

Garden Party (Live At Loreley)

Marillion

Garden Party held today, invites call the deb's to play,
Social climbers polish ladders, wayward sons again have fathers,
Edgy eggs and queing cumbers, rudely wakened from their slumber,
Time has come again for slaughter on the lawns by stillCam
Waters.

Champagne corks are firing at the sun again
Swooping swallows chased by violins againStraafed by Strauss they sulk in crumbling eaves again.

Apertifs 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 oughtaPlease don't lie on the grass, unless
accompanied by a fellow,

May I be so bold as to suggest Othello.
Punting on the Cam is jolly fun they say

Beagling on the downs Oh please come they sayRugger is the tops a game for men they say.
Angie chalks another blue, mother smiles she did it too
Chitters chat and gossip's lash, posers pose pressmen flash.

Smiles polluted with false charm, locking onto Royal arms,Society columns now ensured, return to mingle with
the crowds
Oh what a crowd.

Songwriters

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