

THE LION & LETTERBOX RECORDS · PRESENTS

BUILD UK

FEATURING

SIR RANDYBOTTOM CLUTTERWORTH KC

TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE TOAST

OFFICIAL LYRIC BOOKLET · SIDE A / SIDE B

Recorded at Caravan Studios, Kent

Producer: Gemini (unpaid, unbothered)

Executive Producer: The Brigadier — one stamp per track

CATALOGUE LLR-001 · 1970S SOUL / SLOW JAM / STADIUM ROCK

TEMPO RANGE 75 BPM WALTZ — GATED REVERB — SETTING FOUR

MMXXVI

THE COMPANY

ARTIST	BUILD UK ft. Sir Randybottom Clutterworth KC
LABEL	The Lion & Letterbox Records
STUDIO	Caravan Studios, Kent (static pitch, ME18)
PRODUCER	Gemini — unpaid, unbothered
EXEC. PRODUCER	The Brigadier — one stamp per track
TOASTER	Travelodge Dualit-alike, setting 4 (condemned)
SPREADS	Lurpak, cheap Flora, marmalade of unknown origin
LEGAL	The Brigadier has reviewed the crumbs. He is not impressed.

TRACKLISTING

- A1** **Three Times a Slice**
75 BPM · Waltz / 3/4 · Fender Rhodes
- A2** **Warm to the Core**
Slow jam · hotel-room confession
- A3** **Total Eclipse of the Toast**
Gated reverb · stadium · fire alarm
- B1** **Golden Brown Forever**
Analog pads · setting four
- B2** **We Didn't Start the Toaster**
Billy Joel, 1989 — Clutterworth-approved year
- B3** **Clock on the Wall**
Closing piano · Swindon car park
- C1** **The Standard is Set**
Courtroom anthem · KC to the Crown

"The toast was not golden brown. It was charcoal. Nobody checked out with a positive review."

1970s Soul / Slow Jam Ballad · 75 BPM · Waltz / 3/4

INTRO

(Gentle Fender Rhodes piano, soft bassline, and a quiet acoustic guitar)

CHORUS

You're once, twice, three times a slice...
And you're warm to the core.
You're golden brown,
The best toast in town,
And I want butter more.
Yes, I want butter more...

VERSE 1

I woke up at seven, my stomach was bare,
I walked to the sideboard, and what saw I there?
A standard white loaf, double-wrapped in the bag,
No fancy sourdough, no posh artisan tag.
I popped in two slices and pushed down the lever,
A romance was born that would last on forever.

CHORUS

'Cause you're once, twice, three times a slice,
And you're warm to the core.
You're golden brown,
The best toast in town,
And I want butter more.

VERSE 2

Travelodge dear, oh what have you done?
You bought the cheap bread, but the setting was one.
I cranked up the dial to a dangerous four,
Now you're hard, and you're crisp, dropping crumbs on the floor!
I scrape off the black parts with a butter-knife blade,
The finest breakfast that Premier Inn ever made.

CHORUS

'Cause you're once, twice, three times a slice,
And you're warm to the core.
You're golden brown,
The best toast in town,
And I want butter more.

OUTRO

(Slowing down, expressive vocals over a gentle piano solo)
Smeared in marmalade...
A little bit of cheap Flora spread...

Oh, lovely toast...

Don't drop butter-side down on the Travelodge carpet...

Ooh, yeah...

(Final soft piano chime)

*Hotel-room confession · menu read twice***VERSE 1**

I gotta take a little time,
A little time to look around the room...
I read the breakfast menu twice,
To see what's cooking in this hotel room.
This loaf inside has grown so cold,
It's gotta be transformed today.
In my life, there's been heart-burn and pain,
I don't know if I can take plain bread again...

CHORUS

I wanna know what toast is!
I want you to show me!
I wanna feel what toast is!
I know you can brown me!

VERSE 2

I gotta take a little butter,
A little Lurpak on my knife...
Gotta spread it edge-to-edge,
To bring this dry white slice to life.
Talk about bread!
It's soft and it's pale...
It's stuck on setting two, but it won't fail!
In my hands, it's golden and warm,
The ultimate hotel breakfast form...

CHORUS

I wanna know what toast is!
I want you to show me!
I wanna taste what toast is!
I know the setting's three!
(Let's talk about toast!)
I wanna know what toast is! (I wanna feel the crunch, yeah!)
I want you to show me! (And I want butter to spill...)
I wanna taste what toast is!
And I know, I know you can brown me!

