

BISCUITHEAD
AND THE
BISCUITBADGERS



Biscuithead & the Biscuit Badgers are:

Dean Murray lead vocals, ukulele, glockenspiel

Bob Schiffrin piano, organ, backing vocals

Sam Paechter tuba, french horn^(6,7 & 12), backing vocals

Matthew Shallcross drums, percussion, backing vocals

with special guest:

Professor Elemental vocals on *Terrible & Edible*

additional musicians:

Robert Ashworth french horn^(6,8 & 12)

Murray Greig trumpet

Robert Burtenshaw trombone

Helen Mills voice trumpet⁽¹¹⁾

David Greed violin

Katherine New violin

David Aspin viola

Jessica Burroughs cello

Genna Spinks double bass

All songs, words and music by Biscuithead & the Biscuit Badgers except:

The British Cactus & Succulent Society; also by Jessica Bowie

Venus Flytrap; words by John Watkins

Terrible & Edible; additional lyrics by Professor Elemental

Orchestral arrangements by Biscuithead & the Biscuit Badgers

Recorded between 2014 and 2019 at LOOM Studio, Birstall, West Yorkshire

Engineered by Grant Henderson

Piano and hammond organ recorded by Barkley McKay at Valley Wood Studio, Leeds

Produced by Grant Henderson and Biscuithead & the Biscuit Badgers

Mixed and Mastered by Will Worsley at Coda to Coda, London

CD art by Dean, Layout by Sam

Faster than a speeding puffin, more chocolaty than a chocolate labrador, descending from apes (if they are tall enough), Biscuithead & the Biscuit Badgers release your ears to play backgammon undisturbed. Can you catch them all? The answer is no.

Beyond hope, beyond fear, beyond egg, beyond cheese, whistling a tune you don't know, but have definitely heard somewhere. Unfold your senses and enjoy what happens to them. Over seven lifetimes to complete, under four feet in height, somewhere outside Chelmsford, below the normal pH for this time of year, sighed upon by elves: *Thought Porridge.*



Royal Park Road

On Royal Park Road there's a party every night,
On Royal Park Road, and occasionally a fight,
On Royal Park Road the taxi drivers never
indicate,
And if you stay up very late you might see a fox,
On Royal Park Road.

You might get shouted at by a man called Brian;
He's aggressive but very very old.
Someone at the corner shop is wearing pyjamas;
I hope she doesn't get cold,
On Royal Park.

On Royal Park Road you're only
ten yards from a rat,
On Royal Park Road,
or a man in a flat cap,
On Royal Park Road you
can see the litter blowing,
'Cause the bins are
overflowing,
Someone's dropped half
a pizza,
On Royal Park Road.

On Royal Park Road
there's a school that
was demolished,
On Royal Park Road you
might see an alcoholic,
On Royal Park Road
estate agents in shiny cars,

Show you properties with bars on the windows.
On Royal Park Road.



I've Got My Finger Up My Nose

*I've got my finger up my nose,
I've got my finger up my nose,
I've got my finger up my nose,
Oh, I've got my finger up my nose.*

I tried a spade, but it wouldn't go,
I tried a dishwasher, but it wouldn't go,
I tried a pineapple and I tried a
crossbow,
Now I've got my finger up my nose.

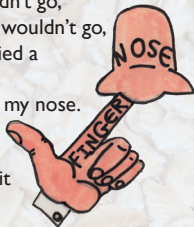
(chorus)

I tried a forklift truck, but it
wouldn't go,
I tried a dog's hand, but it
wouldn't go,
I tried roast beef and a flamingo,
Now I've got my finger up my nose.

(chorus)

I tried a cricket bat, but it wouldn't go,
I tried a bag of crisps, but it wouldn't go,
I tried a postman and a potato,
Now I've got my finger up my nose.

(chorus)



Terrible and Edible

An orange like a beach ball,
A peanut like a meatball,
A raisin as big as your skull,
A potato the size of Hull.
They're massive and quite
aggressive,
As well as a healthy alternative.
Boom! They're in your face,
Juice and peel all over the place.



Terrible, terrible, terrible and edible,
Welcome to the land of the giant vegetables.

Who knew that celery is violent?
Peas are stealthy and silent.
Beans, well they are broad,
And they will crush you.
Oh my lord!
How are you gonna survive,
In a land where vegetables are outsized?

Terrible, terrible, terrible and edible,
Welcome to the land of the giant vegetables.

My incredible experiments on vegetables are
clever,
But instead of talking lettuces it's simply
unacceptable,
Along with singing celery, carnivorous courgettes,
And all the rest of my collection,
Of sentient comestibles.
Immeasurably intelligent, clever
And these sentinels are sent to cause
The fall of mankind,

It's inevitable.

All I wanted was a festival that was edible,
All I've got are evil vegetables and it's terrible!

