

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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