

Going Back in Time: Song

by Jerry Ratch

If we go back in time
We are living in tents
If we go back in time
We are living in caves

We are fighting over rivers
We are fighting over fields
Near the soft edges of slime
If we go back in time

Nothing would have us
And we had to move on
Our parents, big animals
Who wanted our caves

If we go back in time
We are nothing but slime
Our heads are covered meekly
In rainbows, that is all

If we go back in time
We live around 55 gal drums
We smoke weed
And drum all night long

We sing dirges and songs
Where we don't belong
If we go back in time
We don't even live at all

We live in boxcars

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Rolling across continents
We live with horses
In a stall

If we go back in time
Far enough to see the future
We don't even live
We don't live at all