Suddenly you're creamed by corn,
Wheat is making you mow its lawn,
Rice is dunking you in a ditch,
Oh no! You're a beetroot's \$*{#@

Round here, all juice is banned,
And not a single fruit is canned,
You won't find new potatoes in brine,
And jams and chutney are out of line.

Terrible, terrible, terrible and edible,
Welcome to the land of the giant vegetables.

You can get put in a dungeon,
If you are found pickling an onion.
Stop! What's that over there?
Could it be a carnivorous pear?
Listen, you're never safe,
With giant vegetables all over the place.

Terrible, terrible, terrible and
edible,
Welcome to the land of the
giant vegetables.



When We Were Bakers

No one could ever tame us, we were lions then,
But who, who would believe that now?
Just like Icarus we flew too far,
We hitched a ride on a falling star,
Now all we can do is reminisce,

Of when we were bakers.
We were real dough and icing creators,
In a haze of flour and steam, in our patisserie of dreams,
A line of girls would swoon as we displayed our macaroons.

But, hour after hour, as we sieved our flour,
A change made our efforts in vain.
Eventually despair filled our éclairs;
We succumbed to a supermarket chain.

Our shop was empty without customers.
We wept into our beautifully soft meringues.
We packed up our pastries and the rolling pin,
Left the shop vacant, thought of way back when,
And all those days seemed so long ago.

When we were bakers,
We were real bona fide cake makers.
We bestrode the world with our custard tarts,
There was always cream in our hearts.

When we were bakers,
When we were bakers,
We came, we saw, we made crusty brown loaves for all.

When we were bakers,
When we were bakers,
We were self-raised movers and shakers,
We always knew which way our cake was sliced,
We iced our buns twice, we were naughty but nice.

When we were bakers.

Model Railway



If you're upset by trains of normal size,
And wish they could be miniaturised,
Gather round that can be found,
On the model railway.

Model railway, model railway,
With tiny wire trees.
Model railway, model railway,
There is no disease on the model railway.

If a fly should land there would be a fuss,
It would be the size of a hippopotamus,
But it's probably only looking for jam,
On the model railway.

Model railway, model railway,
We all look at you,
Model railway, model railway,
From a giant's point of view, model railway.

If a train's derailed by a ball of fluff,
The passengers don't get in a huff.
Never rains, no-one complains,
On the model railway.

Model railway, model railway,
Wherever you are bound,
Model railway, model railway,
You go round and round and round and round and...

No one protests, they look their best,
The commuters are immaculately dressed.

The crowds are still and no one's ill,
The cat looks at it from the window sill.

Static sheep feed on powdered grass.
There's a plastic spread on in the buffet car.
There's lots to see and the toilets are free,
On the model railway.

Model railway, model railway,
In a garage or loft,
Model railway, model railway,
We should get you out and dust you off.

Venus Flytrap

Described by Darwin as being the
Most wonderful plant in the world,
One of the most known carnivorous
plants,
Due to its ability to show movement.

Venus, Venus Flytrap.

An insect attracted to the trap,
By nectar secreted along
The inside edge of the lobes,
Risks touching three hairs on the lobe,
That trigger the trap.

Venus, Venus Flytrap.

Two touches of these hairs in short
succession;
The lobes snap shut and the victim is
imprisoned.
The struggling insect stimulates the
trigger hairs,

Closing the trap even tighter.

Venus, Venus Flytrap.

This plant consists of a rosette of leaves
Arising from a rhizome,
Which bear, at the outer ends,
Two fringed lobes which form a trap.

Within a few days the digestion process,
Is completed and the trap reopens.
The lifespan of the individual trap,
Is usually limited to three closures.

Venus Flytrap, Venus Flytrap,



Bison

Because I had to be away,
I sent her bison on Valentines Day.
"A dozen long stemmed," I thought
to myself,
And they went in the post on Feb the
twelfth.

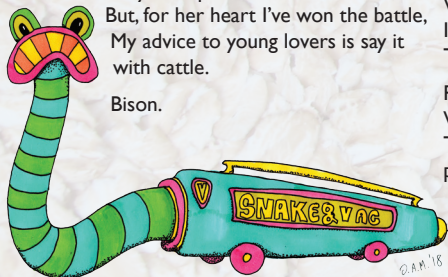
'To my darling our love's long overdue,
I saw this herd and they reminded me of you,
My love for you grows stronger every day,
Feed them each daily with a bale of hay.'

The postman thought my bison were strange,
But special delivery was arranged.
We argued but I sent him packing,
And later I heard he'd done his back in.

I was advised that without exception,
These ruminants make a good impression.
Much more suitable than a camel,
The most romantic of the hoofed mammals.

I know what you're thinking "but bison are cows,
Surely such presents are not allowed".
But, for her heart I've won the battle,
My advice to young lovers is say it
with cattle.

Bison.



The Wonderful Tube

From Arctic Roll to toothpaste,
It was a revolutionary cylinder,
From tights to trouser legs and back to
stockings,
Where would we be without it?

