

Rock and Roll Is Full of Bad Wools

Half Man Half Biscuit

He's sitting on a so-called Soccer Sofa
On a Saturday morning
Having the so-called banter with the Preston
Touching base with fellow guest Heston
How cool does he appear?
And how cool is his career?
He's gonna talk about his songs
And his favourite footy teams
That's England, Chelsea, Accy Stanley
"And all the band love watching Barca"
But then, disastrously
They ask him casually
"You come from Leigh-On-Sea,
Do you ever get to Roots Hall?"
Which to him means f*ck all
Can only look askance
And cast a sideways glance
Could use some help with this
But Heston's gone for a piss
Need something to deflect
Enter Ruddock left
"More doughnuts" shout the crew
High art shall not ensue
Here, today, in this place
And our hapless singer's band
Has just gone moribund
Stay tuned, following the break
Crazy Razor gonna get him in a headlock
Crazy Razor headlock

Hey hey, my my
LIPA groups will never die
Somebody patented a mould
Whereby the clay is kept cold
And the spirit is controlled

And the car park is patrolled

In other news, I went along to what I thought was Curry Night
At what I'd hitherto perceived to be a pub that I could trust
And it transpired
Curry Night were there to play
Crowded House and David Gray
And though I didn't have to stay
I overheard the barman say
At the Queens up the road TBA were on, and so
I remained where I was
You ask me why, I say because
TBA are particularly glib

They do two sets
And then take requests...

Play one the drummer knows

Troubadours feted by the heavyweight press
Self-confessed freaks trying too hard to impress

Idiotic terminology sticking in the craw
Catch us in session
Catch us on tour
I checked out your single like you asked me to do
Where it says three minutes seventeen, it's twenty-two
And I think you'll find the catalogue number's incorrect
All in all, don't you think it's a good job that I checked?

Rock and roll