**BERKLEY SQUARE DANCE**

Grab your partners – change your partners

For: The Berkley Square Dance

That certain night, I was aware

There was magic about in the air,

When Dianne Abbot did the splits

And Jacob Rees-Mogg let down his hair.

And on that night, I do declare

There was music and dance everywhere;

We had Tories stomping down the pits

And Widdecombe waltzed with Tony Blair.

The moon that lingered over London town;

Poor puzzled moon, he wore a frown.

Reminds him of the days of Gordon Brown;

The whole darn world turned upside-down.

And in the town, and in full glare

The eaters were doing their share;

There was Corbin dining at the Ritz,

And Boris inspects his food bank’s fare.

When conference called, they wondered: where?

They chose with a devil may care;

Labour went for St. Moritz,

Conservatives booked Trafalgar Square.

When dawn came stealing up, the moon was blue;

It was a dream, no longer true.

I still remember all the pigs that flew,

And two bright thoughts come shining through:

Yes, I was there-

When Dianne Abbot did the splits

Ann Widdecombe danced with Tony Blair.

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