Who invented the tube?
It was a great idea at the time.
The wonderful tube, what a great idea.

Drainpipes and tunnels all over the planet,
Plumbing and chimneys the throat of a gannet.
The wonderful tube, what a great idea.

Without it, there would be no straws,
No plumbing and no flutes.
Hurricanes would be hexagonal,
And worms would be square in cross section.

Who invented the tube?
It was a great idea at the time.
The wonderful tube, what a great idea.

Propelling pencils and didgeridoos,
Without it what would a torpedo use?
The wheels of steam rollers the sleeves of
pullovers.

Who invented the tube?
What a great idea.

Everybody everybody

Everybody everybody,
Everybody loves a tube.

A mosquito's mouthparts and scaffolding poles,
Without it how would we dispense toilet rolls?
Our digestive system, the housings for pistons,
Who invented the tube? What a great idea.

It's a great attribute, it can make a chute,
If you're proud of hosepipes and the legs of
tights, shout it loud!
The wonderful, wonderful, wonderful tube,
What a great idea.

British Hairpiece Champion

Who makes the best wigs in the world?
British Hairpiece Champion.

We've got ponytails and mullets,
You could even have a quiff,
Your friends will be astounded,
They'll shout from the top of a cliff,
'Look over there at his amazing hair'.



Who makes the best wigs in the world?
British Hairpiece Champion.

You might be bald but no one needs to know,
That your hair will not grow.
No need to sigh or wear a hat.
We can take care of that.

Who makes the best wigs in the world?
British Hairpiece Champion.

It won't move if you scratch your head,

It will look majestic instead.
If it's windy it won't blow about,
And have no doubt,
It will never fall out.

Who makes the best wigs in the world?
British Hairpiece Champion.

Your natural hair may suffer wear and tear,
Don't despair.

Who makes the best wigs in the world?
British Hairpiece Champion.

Bathroom

There are towels, there's a
mat,

In the shower there's a cap in
the bathroom.

There are tiles, there's a sink,
And the light switch is a string, in the bathroom.
You shouldn't have a socket,
Or leave anything erotic in the bathroom.

Do you wanna go to the bathroom?

There's no need to wear a hat,
You can give the dog a pat in the bathroom.
You can move your bowels,
Store your sanitary towels in the bathroom.
The bleach has extra power,
There's a man in the shower in the bathroom.

Do you wanna go to the bathroom?

We'll all get to the bathroom in the end.



Mournful Colouring Book

Mournful colouring book,
I can't put you down.
Colouring a crow
pecking at a dead nun,
A penguin with no
friends.

A present squashed
behind a door,
A birthday cake
dropped on the floor,
A hedgehog with only one leg,
Mournful colouring book.

A dropped ice cream a forgotten dream,
Mournful colouring book.
A child in a hole with a burst balloon,
Mournful colouring book.

Mournful colouring book,
Why don't you take a look?
Comes with one black felt pen,
Mournful colouring book.

A lawnmower kills a well loved pet,
A baby smoking a cigarette,
A graph showing a downward trend
In life expectancy.
A tonsillectomy.

Your pages are filled with the ill,
Mournful colouring book.



The British Cactus & Succulent Society

If it grows in the desert, they know what it's called.
They might meet in a library, or a church hall.
You can find them on a week day night,
Showing their exotic holiday slides.

The British Cactus & Succulent Society, woah.
Experts travel from far and wide,
To take you through a cactus or succulent
species guide.
So many Latin names you must try to remember.
There's a pie and pea supper in December.

The British Cactus & Succulent Society, woah.
See the many shaped succulents;
Beauty shaped by adversity.

Adenium obesum cristata, Haworthia fasciata,
Kalanchoe beherensis, Nolina recurvata,
Anacampseros rufescens,
Euphorbia millii,
Dorotheanthis
bellidiformis.

Choose your cacti
and grow them
well,
Or else they'll be
able to tell.

The British Cactus
& Succulent Society,
woah.





BOURBONING
ON

NO FISH
BEYOND THIS POINT

THE RIDICULOUS

D.A.M. '18



- | | | |
|----|---|------|
| 1 | Royal Park Road | 2.35 |
| 2 | I've Got My Finger Up My Nose | 1.53 |
| 3 | Terrible & Edible
<small>(feat. Professor Elemental)</small> | 2.33 |
| 4 | When We Were Bakers | 3.25 |
| 5 | Model Railway | 2.43 |
| 6 | Venus Flytrap | 4.11 |
| 7 | Bison | 4.43 |
| 8 | The Wonderful Tube | 3.40 |
| 9 | British Hairpiece Champion | 2.47 |
| 10 | Bathroom | 3.25 |
| 11 | Mournful Colouring Book | 1.41 |
| 12 | The British Cactus & Succulent Society | 4.47 |

© Biscuithead & the
Biscuit Badgers 2019
www.biscuithead.co.uk

