

Let It Blow

Richard Thompson

He was a species on the verge of extinction
She was an Air New Zealand hostess
They were mystically joined like Rawicz and Landauer
Like Pinky and Perky, like Porgy and Bess

Oh, he loved the pursuit and the romance
But the details were more of a chore
When the bride's veil lifted, his mind soon drifted
At least that's what happened before

Let it blow, let it snow
Let the mercury bubble and dive
Life's little traumas and courtroom dramas
Remind me I'm glad I'm alive

Oh, she loved the clinking of glasses
When the toast was to nobles and princes
In the conjugal nest she was seen at her best
With her keen eye for curtains and chintzes

And she had all of the furniture ordered
By the time they were naming the date
And her mother came speeding from distant Dunedin
To help with the flowers and cake

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At the Chapel of Partial Remembrance
The ushers went into a seizure
Mr. Bacchus, they said, "Should we stand on our heads
Would sackcloth and ashes displease you?"

And they honeymooned down in Ibiza
Where the sun and the nightlife were hot
As she lay on the sand, he said, "Isn't it grand?
I bring all of my wives to this spot"

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A life of volcanic activity
Left him nothing to spout but hot air
A long interruption since his last eruption
Was disguised by sheer devil may care

But some charm and some skill, and manoeuvre
Had him rising to meet the occasion
And for once they found bliss but news of their tryst
Got to Fleet Street and caused a sensation

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The Press was baying for blood now
They gave them a week at the most
We were all glad to see it reach weeks two and three
But the fourth week, the whole thing was toast

And she dragged her tail back to New Zealand
With threats of High Court and revenge
Meanwhile his eye did stray to the ample bustier
Of a novelty dancer from Penge

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