

Dinosaurs Ate My Caravan

Lyrics

My Mysterious Uncle

My mysterious uncle,
He's so mysterious
That no-one in our family knows his name,
But he remembers my birthday.
Nobody know who he's related to,
But nevertheless, there he is,
At family occasions.

Is he a ghost, did we get him in the post,
Is he worldly wise, is he wearing a disguise?
Are we all hallucinating, is he a mirage,
Is he a criminal, at large?
What's in his pipe?
It's disgusting!

My Mysterious uncle,
Did he wander in off the street,
And sit down to Christmas dinner one year,
Without anybody noticing?
I'm starting to wonder,
If that's even a real moustache,
And what's he hiding behind his back,
Could it be sweeties?

He's got a lovely car and it's full of crumbs,
I've noticed he has massive thumbs,
He's got a tweed jacket and tobacco in a
packet,
He uses a guitar as a tennis racquet.
What's in his pockets?
It's digestives!

Inside his top hat there is a cat,
Inside the cat is a cricket bat,
Inside the bat is a man called Matt
Who is a window cleaner.

My mysterious uncle,
Maybe he's a detective,
Sent to investigate our family
For a massive fraud.
My mysterious uncle,
He never speaks,
Just looks from side to side mysteriously,
Well, that's alright by me.

I hope I never find out,
What my mysterious uncle is all about.

David Attenborough

From Andes to the Alps to Himalayas,
From Congo to Mongolia and Wales,
He shows hyenas, wombats, lemurs,
Beetles, bandicoots and beavers,
Pangolins and parrots, snails and whales.

He always wears the same clothes.
His programs everybody knows,
They are the best, they are the best.

David Attenborough,
We'll love him to the end.
David Attenborough,
He's every animal's friend.
He strides across a glacier
And dives under the sea,
He toils through the rainforest
To show it all to you and me.

David Attenborough,

From mighty elephants to tiny ant
And also in the kingdom of the plants.
He shows us all his expertise,
Often up a massive tree,
Or standing on majestic mountain peaks.

His voice is calm and reassuring,
Never ever condescending
To us at home, we love him so.

David Attenborough,
He's standing by a bear.
David Attenborough,
He's pointing at a spider's lair.
He shows the Venus flytrap close
And tells us about the aardvark's nose,
The Madagascan baobab,
He told me of land hermit crabs.

David Attenborough,
From trilobite to termite to penguin,
From octopus to platypus to terrapin,
He shows the frog, triceratops,
The sea urchin, the mighty ox,
The pterodactyl and the dolphin.

His love of natural history
Is obvious for all to see.
He ought to know. He's our hero.

David Attenborough, on the volcano's rim.
David Attenborough, watching swordfish swim.
Comparing different mantis shrimp,
Or interacting with a chimp,
Feeding meat to a great white shark,
His brother's in Jurassic Park.

David Attenborough,
King of the nature programme!

Dinosaurs

When people talk of dinosaurs
They talk of teeth, and claws,
But the whole human race is sad we missed
them.
How many children here have dreamed,
In a bored hour,
Of riding through the playground on a
diplodocus?

You won't see a tyrannosaur
On the way to the shops,
Pretty much all of them have gone the way of
Top of the Pops.

Oh, dinosaurs, dinosaurs,
Come back we love you,
Dinosaurs, dinosaurs,
We all dream of you,
Oh, dinosaurs, dinosaurs,
Someone still loves you dinosaurs,
And it's us.

All that's left are birds,
And they're beautiful it's true,
But I bet dinosaurs were better,
Just between me and you.

Oh, dinosaurs, dinosaurs,
Come back we love you,
Dinosaurs, dinosaurs,
We all dream of you,

Biscuithead & the Biscuit Badgers

Oh, dinosaurs, dinosaurs,
Someone still loves you dinosaurs,
And it's us.

If we are ever all wiped out,
I hope it's by dinosaurs.

