

Fish, Garden Party

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 on the lawns by still Cam waters,
It's 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 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, 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, they say, good God 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 chalks another blue, mother smiles she did it too
Chitters chat and gossips lash, posers pose, pressmen flash, flash, [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
Oh, 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.