

# This Is Not a Party

The Wombats

Lulu's doing haircuts, though I don't think she can see  
Brendan's found a song to match the pace of his heartbeat  
Why do I do this? Why do I do this at all?  
Edward's on the big white telephone to God  
Charlie's coming on to every person he can touch  
Why does this happen every time I dream in Technicolor, and I live in black and white?

This is not a party; it's a hurricane  
This is not a party; it's a hurricane  
And no one really cares, so let's pretend we're all okay  
This is not a party; it's a hurricane

Roxie's made the call although her boyfriend wants to go  
Jane's sprawled on the floor, and I've lost all self control  
Why does this happen?  
Why must it be?  
I dream of space and time and wake up in 2D

This is not a party; it's a hurricane  
This is not a party; it's a hurricane  
And no one really cares, so let's pretend we're doing great  
This is not a party; it's a hurricane

You're complicated  
You're complicated  
You're complicated  
Why so complicated?  
But don't lose sleep, don't worry about me  
I'm just fishing for the moon in an artificial sea

This is not a party; it's a hurricane  
This is not a party; it's a hurricane  
And I don't really care, and I'm never gonna change  
This is not a party; it's a hurricane

This is not a party; it's a hurricane  
You said we'd never work; you said we weren't the same  
And I don't really care, and I don't ever want to change  
This is not a party; it's a hurricane