

# Tim Minchin, Airport Piano

I wrote this song on an airport piano  
I was the guy disturbing your journey from security  
To gate twenty-three A  
Maybe you noticed me  
I wrote this song cos I had a spare hour  
I was delayed trying to get back to my babies in Sydney  
And I noticed the keys so I'm writing a song  
Singin'

Women in SUV Porsches always look miserable  
I don't know why they're so sad  
Maybe it's the calories they coulda had  
Filling them up with regret  
And men in cafes in ski resorts  
Trying to connect with their sons  
Look like they just wanna hit 'em  
I mean I'm sure that they dig 'em underneath all the gear

A young man in Air Jordans  
Just left me five dollars on the piano  
Whattaya know

I always hated those airport pianos  
Should be a law saying playing the theme from Beverly Hills Cop  
Will get one of your hands chopped off  
I wrote this song on an airport piano  
I'm out of time I just need one more little rhyme  
I gotta board that plane  
They're calling my name  
So I'm writing a song  
Singin'

Women in SUV Porsches always look miserable  
Or is it only the Botox  
They stick in their face to keep their looks from slipping  
They're kicking the can down the road  
And men in mansions on cul-de-sacs  
Having their midlife affairs  
With the wife of a banker  
While the banker is banging Bianca  
But sadly they're still gonna die

A guy buying Subway  
Anxiously digs through his cabin bag  
Smiles when his wallet is found  
Pays for his six-inch  
Then forgets that his bag is unzipped  
So the contents of it  
Is disgorged  
And a jar of Viagra spills onto the ground  
So it goes

Women in SUV Porsches always look miserable  
And I know why they're so sad  
They thought they'd be happier than they were in their Fords  
But now they're bored of their Porsches  
And they're looking for more  
They're out there shopping for more  
And their husband's so fat in his new Lycra shorts  
Trying to pedal his way back to ninety-four  
Trying to wind back the clock to before  
To before they had this boat and this house  
And this buy-to-let mortgage  
To before they had bought all the things that they thought

Would fill up the hole but the goal keeps receding  
And his hair is receding there's this book he's been reading for  
Six months but the words just swim round the pages  
And god it's been ages since they made love  
And the kids are on drugs  
With their ADHD and their anxiety  
And their music is shit  
And the time just keeps slipping away  
But I'm sitting here playing and singing  
And they are calling my name  
Cos your flight's gotta go when your flight's gotta go  
And I wrote this song on an airport piano