture ordered  
By the time they were naming the date  
And her mother came speeding from distant Dunedin  
To help with the flowers and cake

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At the Chapel of Partial Remembrance  
The ushers went into a seizure  
Mr. Bacchus, they said, "Should we stand on our heads  
Would sackcloth and ashes displease you?"

And they honeymooned down in Ibiza  
Where the sun and the nightlife were hot  
As she lay on the sand, he said, "Isn't it grand?  
I bring all of my wives to this spot"

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A life of volcanic activity  
Left him nothing to spout but hot air  
A long interruption since his last eruption  
Was disguised by sheer devil may care

But some charm and some skill, and manoeuvre  
Had him rising to meet the occasion  
And for once they found bliss but news of their tryst  
Got to Fleet Street and caused a sensation

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The Press was baying for blood now  
They gave them a week at the most  
We were all glad to see it reach weeks two and three  
But the fourth week, the whole thing was toast

And she dragged her tail back to New Zealand  
With threats of High Court and revenge  
Meanwhile his eye did stray to the ample bustier  
Of a novelty dancer from Penge

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