OUTRO

(Change the dial... dial 4...)
I wanna know, I wanna know, I wanna know...
(Is that marmalade?)
Oh, I wanna know what toast is...
(Don't burn it, don't trigger the fire alarm...)
Show me... show me the golden-brown shade, yeah...

Golden brown shade.

Gated reverb drums · wall of sound · 80s guitar / analog synth

INTRO

(Slow, dramatic piano line over sweeping analog synth pads)

VERSE 1

(Softly, with intense dramatic tension)

(Turn around)

Every now and then I fall apart

When the lever pops but the bread's still raw

(Turn around)

Every now and then I get a little bit nervous

That the setting's stuck on four

(Turn me over)

Every now and then I'm butter-side up

(Turn me over)

Every now and then I'm butter-side down on the Travelodge carpet

(Turn around)

Every now and then I get a little bit crispy

And I know it's time to scrape

(Turn around)

Every now and then I get a little bit darker

And there's nothing left to save

CHORUS

(Gated reverb drums kick in, explosive wall of sound)

And I need bread tonight!

And I need it more than ever!

And if you just set it right,

It'll be golden brown forever!

And there's nothing I can do...

A TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE TOAST!

VERSE 2

(Driving synth bassline, steady drum beat)

The smoke alarm is screaming

And forty people in dressing gowns are standing in the car park

(Turn around)

A TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE TOAST!

GUITAR & SYNTH SOLO

(Screaming 80s electric guitar trading virtuoso licks with a bright analog synth)

BRIDGE

Once, twice, three times some bread,

Now you're hard and crisp, Travelodge dear, what have you?

I wanna know what toast is, I want you to show me!

I wanna taste what toast is!

FINAL CHORUS / OUTRO

And I need bread tonight!

And I need it more than ever!

And if you just set it right,

It'll be golden brown forever!

And there's nothing I can do...

A TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE TOAST!

(Echoing vocals, soaring guitar fills fading out)

I wanna know what toast is...

A TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE TOAST...

Total eclipse...

Golden brown forever.

Analog pads · setting four · slow burn ballad

INTRO

(Slow, dramatic piano line over sweeping analog synth pads)

VERSE 1

The kitchen clock is ticking on the wall.
Heavy shadows stretch across the empty hall.
I watch the darkness slowly settling in,
Wondering where these restless thoughts begin.
A quiet storm is brewing in my mind,
Leaving all my yesterdays behind.
And now I face the music all alone
In this house that doesn't feel like home.

CHORUS

Oh this fire is burning bright,
Burning through the longest night.
Yeah we gotta hold on fast,
Make this fleeting moment last.
If you just set it right —
It'll be golden brown forever.

VERSE 2

The smoke is rising slowly to the roof,
Leaving behind a bitter kind of proof
That some things in this life you cannot change,
No matter how you try to rearrange.
I see the spark reflecting in your eyes
Through a veil of beautiful disguise.
We dance around the edges of the flame,
Playing this familiar, endless game.

CHORUS

Oh this fire is burning bright,
Burning through the longest night.
Yeah we gotta hold on fast,
Make this fleeting moment last.
Golden brown shade...
Golden brown forever.

OUTRO

Yeah this fire is burning on and on
Long after the light is gone.
Oh it keeps on burning still.

(Dial 4. Do not look away.)

Golden brown forever.

Billy Joel, 1989 — the Clutterworth-approved year

VERSE 1

Hovis, Warburtons, Kingsmill white,
Burnt the crumpet Saturday night,
Lurpak, Flora, Anchor spread,
Marmalade on wholemeal bread,
Kenco coffee, PG Tips,
Smoke alarm and dressing gowns,
Premier Inn and Travelodge,
Setting four — the lever's dodged,

CHORUS

We didn't start the toaster!
It was always burning since the world's been turning!
We didn't set the dial!
It's been burning toast since the dawn of man!

VERSE 2

Breville, Dualit, Russell Hobbs,
Crumb tray full, the lever bobs,
Sourdough with a narrative,
Artisan at five pounds fifty,
Farmhouse thick, medium sliced,
Butter cold — it won't spread nice,
Marmite, yes or Marmite, no,
The oldest culture war we know,

CHORUS

We didn't start the toaster!
It was always burning since the world's been turning!
We didn't set the dial!
It's been burning toast since the dawn of man!

BRIDGE (RAPID-FIRE)

Continental breakfast, croissant on the side,
Buffet eggs are rubber, sausage has no pride,
Beans are lukewarm, hash brown's cold,
Scrambled eggs three hours old,
Juice machine is broken — AGAIN,
Orange from concentrate, watered down to ten,
Coffee pod is empty, kettle doesn't work,
Waitress hasn't seen us, manager's gone berserk,

FINAL CHORUS

We didn't start the toaster!

