

Biscuithead & the Biscuit Badgers

The Greatest Show on Toast

Lyrics

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Beige

Tights, toffee, mud, sparrows,
corrugated cardboard, Cornetto cones,
the wood in pencils and kitchen utensils,
natterjack, natterjack toads.

I've heard that beige is all the rage,
it's the start of a new age,
I painted my canary's cage
beige.

It's a certain type of brown
that seems to have been watered down.
It's springing up all around,
oh beige.

It's the colour of cardigans
and coffee creams,
Terry Wogan's dreams
and lino.

Just look into a beige sky
with beige clouds passing by,
a beige sun shining through beige rain drops
to make a beige rainbow,
wo, wo, wo.

I've heard that beige is all the rage,
it's the next logical stage,
it's all over the front page,
oh beige.

It's the colour of milk in Coco Pops
and fallow deer,
the town of Crewe
and plaster.

It's a coffee ice cream,
it's a beef paste dream,
it's a library colour scheme.
Oh beige is superior to
tan or fawn or camel or caramel,
as well as the antelope.
Beige is the colour of hope.

Everything's coming up beige.

The Seaweed Under the Sofa

There's seaweed under the sofa darling,
seaweed under the settee.
Left over from a time when we had a Chinese
and you drifted away from me.

We ate dumplings and drank ginger wine,
and your greasy fingers slipped away from mine.
Now nothing remains of that last chow mien
except the seaweed under the sofa.

Some time during the last prawn cracker
I knew that my hopes were knackered.
All I'm left with are memories.
Sad remorse and satay sauce.

There's seaweed under the sofa darling,
seaweed under the settee.
The dry brittle strands are as salty as my tears,
my hopes faded when the bean sprouts appeared.

Instead of a taste of paradise
I got a number thirty seven with special fried rice,
now there's nothing OK about the OK sauce
and the seaweed under the sofa.

My Lovely Moustache

My lovely moustache,
I'll take it to work,
and look at it in a furtive way.
My lovely moustache,
admired by women.
They kiss me and hope
it doesn't rub off.

I'll take my moustache to the zoo,
and show off in front of the walrus.
I'll stand next to pictures of General Kitchener,
Kaiser Wilhelm too.

My lovely moustache,
it's beautifully shiny,
my lovely moustache,
cor blimey,

A moustache is a man's best friend,
or a very lucky woman.
Children admire you,
and men they aspire to be who you are,
a moustachioed tsar.

My upper lip will never feel
the taste of razor blade.
I'll twirl and wax and groom
in the bathroom,
I'll defend it to the death.
My lovely moustache.

My lovely moustache,
like a facial panther,
My lovely moustache,
I call it Samantha.

I'll take my moustache to the fair,
and show off in front of the strong man,
go to fancy dress parties as Salvador Dali,
Ivan the Terrible too.

My lovely moustache,
allegedly regal,
my lovely moustache,
like the wings of an eagle.

It would look out of place on a dog,
and that's why they have whiskers.
I know how it feels

to run through the fields
with my eleven moustachioed sisters.
And my lovely,
most beautifully shiny,
cor blimey Charlie, moustache.

The Meat in the Sandwich

You bought it from a shop
where even the flies don't stop.
It looked a bit strange
but you ate it just the same.
It tastes so terribly nice,
but maybe you should think twice.
It's tender and juicy a bit like chicken
with a taste you just cannot place.

The meat in the sandwich,
the meat in the sandwich,
the meat in the sandwich
is a monkey.

He's no longer swinging through the trees,
he's being served on a bap with cheese.
An organ grinder will cry himself to sleep tonight.
You've eaten his partner.

The thought you cannot erase
of his fury little face.
But he's so juicy with lettuce and cucumber,
a tasty primatey treat.

The meat in the sandwich,
the meat in the sandwich,
the meat in the sandwich
is a monkey.

His tiny waistcoat is packed away,
he's on the menu with soup of the day.
An organ grinder will cry himself to sleep tonight.
You've eaten his partner.
You've eaten his partner.
You've eaten his partner.

Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo,
aa-aa-aa-aa-aa-aa,
oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo,
aa-aa-aa-aa-aa-aa.

The Custard Song

I don't want any of your treacle,
I don't want a dip in your honey,
I don't want to stir in your sugar,
I've made too many mistakes with Battenburg cakes.

Oh, I just want to warm up your custard
and serve it in a bowl for two.
I just want to warm up your custard
and maybe trifle with you.

I don't want a lick of your lolly,
I don't want dream topping from you,
I don't want to moisten your sponge cake,
but you know I can be trusted when all is done and dusted.

Oh, I just want to warm up your custard

and serve it in a bowl for two.

I just want to warm up your custard

and maybe trifle with you.

I don't want to wobble your jelly,

I don't want to glacé your cherry,

I don't want to sweeten your sherry,

but try not to get flustered, I'm still as keen as mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmustard.

Oh, I just want to warm up your custard
and serve it in a bowl for two.

I just want to warm up your custard

and maybe trifle with,

maybe just a little bit,

maybe trifle with you.

The Amino Acids Song

When it comes to amino acids
there are basically four types;
acidic, basic non-polar and polar.

Nonpolar:

Glycine, alanine, valine, leucine,
isoleucine, methionine,
phenylalanine, tryptophan and proline.

Polar:

Serine and threonine and cysteine and tyrosine,
asparagine, glutamine
and the other five monomers are electrically charged.

Chorus

They make structural proteins, storage proteins,
transport proteins, hormonal proteins,
receptor proteins, contractor proteins,
defensor proteins, enzymatic proteins.

The carboxyl groups on the side chain

identify two as acidic;

aspartic acid and glutamic acid.

The final three are basic if you know what I mean;

lysine, arginine and histidine.

The amino groups on the side chain

mean that they are positively charged!

Chorus

Glycine, alanine, valine, leucine,
isoleucine, methionine,
phenylalanine, tryptophan and proline.

Serine and threonine

and cysteine and tyrosine,

asparagine, glutamine,

aspartic acid and glutamic acid.

Chorus

The Allotment Gavotte

The seventh of September,
a date to remember,
everyone is ready to go
to the annual allotment,
held in a big tent,

annual allotment society show.

Another year of growing,
the jam will be flowing,
tell everyone you know
about the annual allotment,
make sure your parsnips aren't bent,
annual allotment society show.

Weed your borders,
get your cauliflowers in order,
make sure your dahlias glow,
for the annual allotment,
and in a Russian accent,
annual allotment society show.

Make sure you know where the broad beans go
and how many you need to arrange in a row.
Peas are good if the pods are straight,
in a group of seven on a white paper plate.

The seventh of September,
a date to remember.
Everyone is ready to go
to the annual allotment,
held in a big tent,
annual allotment society show.

Polish your plums and prepare for fun.
A thousand trumpets blow
for the annual allotment,
another year well spent,
annual allotment society show.

André had a Farm

Oh, André had a farm,
André had a farm.
All the animals wished him harm.
Oh, André had a farm,
André had a farm.
There was not one moment of calm.

A horse made out of gravy
took his carriage to the station
and he scared the crows away
with a scarecrow made of bacon.
His cows were milked for string
to knit André a tractor
and the heads of all the ducks
had been replaced by protractors.

André had a farm,
André had a farm.
All the animals wished him harm.
Oh, André had a farm,
André had a farm.
It was not without its charms.

The hens would all run backwards
and their nests were made by eggs
and the donkeys were asbestos
each with forty seven legs.
The dog would ride his bicycle
in and out of the pond
and the cats would all sit on springs

and sing a simple song.

Oh, it's great to be a cat.
Oh, it's great to be a cat.

But sorrow came to André,
I'll relate to you verbatim
what his melting farm hand told me
that his animals all ate him.

Oh, André had a farm,
André had a farm.
All the animals wished him harm.

Oh, André had a farm,
André had a farm.
They all wished him harm.

Oh, André had a farm,
André had a farm.
All the animals wished him harm.

Cock-a-doodle-do.

