

Talking Backwards

Fanfarlo

Walk down to the caf
Look round
Do your maths
There's a time for everyone
But time is creeping fast
Now let me introduce someone you once knew
Walk backwards, walk
Tell me when you reach home
You said you were autistic
But you really had a cold

Think of your ideals
Think really hard
And write it down in rhymes
As stupid as a land mine
Stick with your kind
And tell me when you've gone blind

Write us another poem
A sermon
So that we can talk backwards, talk
And fetch it from really far
You said you were artistic
You could read in the dark

Think of your ideals
Think really hard
And write it down in rhymes
To make it more believable
Stick with your kind
Tell me when you've gone blind