Tweed Jacket

Tweed jacket, I only want to wear you.
Tweed jacket, I hope I never tear you.
You're wonderful and made out of wool,
Tweed jacket.

If I were to wear you with a pink shirt,
Then I could pretend to be an antiques expert.
We'd stand with Tim at the front on Bargain
Hunt.

Tweed jacket, more useful than an onion.
Tweed jacket, I'll wear you out to luncheon.
You wouldn't believe how I love you in your
sleeve,
Tweed jacket.

I feel the need, bom, bom, bom, bom, bom,
bom.

I feel the need, bom, bom, bom, bom, bom,
bom.

I feel the need, the need for tweed obviously.

Tweed jacket, your fibres are like chain mail
protecting me from a harsh universe where
giant dormice stalk the freakish night. Without
you, tweed jacket, things would never be right
and only I will ever know of all the times you
saved me from those giant rodents.

When I'm with you I never frown.
I look like a 1950s man about town.
I can ride my bike. I can do anything I like
with...

Tweed jacket, my pipe fits in your pocket.
Tweed jacket, and your picture's in my wallet.
You tell me to kill, but you know I never will...
probably,
Tweed jacket.

Snow!

Water becomes supercooled in a cloud.
It stays liquid there, as there is nothing for
crystals to form around.
Tiny particles, tiny particles, tiny particles, of
pollen and dust
Get into the cloud and then it must...

Snow, snow, snow,
Then it must snow, snow, snow,
Then it must snow, snow, snow, snow,
Snow, snow, snow, snow, snow, snow, snow,
snow, snow!

Most British rain starts as snow
And hail is rain that freezes after the cloud has
let it go.

Most snow won't make it, most snow won't
make it, most snow won't make it, to the
ground,
But when atmospheric conditions are right,
then it just might...

Snow, snow, snow,

Then it might snow, snow, snow,
Then it might snow, snow, snow, snow,
Snow, snow, snow, snow, snow, snow, snow,
snow!

Jellyspoons

Slap a jelly with a spoon.
Hear that satisfying sound.
If you do several in a row,
It might make a kind of round of applause
Out of jellies in a row,
Being hit by a spoon.
I want to dance to the sound
Of jellies being slapped
In a hotel made of marzipan.
I want to hear sweet music from a mould of
my choice,
Played on the spoon equivalent of a Rolls
Royce.
I want a jelly orchestra,
There's no sound finer
Than an overture of slapping in G minor.
A pyramidal mould for acoustic projection,
And safety goggles for eye protection.
The flavour doesn't matter,
But the shape of the mould
Can enhance the sound you get,
If there's a large flat surface that you can strike
On the jelly that you choose
To be hit by a spoon.

Soy Milk

Soy milk, you come from a vegetable
Soy milk, I find that questionable,
Just how do you milk a bean,
Well, that's something I'd like to see,
Soy milk, I really don't understand you.
I don't want to sound overwrought,
You're not as bad as I first thought.
There's nothing to spoil my enjoyment,
'Cause when you were made no cows were
exploited.
Ah ah oh, soy milk,
A savoury treat,
Ah ah oh, soy milk,
You've never passed through a teat.
You seem so strange to me,
And you always leave bits in my tea,
Soy milk, how I long to understand you.
No mammal can make you!
I've been told not to shake you!
I'm not sure if I can take you,
But I wish that I could savour your unusual
flavour.
Ah ah oh, soy milk,
Made from plant material,
Ah ah oh, soy milk,
I've never had you on cereal.
You're not a Rolls Royce,
You're more of an intellectual choice,
Soy milk, how I long to understand you.

I'm a Triangle

Well I was still in plaster from a ski disaster,
And the dressing was a blessing down all three
of my sides.
I'd been left to dangle at a funny angle,
From the top of a snowy ski slope mountain
pine.
As I lay in bed with a sense of dread,

My lovely wife appeared with her seductive
curve.
She tried to comfort me with trigonometry,
Saying "Honey, you'll soon get back your 90°"

Oh yeah, I'm a triangle!
Oh yeah, I'm a triangle!
It's perfectly natural to be equilateral.
I'm a triangle!

