

# clocker

'MILK'

[SINGLE REVIEW]

What exactly is this song about? They're surely not paying homage to breakfast milk - Clocker wouldn't be so shallow. And it's not about pussycats either - Presidents Of The USA have already covered that one. Adam refuses to comment on the matter, except to hint that it may have something to do with a girl. Or a woman. Ah, the dirty bastard - he's gone and written a song about breast milk! Why couldn't I have done that first? Actually, I did, come to think of it, but my song wasn't as good. Could this light-hearted effort mark a return to Clocker's roots? It's got me returning to my root anyway - this tune fairly does it for me!

What you get for your £2.99 (or £0 if you nick it like I did, I'm so punk! Sorry, I'm getting pulled into another fucking punk discussion here,) is three tracks of varying quality, all stamped by Clocker with that Clocker stamp that says 'I've been stamped by Clocker.' Or in layman's terms, 'Decent. Gash. Nae bad.' If your name is not Willie McPherson, you don't work for a roof-slating company, wear a Celtic top every day and get smashed at Amadeus on a Friday nite, you may be interested in reading on to discover more boobie jokes and perhaps even a namecheck for Pete Harper.

## ① **MILK**

This'll be the title track, I'm guessing. You can say what you like about Clocker, I think this song's ace. Epic, like Symphony, but better and more fun. In porn terms, this is a wet t-shirt competition in comparison to the married 30-something, let's spice up our sex life, 'Lick chocolate off my pulsating breasts you naughty boy' porn-lite that was Clocker's first single. The chorus

is big, as in 36-DD big. And you'll love it, being the sexual deviant that you are. The quiet bit is stadium-sized - *Livin' On A Prayer* for the 00's. The intro is pure Clocker - 6 of everything. And the main guitar riff is ROCK, the sort of thing Deadloss Superstar would kill for if they could actually be bothered writing new songs. (There goes any chances of this appearing in Fudge Fanzine.)

The other notable thing about Milk's chorus is that it reminds me of an early 90's song by a female artist, help me out here:

*And I try, oh my god how I try...*

*I said hey-ey-ey-ey, hey-ey-ey*

*I said hey, what's going on?*

Anyone know? Please tell me, this is bugging me! My only complaint about the song (Clocker's one) is that it's too over-produced. OK, so Clocker don't do lo-fi, but they could have easily trimmed some of the 'puppy-fat' off of it.

Rating: Full Cream!

## ② **EASE INTO CONTROL**

Clocker like this one. I don't. There's too many parts, too much going on. It's frantic, as in 'Let's fill every track on the mixing desk.' The same mistake Oasis made a couple of years ago. Sometimes, simple is good. Rating: Sour Cream.

## ③ **ELIXIR**

I've never used this word before to describe a song, but I think it applies here: lovely. Yep, I've gone all soft. Nicola, if you're reading this, will you marry me? If *Milk* was the full-on breast-licking experience, *Elixir* is the post-coital cigarette. I don't know much about music, but I can tell you that this song is in 3/4, which means it's a waltz! You can dance to it, preferably with a partner. We are subjected to more milk references, with Adam singing about how he'll '*wait till the cows come home.*' OK guys, it was funny the first

time. It's become an obsession now. You wouldn't catch me doing that. Reminiscent of *The Tourist* by Radiohead, this is Clocker at their best. Rating: Buttermilk.

Now before I turn into a full-on music journalist, I'm going off to write another MILF song. All journalists are failed musicians, remember. My theory is that if I don't try to become a musician, I won't have failed. I'll just be shit. Still, that's better than being a leather-jacket-wearing session musician. I've tried explaining this to Adam but he doesn't understand: If Clocker's bass player was female, she'd be a MILF! Right now, he's just a man I'd like to fire.

Reviewed by Kai Sirius.