

# 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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Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/jerry-ratch/going-back-in-time-song>»*

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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