I remember when we first met,
She was the prettiest member of the
trigonometry set.
She was a cute protractor,
And I don't know what attracted her to me.

Oh yeah, I'm a triangle!
Oh yeah, I'm a triangle!
Do your sums I'm no trapezium.
I'm a triangle!

When I recovered I was smothered
With kisses from my opposite to my adjacent
And I discovered there could be no
replacement
For her geometry.

I was half a square before we were wed,
But now I feel like a real shape instead.
I was so delighted that she was my bride,
She was the sum of the square of my other
two sides.

Oh yeah, I'm a triangle!
Oh yeah, I'm a triangle!
It's perfectly natural to be equilateral.
I'm a triangle!

The Tea's Made

I need to go to the shops.
I need to go to the shops for some tea bags.
I've got quite enough milk,
Now all I need are some tea bags, tea bags, tea
bags.

I will put the kettle on
And I will wait 'til the water is boiling,
And while I am waiting,
I'll choose a selection of biscuits, biscuits,
biscuits.

Like pink wafer for crunching,
Digestive for dunking
And jammy dodger for jam.

When the tea's made,
Oh yeah, when the tea's made,
I'm going to hire a milk maid,
So she can help out when the tea's made.

Oh yeah, when the tea's made,
Oh yeah, when the tea's made,
I wouldn't budge for an air raid,
When I find out that the tea's made.
The tea bags I got from the shops,
Well they will be added to water,
Then milk and maybe some sugar,
Then I will pick up a teaspoon.
Vigorous stirring should be anti-clockwise
For uniform consistency.

When the tea's made,
Oh yeah, when the tea's made,
I've a porcelain factory in Port Slade,
So I've always got cups when the tea's made.

When the tea's made,
Oh yeah, when the tea's made,
I'll hide my cake under a lamp shade,
So there's always some left when the tea's
made.

So dig out the cake forks and the sugar tongs,
Roll out the doilies and the marmalade,
When the tea's made,
Oh yeah, when the tea's made.

The Duckling of Our Love

If I was a giraffe, I would look into your
window,
And that would be okay,
Because giraffes aren't attracted to humans,
Or at least that's what I'd say.
If I was a snail I would leave a slimy trail on
your face at night,
And that would be okay,
Because snails don't know any better.
If I was a donkey I'd carry your potatoes.
If I was a moth I would lay eggs in your clothes.
If I was a centipede I'd live in your garden
under a stone,
And sneak under your carpet in the evening.
If I was a turkey I would climb into your oven,
And it would be okay
For you to eat me because I'd be a turkey.
If I was a leopard I wouldn't attack you.
If I was a louse I would live in your hairdo.
If I was a duck I would lay you an egg,
And that egg would hatch
Into the duckling of our love,
The duckling of our love,
Unless you ate it.

Our Dog

Our dog, he doesn't see too well.
Our dog, he's getting old now.
He doesn't howl at the moon.
He only howls when I play this tune.
Go on, give him a saucer of milk.
He's got no strength for a bone.
Go on and make a din,
If he likes it he'll join in.

Andrea's arms

Andrea's arms had no great strength,
They were shapely and feminine,
Admired by many,
But Andrea thought they were the wrong
length
To pick up a jar from a high kitchen shelf.
Andrea dreamed of longer arms,
And an end to stretching and reaching and
bending.
Andrea went to a doctor of plastic surgery,
Known for his methods quite drastic
And when
Andrea's
bandages came off what's more,
She realised her knuckles were scraping the
floor.
Andrea's mother greeted her daughter,
Smiling so gaily with her in a ribbon,
But her lips trembled the moment she saw her,
"Oh Andrea," she said, "you look like a gibbon!"
Now Andrea swings like an ape through the
trees,
And Andrea's mother has caught a disease.

