

Time Machine

Frank Turner

I'ma gonna build myself a time machine
On particle physics and the power steam
It runs on diesel oil and Donnie Darko daydreams
Packed a pair of socks and a hunting riffle
Change of underwear and some snacks to trifle
Scared of going back you know how I'm forgetful

To go back and to see the way things really used to be
Not the way we remember them at all

Packed up, sat in my DeLorean
Like some kind of amateur historian
I'll visit the Renaissance and the Romans, the
Victorians
Drinking in Deadwood in the 1880s
Rock and roll and drive thrus in the 1950s
Trying not to change things so the plot lines don't get
shitty

To go back and to see the way things really used to be
Not the way we remember them
To go back and to see the way things really used to be
Not the way we remember them at all

Cause I can't recall, you tell it to me false
What if everything were to change completely
If you just saw a replay of the crucial scenes
From the passenger window of a time machine

In truth the real reason that I built this here machine
Was just to travel back a couple of years
To when we first met before the fights and tears
To a time when you and I first got together
Simple days and simple words like "forever"
Dripped off our tongues, come on you must remember

To go back and to see the way things really used to be
Before life quietly dismembers
All the best things about you and I before the doubts
Drowned out all of the mirth and mercy
Come on baby please you must remember

Please remember