

## 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