

The Buzzcocks, Keats' Song

I never knew that
Party talk is oh so dull
Oh what fun to chat
No thanks my glass is full
I looked in your eyes
And blushed with surprise

I'd met you before
Hello I beg you pardon
Couldn't hear 'bove the roar
Why not let's go in the garden?
You led the way
Oh my it's my day

We looked at a flower
Night-scented so you said
We talked for an hour
Or more and then you read
From the book of my mind
Some words of poetry of a kind

We said our goodbyes
Au revoir they say in French
My taxi rolled by
I slouched on the upholstered bench
Oh Keats was so clever
A thing of beauty is a joy for ever