

# Pet Shop Boys, Party in the Blitz

Party in the Blitz  
in the Blitz, in the Blitz  
There's a party in the Blitz  
in the Blitz, in the Blitz

Party in the Blitz  
Avoiding direct hits  
Only for sophisticates  
If the situation permits

Party in the Blitz  
Keep going  
Too many wild oats  
need sowing  
Cocktails at the Ritz  
still mixing  
I think a little drink  
needs fixing

Mornington Crescent  
A bomb fell last night  
We're clearing up the mess  
and still a little tight

Waiting for the firemen  
in the morning light  
And then I think a drink  
and there's some poetry to write

As bombs were falling  
I was trying to avoid  
all the crashing bores  
that history's deployed  
to try to reconcile us  
to the pointlessness of life  
I wish that you were with me now  
I wish I was your wife

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Party in the blitz  
More drinking  
Losing everything  
Dick shrinking  
Getting off your tits  
Who's cares now?  
Anyone who did  
is dead now

It's Sunday morning  
I just realised  
Church bells are ringing  
while the breakfasts are fried  
We're hoping for the firemen  
to put out the blaze  
And then I think a drink  
and there's a party to arrange

As the bombs were falling  
I was trying to explain  
existentialism

with the last of the champagne  
I failed to reconcile us  
to the pointlessness of life  
I wish that you were with me now  
I wish I was your wife

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