

Conversation With the Flying Plates

Gilbert O'Sullivan

I'll tell you what you want to hear
Tell me where I'd like to go
Ask me where the Summer went
That way maybe I don't know

And while my life's not in a rut
Every weekend I take flight
Given that today's the day
Presumably tonight's must be the night

Accustomed though I am
To crying in the rain
What's the point of counting sheep
When by the time you get
To ten or twelve you're asleep

You are my love you are my life
It's emblazoned on my chest
Every time we have a row
I just keep it covered with a vest

You ask if I am anxious
How this will pan out
Let's just say until it's foiled
Answer does I fear
Lie nowhere near the soil

And so the conversation
With the flying plates begin
You see a pattern now emerging
On a plate shell fling
It doesn't matter where it goes
As long as it goes fast
You recognize your favourite
China cup as it goes past
And was the Meissen so enticingly
That I had to leave
Surely the fact it was a wedding present
Would ensure
It would remain secure

Like to think within a year
We'll look back on this and laugh
Only problem is it's year
One year on's already what we've had
Accustomed though I am
To diamond-studded ears
Which by the way on men
As it's just in one
Look when hung
Bent

And so the conversation
With the flying plates continues
In the yellow corner
Flexing all her muscular vim
Throwing overhand or underhand

It makes no odds
Lovely bit of Royal Doulton
Heading for ye Gods

And in the midst of all this carnage
Comes a sobering thought
Most of what has been destroyed
Can never be re-bought
Such a shame now in the morning
As the maid comes in
On her morning stint
Looking on in shock
After taking stock
Of what's around her feet