

Toaster Of Doom

Key of A

Simon Taylor

Verse 1:

A
When making toast I find it most dissatisfactory
E
It's too light, too burnt, but never perfect as can be
You turn the dial on the toaster up to number three
A
and always you find that the bread's burnt to smithereens

Chorus:

A **D**
I hate toasters, I hate toasters
E **A**
Why can't anyone design the perfect toaster?
D
It's either black or white but never quite right
E **A**
I've never found myself the perfect toaster

Verse 2:

You can buy a toaster from Sainsbury's, or John Lewis too
But none of them work as you really want them to do
You find the perfect setting, then someone touches the knob
Then your bread is burned to cinders, if only charcoal was its job

Chorus:

A **D**
I hate toasters, I hate toasters
E **A**
Why can't anyone design the perfect toaster?
D
It's either black or white but never quite right
E **A**
I've never found myself the perfect toaster

Verse 3:

So being an engineer, I thought I'd design one myself
I went into the shed and found some parts upon the shelf
An old electric heater, some stainless steel too
I started to make my toaster just the best that I could do

Chorus:

A **D**
I hate toasters, I hate toasters
E **A**
Why can't anyone design the perfect toaster?
D
It's either black or white but never quite right
E **A**
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Verse 4:

Now this toaster is most powerful, it's fifty kilowatts
It's built to last a lifetime with seam welds and fancy knobs
It's even got a crumb tray like all the best toasters should
but when you stick some toast in, the lights dim in the neighbourhood

Chorus:

A **D**
I hate toasters, I hate toasters
E **A**
Why can't anyone design the perfect toaster?
D
It's either black or white but never quite right
E **A**
I've never found myself the perfect toaster

Verse 5:

One day I toasted a crumpet on the highest setting
The crumpet, it got stuck inside, I was now profusely sweating
To remove the frazzled product, I had tried day and night
So I decided to use petrol and set the thing alight

Chorus:

A **D**
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Verse 6:

I let the petrol soak in for a couple of hours or so
I had some tea and biscuits, then thought "right, let's go"
I dropped a match into the offending jammed machine
The whole thing went "boom" and now my toaster was clean

Chorus:

A **D**
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E **A**
Why can't anyone design the perfect toaster?
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Verse 7:

But what I hadn't realised was the petrol vapour went
All around the house and not just my toaster as I'd meant
The resultant explosion destroyed my house and every room
In the middle of the rubble stood my shiny toaster of doom

Chorus:

A **D**
I hate toasters, I hate toasters
E **A**
Why can't anyone design the perfect toaster?
D
It's either black or white but never quite right

E

A

I've never found myself the perfect toaster

Verse 8:

So the moral of this story as it should now be told
If you want the perfect toast and want to live to be old
Don't ignore health and safety by making one yourself
Buy a Dualit toaster from the supermarket shelf

Chorus:

A

D

I hate toasters, I hate toasters

E

A

Why can't anyone design the perfect toaster?

D

It's either black or white but never quite right

E

A

I've never found myself the perfect toaster