

# Garden Party (1997 Remaster)

## 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 cumpers  
Rudely wakened from their slumbers  
Time has come again for slaughter  
O on the lawns by still Cam waters  
A slaughter, it's a slaughter  
Champagne corks are firing at the sun again  
Swooping swallows chased by violins again  
Straafed by Strauss they sulk in crumbling eaves again  
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  
W 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  
I'm punting, I'm beagling, I'm wining, reclining, I'm rucking, I'm fucking  
So welcome, it's a party  
Angie chawks another blue  
Mother smiles she did it too  
Chitters chat and gossips lash  
Posers pose, pressmen 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  
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.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>

