

Weddings Parties Anything, Tilting At Windmills

(Thomas)

I looked down the street it was bitter quiet,
A gentle rain was falling all around,
I looked at the brick wall, it was destitute,
An uglier piece of architecture you have never found.
So I produced a poster from my overcoat,
A paintbrush, a bucket full of glue,
I stuck a poster on the barren wall,
It looked so fine but then a voice said, "We've got news for you..."
"Son, it's too late and I don't want a debate,
There is no way you can get off with a warning.
Son, don't be dense! You know it's an offence
And you must expect a summons in the morning."
I said, "Are you mad? Perhaps you're just unwell.
Could it be your quota's looking meagre?"
He said, "Just you watch your tongue or we'll have you in the cell."
The junior constable she looked so eager,
I said, "Why don't you go find some axe murderer?
Someone you can chase and apprehend?
Anyone can see that we are meaning little harm,
Anyone can see that what we do does not offend."
But he said, "Son, it's too late and I don't want a debate,
There is no way you can get off with a warning.
Son, don't be dense! You know it's an offence
And you must expect a summons in the morning."
So I just stay home and watch my telly now,
My postering, I have given it away.
Pneumonia costs nothing, but I can't pay the fines,
My bank balance been frittered all away.
And to the visuals of the city I'll not contribute,
Though I am poorer now but still no wiser.
And if the boys in blue they had their way with Collingwood,
We might as well be living in Geelong or Mt. Eliza!
He said "Son, it's too late and I don't want a debate,
There is no way you can get off with a warning.
Son, don't be dense! You know it's an offence
And you must expect a summons in the morning"
And you must expect a summons in the morn...
Ohh, orrrning!