Garden Party

Robert Bruce

Garden party held today
Invites call the debs to play
Social climbers polish ladders
Wayward sons again have fathers
"Hello, dad!", "Hello, dad!"
Edgy eggs and queuing cumbers
Rudely wakened from their slumbers
Time has come again for slaughter
On the lawns by still "Cam" waters
It's a slaughter, it's a slaughter
Champagne corks are firing at the sun, again
Swooping swallows chased by violins again
Strafed by Strauss they sulk in crumbling eaves again
Oh God
Oh God not again
Aperitifs consumed en masse
Display their owners on the grass
Couples loiter in the cloisters
Social leeches quoting Chaucer
Doctor's son a parson's daughter
Where why not and should they oughta
Please don't lie upon the grass
Unless accompanied by a fellow
{May I be so bold as to perhaps suggest Othello}
Punting on the Cam is jolly fun they say
Beagling on the downs, oh please do come they say
Rugger is the tops, a game for men they say
They say
Good God they say
I'm punting
I'm beagling
I'm wining
Reclining
I'm rucking
I'm fucking
So welcome
It's a party
Angie chalks another blue
Mother smiles she did it too

Chitters chat and gossips lash
Posers pose, pressmen flash, flash
Smiles polluted with false charm
Locking on to Royal arms
Society columns now ensured
Returns to mingle with the crowds
Oh, what a crowd
Oh, punting on the cam
Oh please do come they say
Beagling on the downs
Oh please so come they say
Garden party held today they say
Oh please do come
Oh please do come, they say

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