Never Going Back

Where turtles swim in lemonade,
And every morning there's a hotdog parade,
People don't say no they say wow!

I'm never going back to reality now.
People don't smile all the time,
But they never frown.
Birds fly along the ground,
It's my kind of town and how.
I'm never going back to reality now.
There are ice cream policemen who want you
to eat them,
And digestive biscuits are square,
Rhinestone lampposts and green glass
overcoats,
And fish swim upside down in the air.
I would surf into the sunset on a herd of
Velcro cows,
But I'm never going back to reality now.

Where the PM's Jimi Hendrix's biscuit tin,
And in the evening little singing birds will come
and tuck you in,
Dogs don't say ruff they say kapow!
I'm never going back to reality now.

Eating doughnuts all day
Makes you beautiful.
So don't call me back with a shout,
Just lose sight of me in a crowd.
I'm never going back to reality now.

There are liquorice brains swinging from
cranes,
And tiny winged toasters in flight,
Cotton wool bikes that go anywhere you like,
And things that go hooray in the night.
I'll remove my head and take a bow,
But I'm never going back to reality now.

Queen of the Roller Derby

She was queen of the roller derby,
And I love her so,
I wish that I'd never let her go.
She was queen of the roller derby,
And I love her very much,
Even when she was kicking some other woman
in the crotch.

Out on the shiny hardwood floor,
She was a roller skating steam train ready to
score,
Blocking and a-knocking them down on their
backs.
At the turn of the wheel she was tough like
steel,
Grinding the opposition under her heel,
I wonder what she's doing now.

She was queen of the roller derby,
A lightning bolt on wheels,
I guess she must know how a superhero feels.
She was queen of the roller derby,
Strong and tough and fast,
I don't want to let her shrink into the past.

I miss her tattooed tenderness,
And although we had to part,
She's queen of the roller derby of my heart.

The Land Hermit Crab

If you see a shell moving on the shore,
It might not be the gastropod you take it for.
The land hermit crab has a very weak shell,
So it lives in a shell where a snail used to dwell.

When it sheds its exoskeleton,
It takes a few days for it to feel well again.
During that time it needs personal space,
So try not to get in its face.

Land hermit crab, land hermit crab.

It's found in the Florida Keys.
Land hermit crab, land hermit crab.
Lives alone or gregariously.
Two of its legs are chelipeds,
Or pincers located next to its head.
The next four it uses to walk around,
And the last four hold it in its house.

Land hermit crab, land hermit crab.
Although it originates in the sea,
Land hermit crab, land hermit crab,
Breathes air just like you and me.

Land hermit crab, land hermit crab.
All together everybody sing,
Land hermit crab, land hermit crab,
All hail this crustacean king.

Cheese

I don't drink, I don't smoke,
I'm an introverted kind of a bloke,
I'm not as fleet as the mountain goat,
But I'm so pleased because I love cheese.

I love cheese on a ploughman's lunch.
As sure as a hunchback has a hunch on his
back,
I've got cheese in my packed lunch.

Gorgonzola on a bap or a roll,
I love Brie on a breeze, or maybe on skis,
I love Stilton on stilts, or in a kilt,
Oh yes, I love cheese.

I don't bet, don't do ket,
I try not to work up a sweat,
I haven't broken these shoes in yet,
But I won't sneeze at a nice piece of cheese.

Achoo.

Yes! I love cheese on a water biscuit,
A baguette or a cracker, or I might risk it with
fruit,
While wearing a cheesecloth suit.

Now, some people say, ladies and gentlemen,
that life is like a box of chocolates, but for
me it's more of a smörgåsbord So next time
you're down at the cheese counter in your
local deli, or maybe even a supermarket, why
not think of a very special loved one, ladies
and gentlemen, someone you hold very close
to your heart, and buy them a nice pound of
mature Cheddar!

Gouda on wholemeal, or a nice cheese wheel,
Or Edam on the flippers of a seal.
Oh yes it's real,
I love cheese.
I really love that cheese!