

Biscuithead & the Biscuit Badgers - Interspecies Disco Lyrics

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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.

Some people say, ladies and gentlemen, that life is like a box of chocolates, but for me it's more of a smorgasbord, so next time you're down at the cheese counter in your local deli, or maybe even a super market, 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!

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.

Runcorn

I tried to settle down in Burchett Place.
I tried to settle down in Spring Grove Walk.
In Hyde Park, Burley and Woodhouse Cliff,
I wonder maybe one day if...

Some day I'm going back to Runcorn.
I'm going to make that town shine.
Some day I'm going back to Runcorn.
I'm going to pick that town up and make it mine.
I'm going to put a shine of love on the bus station,
I'll put a smile on every pasty face.
I'll wave a magic wand of happiness over the market,
and I won't forget to put roses round Kwiksave.

I tried to make a life in Stanmore View.
I tried to carve my niche in Argie Road.
In Hyde Park, Burley and Woodhouse Cliff,
I wonder maybe one day if...

Some day I'm going back to Runcorn.
I'm going to take that town by storm.
Some day I'm going back to Runcorn.
My word, the welcome for me will be warm.

I'm going to polish up the bridge 'til it's gleaming,
In High Street every crack will be paved.
I'm going to sail that canal from one end to the other,
and I won't forget to put roses round Kwiksave.
No I won't forget to put roses round Kwiksave.

Elvis was a Black Belt

Well.....

When I was young I wanted to play the guitar.
They said learn your scales and some day you'll go far.
So I practiced and I practiced until I had had enough,
maybe I'd have been better off going wax on wax off.

Because Elvis was a black belt and I want to be one too
and if I don't like karate then I'll have a go at kung fu.
I think Elvis was 'Elvis the pelvis' cos he was skilled in a martial art.
So, if you want to sing just like the king, then tai chi's not a bad start.

Well.....

Now.....

I played my scales on my own till I was feeling sad.
I was very lonely but my technique wasn't half bad.
To cheer myself up I bought a dog, it was a shih tzu,
maybe I'd have been better off learning jujitsu.

And furthermore.....

I wrote songs in my bedsit. I wrote songs in my condo,
maybe I'd have been better off learning taekwondo.
When I think of all the music I've played and all the songs I've sung,
maybe I'd have been better off learning wing chun.

Because Elvis was a black belt and I want to be one too
and if I don't like karate then I'll have a go at kung fu.
I think Elvis was 'Elvis the pelvis' cos he was skilled in a martial art.
So, if you want to sing just like the king, then tai chi's not a bad start.
If you want to sing just like the king,
then tai chi's not a bad, qigong's not a bad, tai chi's not a bad start.

The Ragtime Song

You say you love me, but you don't mean it.
You say you love me, and like a fool I believe it.

If I Loved You

If I loved you I would wear a fresh Carnation.

If I loved you I'd fly flags of every nation.

If I loved you I'd no longer play the cad.

If I loved you I would be mad.

I would cast out hangers on like the traders from the temple.

I would start noticing flowers how revoltingly sentimental.

I would give up every vice I've ever had.

Would it, could it, would it really be so bad?

If I love you I would not get in your way.

If I loved you I would shave every day.

If I loved you I would hate it when you're sad,
even though I'd know I would be mad.

I would fling open my heart like a pair of broken shutters.

I would no longer get drunk and end up rolling in the gutter.

I would give up all regrets, put them all by.

Would I, really, would I? Well elephants might fly.

If.....

If I loved you it would be a great disaster.

If I loved you I would suffer ever after.

If I loved you I would lose myself a tad.

If I loved you I would be mad. I would be mad. I would be ma ha had.

If I loved you I would be maaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaad.

I Love Your Glove

You want to hold my hand, but the problem is, you see,
a naked hand is bland, without the addition of PVC.

I love your glove, it's black and shiny,

I love your glove, when you're behind me,

I love your glove, oh heavens above, I love your glove.

You want to hold me tight, to prove our love is true,
but I want to get it right, so Baby glove me do.

I love your glove, it fits you tightly,

I love your glove, it just delights me,

I love your glove, when push comes to shove, I love your glove.

Some people just don't understand, what we've found together.

I prefer the plastic one and she prefers the leather.

I love your glove, I love them all,

I love your glove, both large and small,
I love your glove, oh heavens above, I love your glove.

Shut up

Shut up, shut up, I'm telling you shut up.
Someone should put those words to music.
Shut up, shut up, I think it's such a good idea,
shut up, shut up, shut up.

When Napoleon said to Josephine "not tonight my dear",
you know just what she should have told him
and when they said to Harold, "you must go and fight the French",
you know just what he should have answered.
Shut up, shut up, shut up, shut up, shut up.

Shut up, shut up, why can't you just shut up.
An Opera should be written on the subject.
Shut up, shut up, I think it's such a good idea,
shut up, shut up, shut up.

When Victoria said to Albert "we are not amused",
you know just what he should have told her
and when Nixon said "there'll be no whitewash at the White House"
someone really should have told him:
shut up, shut up, shut up, shut up, shut up.
Shut up

Doug McClure

Sing of Doug McClure as he's fighting dinosaurs.
He's every inch the hero as he dodges past their claws.
Searching for Atlantis in a diving bell
or crashing in a biplane into prehistoric hell.

