

Two Words

Good evening sir I'm sorry but it's difficult to chat, while I'm singing and I'm playing this guitar; so I'm already multi-tasking and in asking me to join in conversation really is a bridge too far

if you'll just wait until we finish I can give my full attention to the crisis that so obviously prays, upon your deeply troubled mind or so your wild gesticulations and distorted facial grimaces imply

well all right I have a moment , can you tell me what it is that on my advice your happiness depends? from your slightly awkward gait and your inebriated state should one surmise you need immediate directions to the men's?

Oh I see, that's not the problem, just you wish to let us know you think the repertoire we're playing's not quite right I'm impressed that you can offer such a wry and perspicacious observation, given how much Lion Red you've had tonight

I understand you like Metallica, and AC/DC too, and it's so nice you feel obliged to come and share this point of view But I'm afraid we're not that kind of band, we're playing this you see - as requested by the bride and groom whose generosity you are strip-mining while opining that their choice of music suck well I've only got two words for you, and one of them is 'off'

May I ask you, were you happy with the catering tonight? did you complain about the entree? was the steak done how you like? Have you issued some suggestions to the barman? really? no? - if you'd prefer a dryer Martinborough pinot he should know!

so you agree it would be rude and inappropriate to whine about the couple's choice of venue and the menu and the wine and yet you think it's quite OK to come and slag the music off as you stagger round and gorge like some aristocratic toff on all the beer that you can guzzle, and the wine that you can quaff well I've only got two words for you, and one of them isn't 'off'