

Ian Anderson, Not Ralitsa Vassileva

Dinner table chattering classes -
tells us all we need to know.
Like it. Lump it. Dig it. Dump it -
on your late, late show.

And do you think you're Ralitsa Vassileva?
You're just hand-me-down news in a cookie jar.
It's a long way from here to CNN in America
and a red-eyed opinion too far.

Dish the dirt or dish the gravy.
Spill the beans to me.
Sinking fast in terminal boredom
Feigned interest flying free.

And do you think you're Ralitsa Vassileva etc.

Talking monkey, breaking news junkie, tragedies to reveal.
Light and breezy, up-beat squeezy, close in to touchy-feel.

Pass the Merlot, dance the three-step
Cut to a better chase.
Align yourself with no proposition
and simpler thoughts embrace.

Let's talk about me. Let's talk about you.
In a world of private rooms.
Hide awhile from dark stormbringers
sad messengers of doom.

Sadly, you can't be Ralitsa Vassileva,

And do you think you're Ralitsa Vassileva,