

Back In Time

Graham Parker

You stop in the old cafe where you used to play pinball
And look for the air-
raid shelter but it's gone and the cafe seems so
small and all the gardens that had trees and stolen apples
now have small businesses flourishing in cinder blocks
Then they will call your name and hand you a gold watch
Then they will call your name but it doesn't sound like much
And you'll never discover why it's like an old lover
you can't touch anymore It doesn't mean much anymore
when you go back in time
back in time

You head down to the local try to find a focal point
A scratch in the wallpaper but it's all been wallpapered over
Down at the newsagents it's all pornography
And you try to get high again but it's like time-
lapse photography
Then they will call your name and hand you a medal
Or something more practical like a whistling kettle
and it'll test your metal Just try to keep grinning
knowing that this feeling is indulgence worse than sinning
trying to go back in time
yeah

Photographs with a glossy finish letters lovers never finished
And there in a dusty drawer a necktie you once wore
And a girl you tried to court made you feel about two feet shorter
Where is she now today? What would she have to say?
Then they will call your name and hand you a pension
A bottle of pills that guarantee life extension
and give you a mention in the local boy makes good section
But all the old news is like print stains across your mind
when you try to go back in time

Yes all this old news is just print stains across your mind
when you try to go back in time
Back in time
back, back in time