

DINNER PARTY

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Lyrics © 1987 by Bill and Gretchen Roper

Music © 1987 by Bill Roper

E **D**
We're at the con, it's suppertime, our fast about to end.
C **E**
I find him, I say "Food", and then he quickly answers, "Friend!"
A **E**
He says that there's another that he'd like to bring along.
G **D** **E**
Would someone kindly tell me what went wrong?

D **E**
It was the sort of dinner party I had hoped to see.
D **E**
Just him and me and her, you couldn't find a nicer three.
G **A** **E**
We gathered in another as we headed toward the door.
G **A** **E**
I figured what the hell, it wouldn't matter if we're four.

She said that she'd a roommate with whom she would have to check.
A shy retiring fan who liked Galactica and Trek.
When she came she brought along three Klingons who were friends.
Would someone kindly tell me where this ends?

It was the sort of dinner party you could learn to hate.
We started out with two and now we've ended up with eight.
Now we need two cars, it's a fact we can't ignore.
Clif seats two and I seat six. Thank God there are no more!

(My car seats six if you're real friendly. And I don't get friendly with Klingons.)

It's chilly so we'll need a coat. Let's all meet back in five.
Stay off the elevators if you want to stay alive.
Thirteen stories later, God, it must have been a plot
For coats were not the only thing they brought.

It was the biggest dinner party I have ever seen.
We started out with two and now we're up to seventeen.
So round 'em up and move 'em out and head 'em for the door,
Cause I see Sutton coming with a half a dozen more.

We're at my favorite restaurant, it's full as it can be.
The place seats ninety two which means there's no room left for me.
Why don't we two just slip away and beat a fast retreat?
I think that there's a Wendy's up the street.

It was the sort of dinner party that you should avoid.
If you want conversation, you will only be annoyed.
Say food, say friend, be careful, do not do what I have done.
Keep your voices lowered, leave your coats behind, just run.

G **A** **E**
Leave your coats behind, just run.

*One of the problems with convention dinner expeditions is that they tend to grow to the point where they are too large and you don't end up getting a chance to talk to the people that you had planned to have dinner with. Gretchen and I wrote this after what was -- much to our surprise -- a perfectly **pleasant** dinner party of thirteen at Marcon one year.*