

Tim Minchin, Mitsubishi Colt

He looks at me
Intensely
Eyes sparkle
Contact lens green with artificial envy
Cocks his head and fixes me with a condescending stare
Flicks his bleached blond-tipped hair
And theorises thus:

"You know what I reckon?"

Pause for effect
Adjusts his tackle as if it's semi-erect
I feel I'd better give him
What I know he expects:

"What do you reckon?"

A hand on the shoulder
An avuncular wink
Sips his lemon drink
Spits out the pips
Hands on hips
Licks his lips
Like a wolf near a flock
Yet again adjusting his fantasy cock
He delivers his philosophy:

"I reckon it don't matter
It don't mean squat
What you earn or what you got
Or the style of your hair
Or what you wear
It matters not

"I mean what do you care
That I live on a hill
With views of the beach
That my chick and my dogs
Have an en-suite bathroom each
That I've already reached my first ten million
And I'm only twenty-six

"You're as thick as two bricks
If you think you can fix
What is broke in your life with money
And the funny thing is
(And I shit you not)
I would give it all up like that"

He leaves me to ponder his wisdom for a bit
And with a click of his fingers
He beckons the blondest, bimbo-est barmaid
And grinning ridiculously
Orders a G&T
And a beer for me
And before I can escape
He's back saying:

"Cos mate, the thing is
It's all superficial
All that crap
It's all just a front
I mean, anyone can be a rich cunt
But the thing we all want

Can't be bought with dosh
You know what I mean, boss?
Cos it's not like you give a toss
That when I want to get slim
I've got my own private gym
And a personal trainer called
Fucking Danielle or Darlene
She's got tits
Like those chicks
In them chick magazines"

"And it's not like you care
That I own the controlling share
Of an overseas company
That builds accounting software
It matters not one bit
I mean who gives a shit
That I earn six hundred grand
And drive a brand new Land Rover
You know I would hand it all over like that"

He pauses for a beat
Long enough for me to retreat to a seat
And sit, elbow on bar
And contemplate this guru
With his white teeth and big car
And ponder silently my belief
That genius comes in many forms
And that this postulating, peroxidized
Porn-star prick ain't one of them

My speculation cut short
As he reforms
Like Terminator II
And before I have time to abort
He descends upon me and snorts:

"I guess what I'm trying to say
In my own little way
Is that I reckon musos
And artists and that
Well I reckon they're great
I know some people who reckon you guys just sit on your bums
And don't get out of bed 'til the pizza man comes
And smoke cones
And take crack
And whack off all day
But I don't care what they say
And I don't listen to people
Who say all actors are gay
Not that I don't think that's OK
As far as I'm concerned
Although it's not my bag
If you wanna be a fag
Be a fag, y'know?
I mean, who am I to say
Where you come
And where you go
In the privacy of your own homo
Ha-ha, 'homo'
Ha-ha, 'homo'
Ha-ha
Ha-ha"

He's shitting me now

And my eyes start to glaze
And through the haze of my anger
I notice his G&T is gone
And he's starting to dribble
As he dribbles on and fucking on:

"But you musos are alright
I don't know much about music
But I know what I like
And I reckon I'd give it all in
To be like you, Jim"

Tim

"Cos you might be poor in monetary terms
But what you earn spiritually
What makes you what you are
Just means so much more
Than what you get from a really nice car
Or a tennis court
Or holidays in Greece
Or a house on the beach
Or stock market shares
Or thirty-one pairs
Of Calvin Klein underwear
Do you understand?
Jim, you are a wealthy, wealthy man
And mate, I mean I don't want to piss in your pocket
But I've gotta say
Before I get on my way
That honestly
And I'm not having you on
I reckon one day
You could play piano
As good as Elton John!"

The cops are still mingling
Though the crowd's shuffled out
I've got ice on my hand
Where my fist met his mouth
And although I explained
That it wasn't my fault
I have an eight hundred buck fine
For aggravated assault
So before it gets worse
I reckon I'll bolt
A wealthy, wealthy man
In a 1981 Mitsubishi Colt