

# Garden Party

## Marillion

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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