

BISCUITHEAD & THE BISCUIT BADGERS



Dinosaurs Ate My Caravan

(CRABOPHONE) www.biscuithead.co.uk

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Here come the Biscuitheads with a new selection of songs that poke and prod at the inanities of everyday life – everything from

unknown uncles to soya milk, roller derbies to hermit crabs... you strum it (on a ukulele) and I'll sing it. They're a rum bunch and no mistake – mutton-chop facial hair and tweed suits, tuba and Spike Jones-style percussion – tunefully fascinated by the everyday humdrum bits of life's fluff that we tend not to talk about.

But then, Biscuithead sing about them so that we don't have to – there's even a song book (with chords and music) so we can all sing along to 'David Attenborough': *'David Attenborough, on a volcano's rim/David Attenborough, watching swordfish swim'*.

Situated musically somewhere between the 1920s jazz-dance craze and The Temperance Seven's reinvention of it many decades later, Biscuithead laugh (literally) in the face of nostalgia by addressing the mundane bits and bobs of the modern world. And those bits and bobs don't come more mundane than singing about tea bags. No, really. I give you the opening lines from the stirring 'Tea's Made': *'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.'* Lovely.

Boff Whalley