Troggs - The Troggs (1975)

01 - I Got Lovin' If You Want It
02 - Good Vibrations
03 - No Particular Place To Go
04 – Summertime
05 – Satisfaction
06 - Full Blooded Band
07 - Memphis Tennessee
08 - Peggy Sue *play*
09 – Jenny Come Down *play*
10 - Wild Things

The Troggs 1975 :
Reg Presley : vocals
Ronnie Bond : drums
Tony Murray : bass
Richard Moore : electric guitar
(+ P. Green : accoustic guitar)

The Troggs were one of the toughest and most gloriously unpolished bands to emerge from the U.K. during the British Invasion era -- the leering, monolithic pound of "Wild Thing" and "I Can't Control Myself" was about the closest thing to the Stooges that emerged on vinyl before James Osterberg reinvented himself as Iggy Pop, and lead singer Reg Presley all but defined the word "lascivious" with his guttural howls and moans on their best recordings. The Troggs had dropped off the charts by the end of the '60s, but they were the sort of band that simply didn't believe in giving up, and in 1975 they returned to the studio to cut their first album in five years. Simply called The Troggs, the album found the group updating their sound just a bit, with the results at times suggesting a cross between Status Quo-style boogie and blue collar glam in the manner of Slade, especially on the honest self-celebration of "Full Blooded Band." The Troggs

is dominated by covers, boasting only three new songs, but one of them, "Summertime," was inspired sleaze in the classic Troggs tradition (and features the best rudely suggestive stutter since "My Generation"), and you can't argue that the grimy and stripped down re-imagining of the Beach Boys' "Good Vibrations" (which rewrites the opening line as "I like the clothes she almost wears") took the song someplace Brian Wilson never would have imagined. The Troggs' take of "(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction" doesn't need to go on for five-and-a-half minutes, and the reggae-influenced recut of "Wild Thing" doesn't work especially well, but The Troggs demonstrate that these guys never forgot how to be rude and crude in the studio, and at their best they turned it into an art form -- not that they'd ever dream of calling it that. ---Mark Deming, AllMusic Review

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