

Airport Piano

Tim Minchin

I wrote this song on an airport piano
I was the guy disturbing your journey from security
To gate twenty-three A
Maybe you noticed me
I wrote this song cos I had a spare hour
I was delayed trying to get back to my babies in Sydney
And I noticed the keys so I'm writing a song
Singin'

Women in SUV Porsches always look miserable
I don't know why they're so sad
Maybe it's the calories they coulda had
Filling them up with regret
And men in cafes in ski resorts
Trying to connect with their sons
Look like they just wanna hit 'em
I mean I'm sure that they dig 'em underneath all the gear

A young man in Air Jordans
Just left me five dollars on the piano
Whattaya know

I always hated those airport pianos
Should be a law saying playing the theme from Beverly Hills Cop
Will get one of your hands chopped off
I wrote this song on an airport piano
I'm out of time I just need one more little rhyme
I gotta board that plane
They're calling my name
So I'm writing a song
Singin'

Women in SUV Porsches always look miserable
Or is it only the Botox
They stick in their face to keep their looks from slipping
They're kicking the can down the road
And men in mansions on cul-de-sacs
Having their midlife affairs
With the wife of a banker
While the banker is banging Bianca
But sadly they're still gonna die

A guy buying Subway
Anxiously digs through his cabin bag
Smiles when his wallet is found
Pays for his six-inch
Then forgets that his bag is unzipped
So the contents of it
Is disgorged
And a jar of Viagra spills onto the ground
So it goes

Women in SUV Porsches always look miserable
And I know why they're so sad
They thought they'd be happier than they were in their Fords
But now they're bored of their Porsches
And they're looking for more

They're out there shopping for more
And their husband's so fat in his new Lycra shorts
Trying to peddle his way back to ninety-four
Trying to wind back the clock to before
To before they had this boat and this house
And this buy-to-let mortgage
To before they had bought all the things that they thought
Would fill up the hole but the goal keeps receding
And his hair is receding there's this book he's been reading for
Six months but the words just swim round the pages
And god it's been ages since they made love
And the kids are on drugs
With their ADHD and their anxiety
And their music is shit
And the time just keeps slipping away
But I'm sitting here playing and singing
And they are calling my name
Cos your flight's gotta go when your flight's gotta go
And I wrote this song on an airport piano