The Horrible Party

The Magnetic Fields

Take me away from this horrible party
And let me get home to Mother
Don't make me stay at this horrible party
And I'll never go to another
People are shedding their inhibitions and their clothes
Many are sprawled on divans painting each other's toes
Everyone seems to be stuffing something up his nose
A player piano is tinkling ["Anything Goes"] again and again
Deliver me from this horrible party
And I will give you some money

Why, why are we at this horrible party?
And I don't see what's so funny
Here in the darkness known hitherto only to moles
People are using the slang they picked up from the proles
Everyone's finding new uses for muffs and mink stoles
And ["Anything Goes"] goes again, have they no other rolls?
Some plastic surgeon's done horrible things to poor Jane
Making her terrifically popular, men are insane
["Anything Goes"] is the motto and endless refrain
My dear, it was heaven until they ran out of champagne

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