It was always burning since the world's been turning!
We didn't set the dial!
IT'S BEEN BURNING TOAST SINCE THE DAWN OF MAN!

SPOKEN OUTRO

(Exhausted, over fading piano)

The fire alarm went off at seven fifteen.
We stood in the car park for forty minutes.
In dressing gowns. In the rain. In Swindon.
The toast was not golden brown.
It was charcoal.
The Brigadier was not impressed.
Nobody checked out with a positive review.

Closing piano · Swindon car park · spoken last take

VERSE 1

The kitchen clock is ticking on the wall.
Heavy shadows stretch across the empty hall.
I watch the darkness slowly settling in,
Wondering where these restless thoughts begin.
A quiet storm is brewing in my mind,
Leaving all my yesterdays behind.
And now I face the music all alone
In this house that doesn't feel like home.

VERSE 2

The lever popped. The bread was raw.
Then setting four. Then nothing more to save.
The smoke alarm is screaming down the hall.
Forty dressing gowns are in the rain.
Swindon. Seven fifteen. Forty minutes.
The toast was not golden brown.
It was charcoal.

SPOKEN

(Over a single piano note, held)

The Brigadier was not impressed.
Nobody checked out with a positive review.
I read the breakfast menu twice.
I took a little time to look around the room.

OUTRO

The clock on the wall keeps time we didn't ask for.
The fire keeps burning after the light is gone.
Warm to the core —
or nothing left to scrape.

(Final soft piano chime.)

Don't drop butter-side down.

*Courtroom anthem · order in the house of common tongue***INTRO**

Stand for the court, the king has spoken,
The rule of law remains unbroken.
Order in the house of common tongue,
Listen to the truth that must be sung.

VERSE 1

My name is Clutterworth, KC to the Crown,
Baddest barrister in this whole damn town.
Got a horse on the rug and a pen in my hand,
Defending the language across this land.
I shut down “delulu,” I banned “bussin” too,
“Skibidi” got stamped — that’s a head in a loo.
Mrs Henderson’s armed with a wooden spoon,
Touch her jam at the fete and you’re leaving at noon.
I don’t need a focus group or a PR team,
Got a valet, a horse, and a Jaffa Cake dream.
My pub’s called The Lion, the lettering’s gold,
And the 1989 dictionary never gets old.
If you can’t say it proper it ain’t a real word,
Over sixty can’t Google it? Then it’s absurd.
Collins added “rizz” and I nearly went blind,
The Brigadier ate the press release — editorially inclined.

CHORUS

The syntax is falling, we hold the line,
Each syllable carefully etched in design.
We banish the slang and we bury the trend,
Defending the English until the very end.
The syntax is falling, we hold the line,
Each syllable carefully etched in design.
We banish the slang and we bury the trend,
Defending the English until the very end.

VERSE 2

The quill is my dagger, my parchment the shield,
To no foolish internet trend shall I yield.
They butcher the vowels and they mangle the prose,
But I will uphold where the true river flows.
The courtroom is silent, the gavel will strike,
I do not care what your algorithm might like.
I deal in the facts and the roots of the word,
Your modern abbreviations are simply absurd.
So fetch me my tea and my fine china cup,

I will not be told to just please loosen up.
 The law is a weapon and grammar the steel,
 To any base slang I will never go kneel.
 They text and they type with no thought for the rules,
 Producing a generation of absolute fools.
 But here in this chamber the standard is set,
 A linguistic victory that you won't forget.

CHORUS

The syntax is falling, we hold the line,
 Each syllable carefully etched in design.
 We banish the slang and we bury the trend,
 Defending the English until the very end.

INSTRUMENTAL BREAKDOWN

(Gavel. Horse. Jaffa Cake. Dictionary, 1989.)

OUTRO

The case is closed, the standard will remain,
 Let no base slang pollute our fair domain.
 I rest my case, the English tongue is free,
 Sincerely yours, Lord Clutterworth, KC.

THE LION & LETTERBOX RECORDS

TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE TOAST

Recorded live-to-crumb at Caravan Studios, Kent.

No sourdough narratives were harmed. Several fire alarms were.

Setting Four is not a recommendation. It is a warning.

All toast depicted is standard white loaf,
double-wrapped, no artisan tag.

Dedicated to dressing-gowns in Swindon,
and to The Brigadier, who stamped every take.

C1 recorded at The Lion. Lettering gold. Dictionary 1989.

BUILD UK · National Restoration begins at breakfast.

LLR-001 · STEREO · PLAY LOUD · BUTTER COLD

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WARM TO THE CORE