He's the man that time forgot in a Nazi submarine
fighting ancient monsters in the mid-70s.
Discovering in a mole machine a long forgotten tribe,
he grapples with the Kraken and still comes out alive.

The tyrannosaurs all roar and the giant squid it squirts,
and a tribe of angry cavemen grovel in the dirt.
He's a pterodactyl twatting Atlantean's worst nightmare.
Sing of Doug McClure and his fantastic facial hair.

The Diplodocus trumpet and the quicksand sucks his feet,
and man eating vegetation wants to have him for its tea.
He is a rhamphorhynchus strangling, damsel's best friend.

Sing of Doug McClure he's fighting monsters to the end.

The Drinking Song

Ain't got no wife. Ain't got no house.

Ain't got nobody to care about.

Ain't got no job. Ain't got no car.

You always said that I'd go far.

Binge drinking got me into trouble.

Just another double and maybe I'll quit.

Binge drinking got me into trouble.

Just another double and maybe I'll quit.

Ain't got no prospects, the cupboard's bare,

but you can't tell by the clothes I wear.

Ain't got no feelings, except for numb.

To all advice I'm deaf and dumb.

I know, the devil licks his lips when I raise a glass to mine.

I know, he's waiting for me there but somehow I've got to pass the time.

Binge drinking got me into trouble.

Just another double and maybe I'll quit.

Binge drinking got me into trouble.

Just another double and maybe I'll quit,

maybe I'll quit, maybe I'll quit, maybe I'll quit.

Spiderstep

Let me teach you little spider, you have been dropped on your head.

Let me teach you little spider, little spider in your web.

Let me teach you to be cunning, although the world decries.

Let me teach you to be master of all the little flies.

Spin, spin spider spin a sticky web

and wait with poison in your fangs remember what I said.

Spin, spin spider make sure the flies are scared,

make your web your cathedral but don't get yourself snared.

Let me teach you to be ruthless and strong and sure and quick,

to be right in your decisions in your methods forensic.

Let me teach you little spider. Let me teach you to be cruel

to all the other spiders in my cruel spider school.

Let me teach you how to trap them and wrap them in your web.

Let me teach you how to snare them each way that they tread.

Let me teach you little spider. Let me teach you to be bad,

a rotter and a stinker and in every way a cad.

Spider, spider, spider, spider, spider.

The Smoking Song

I've tasted the tar of your cruel remarks and seen no love in your eyes.
I remember the breath that drew me in, still I crave your cancerous sighs.
Loving you is like giving up smoking, a compulsion I cannot control.
Loving you is like giving up smoking. It has tested my body and soul.

I remember the strike that ignited the match that lit up my aching heart.
The poisonous kiss that drew me in, from then on we were never apart.
[Screaming]

Send me back upstairs

Send me back upstairs, send me back upstairs.
If I'm eaten by a lion or I leave on the iron, send me back upstairs.

When I recline one final time, and finally bugger off,
just have a fine old time but, cover me up with a tablecloth

and

Send me back upstairs, send me back upstairs.
If I get run down or I'm stabbed by a clown, send me back upstairs.

Later on, when I'm gone, you may well think of me.
Don't be blue, say "toodleoo", and be glad it's me instead of you and

Send me back upstairs, send me back upstairs.
If I don't fix the brakes or I eat too many cakes, send me back upstairs.

Oh send me, send me, send me back.

Send me, send me, send me back.

Send me, send me, send me back.

Send me back upstairs.

If I come back you'll be surprised, but not half as much as me.

Don't be distressed, you know what's best,
just put me in a parcel, you know the address

and

Send me back upstairs, send me back upstairs.
If I smoke in bed or I fall off the shed, send me back upstairs.
Send me back upstairs, send me back upstairs.
If it's fingers in the socket or I'm hit by a rocket, send me back upstairs.

Einsiedlerkrebs

Siehst du eine Muschel, die sich am Strand bewegt,
so mag es nicht, wie du denkst, ein Gastropode sein.
In das Gehäuse, in dem sonst eine Muschel lebt,
kehrte nämlich ein Einsiedlerkrebs ein.

Wenn er seinen Hautpanzer erneuert,
so braucht er ein paar Tage, um sich zu erholen.
In dieser Zeit ist für ihn alles ganz bescheuert,
und dies zeigt auch sehr unverholen.

Einsiedlerkrebs, Einsiedlerkrebs,
Man findet ihn an fast jedem Strand,
Einsiedlerkrebs, Einsiedlerkrebs,
dort lebt er allein, oder gesellig außer Rand und Band.

Zwei seiner Beine sind Scherenbeine,
und sie befinden sich direkt neben dem Kopf.
Die nächsten vier, mit denen er sich fortbewegt, sind Laufbeine,
und die letzten vier halten ihn in seinem Haus wie einen Propf.

Einsiedlerkrebs, Einsiedlerkrebs,
Obwohl du die Luft zum Atmen brauchst,
Einsiedlerkrebs, Einsiedlerkrebs,
so bist du doch im Meer zuhause.

Einsiedlerkrebs, Einsiedlerkrebs,
Lasst uns alle zusammen singen,
Einsiedlerkrebs, Einsiedlerkrebs,
und etwas Zeit mit dem König der Krustentiere verbringen.

Übersetzung von Peter Schmitt