

Harry Connick Jr., That Party

Went to a little get-together
With some old friends
Not much has changed
Since the last time I saw them

There's a chicken in uniform
Wooden leg and a matchstick arm
Saying: "left my wing back on the farm
...Tried the buffet..."

Tiny took a turn on steel guitar
After he got a fresh feel for the bar
Lines drawn of jelly-fish caviar
...Saying: "wanna jamm???"

I don't like throwing
Parties like that
But I love going
They said no guests
So I thought of you
Hey mama, it's on

A disconcerted youth with a gun
Wants to shoot-up some fun
Saying: "I'm failing science and math
But I'm head of the class in murder one"

Balance sheets impresario ballets
And advertised for run-a-ways
That only dance on holidays
...When crutches cut in...

Willa was disenchanted
Tossed her garter and demanded
"Nothing can be recanted
...If it was nothing to begin with..."

A magician did card tricks
For a bunch of well-heeled hicks
And held up a red six
...One said: 'that's a black seven...'

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A disconcerted youth with a gun
That semi-precious son
He needs to learn if you take a life
You ain't got none

Cracked pelicans rode magnolias
Sent advice to rebel soldiers
That all ended with: "I told ya's
...So then why do you ask??..."

You can tell it's getting late
When Cal calls himself Kate
And peons hire potentates
...Saying: "when you finish
Trim the hedges..."

I'm making a hurried get-a-way
Down Santa Monica, out of L.A.
If you like it so much stay
...There's a theme park in the mix...

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