

# THE PARTY

Everyone enjoys a good party  
No-one more so than the Putters.  
They have so many friends  
Most of them round the bend.  
Let me introduce some of the nutters.

A talented writer of books,  
Of mystery, comics and crime.  
Hick Hipster Hallorah  
By jove a marauder!  
Someone fetch her a vodka and lime.

Mrs Thrust is a must with her bust,  
So bouncy and buxom and bold.  
Twin steeples of pride  
Discontented to hide  
Under drippings of glitter and gold.

And here's Lardy Larkin. His legs,  
As spindly as a pair of gnarled canes.  
He doesn't care  
Throws his feet in the air.  
Crying "Yickles! I'm feeling quite sane!"

"Lipstick should be for the eyes."  
States Mimi to all on the floor.  
An extraordinary sight  
Like she's been in a fight  
Or forgotten to open the door.

The bolshiest man in the room  
Is known in the pit as Bomb Bit.  
Flashing off his moustache  
Dashed with bacon and mash  
Handle-barred to perfection with spit.

Lady Cong came along with her gong  
From a marvellous Chinese descent.  
Renowned to have found  
An Emperor's gown  
In a second-hand store up for rent.

A faint hum rises up from the loo.  
A buzzing of insects or bees?  
Not again, cry the guests.  
That's Mustafa Mess.  
He always does that when he pees!

A toast to our hosts Park and Percy  
Who'd started to get rather flirty.  
He'd died his hair red  
As he wanted to bed  
Fishnet Fifi from flat number thirty.

Is it really a quarter to three?  
A glimpse back through the curtains we see  
Colonel Duff looking rough  
From cigar-loving puffs  
Jogging lumpy ole' Lil on his knee.

Imagine the hullabaloo!  
You could hear it right down through the gutters.  
So I'll bid you adieu  
From this mad, motley crew  
And the every night life of the Putters.