

# John Cale, Graham Greene

You're having tea with Graham Greene  
In a colored costume of your choice  
And you'll be held in high esteem  
If you're seen in between  
Stiffly holding umbrellas  
Catching the fellows making the toast  
To the civil servant Carruthers  
Making the others worsen than most  
You're making small talk now with the Queen  
And the elegant ladies in waiting  
You're very nervous they can all tell  
Pretty well they can tell  
So save yourselves for the hounds of hell  
They can have you all to themselves  
Since the fashion now is to give away  
All the things you love so well  
Welcome back to Chipping and Sodbury  
You can have another chance  
It must all seem like second nature  
Chopping down the people where they stand  
According to the latest score  
Mr. Enoch Powell is falling star  
So in future please bear in mind  
Don't see clear don't see far  
When the average social director  
Mistook a passenger for the conductor  
So shocking see the old Church of E  
Looking down on you and me