Harrison Richards

No one is safe from his probing intellect,
he can detect your hidden thoughts.
To him your mind is like a filing cabinet;
easy to infiltrate.

Harrison Richards,
feel the power of his will,
also known for IT skills.
Harrison Richards.
Harrison Richards,
he doesn't find it hard
to name your playing card;
that's professionalism for you.

He sees what you have drawn
before you show it,
he knows your card is the eight of diamonds.
The future is only a prediction away
you can hear him say, "Concentrate".

Harrison Richards,
wields the power of his brain
and not for personal gain,
Harrison Richards.
Harrison Richards,
it isn't over yet;
he'll name your childhood pet,
he's a bona fide wizard.

The only thing he doesn't have,
oh oh oh oh,
is a glamorous assistant,
oh oh oh oh,
but who needs any more glamour
oh oh oh oh,
than Harrison Richards?

Harrison Richards,
just look into his eyes,
he knows you dream of pies,

Harrison Richards.

Harrison Richards,
what secrets will you tell
when you fall under his spell?
He's a genuine master of hand-magic.

Harrison Richards.
He's a master perceptionist.

Rose

Rose, oh Rose,
I love you but people are starting to talk.

When we first meet the apples were in blossom.
A Golden Delicious fell on your head
and you've never been quite the same.

Oh Rose, oh Rose,
I love you but you're planning my untimely death.

I narrowly avoided bleach in your sponge cake.
You only killed the dog with that falling piano.
Now I've hidden all the knives and my gardening tools,
oh, how long have I got left?

Oh Rose, oh Rose,
I love you but you're going to beat me to death.

I look into your eyes, they're dark and empty.
You held my hand so tightly
in a pan of boiling water.

I miss you so terribly when I reflect
how you loomed over me with your foot on my neck.
I long for you darling I wish you were with me,
lovingly punching me in the kidneys.

Oh Rose, I'm lonely I sit in the corner,
missing your brand of psychological torture.
I love you, I love you,
oh won't you come back to me
for just one last trip to your misery factory?

Rose, oh Rose,
I love you but you're planning my untimely death.

The Skeleton Foxtrot

Old Uncle Oswald is back from the dead,
looking for his false teeth,
re-attaching his head.
Oswald strikes his tombstone with a grave digger's spade
and the bones rise up for a carnival parade.

Oh the Skeleton Foxtrot's a dangerous dance,
all the little skeletons gather and prance.
The Skeleton Foxtrot's a wonderful dance,
you should have a go if you get the chance.

Deceased Auntie Irene emerges from the crypt
and puts her glass eye back in its eye socket.
She strokes her dead cat Bobo with a bony hand,
picks up her trumpet and strikes up the band.

Oh, the Skeleton Foxtrot's a dangerous dance,
all the little skeletons gather and prance.
Come and watch their cadaverous show,
they've been waiting for you goodness knows.

Tick-tock, tick-tock, the Skeleton Foxtrot,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, the Skeleton Foxtrot,

Oh, the Skeleton Foxtrot's come to an end,
they're playing the last dance and hoping to send
the skeleton revellers on their way;
it'll all be as it was by the break of day.

Friction

Surfaces, even seemingly smooth ones,
have microscopic unevenness.
The unevenness of two touching surfaces
catch on each other,
and this produces friction, friction, woah friction.

This creates heat and electricity,
of a static variety.
There's no such thing as perfect efficiency,
and all because of friction, friction, woah friction.

Coulombs Law of friction requires ideal conditions, you see,
for kinetic friction not to be affected by sliding velocity.

The force that resists the relative motion,
or the tendency to such motion of two bodies,
or substances in contact
causes friction, friction, woah friction.

All work is movement,
and all movement causes
Ba ba ba da ba ba ba da da ba ba ba da
Friction

Friction, friction, beneficial when manifest as traction.
Frictional force causes negative acceleration,
which is less useful.

Ooh, friction, friction, woah,
friction, friction, woah, woah, woah. Friction.

Since this song was written,
molecular shapes and their interactions
have been implicated in
friction, friction, woah friction.