

Jackson Jackson, The Future Is The Past

The future is the past
And it will last for as long as it's lasted
Every time I get plastered
I see stars
Livin' deep inside of me
We were all once a part of distant galaxies
And I swear
When the universe ends I'll be there
'Cos I wanna see what love looks like
When there's no sound, no matter, no light, no television, no air

You know it's funny how the people say the world is changed,
It's like: Saying that stranger's a kind of strange
It's like: Saying that water is kind of wet
It's like: Saying that Elvis is kind of dead
It's evident to anyone with half a brain that things change,
That's why books have more than one page,
That's why, me and my grandfather aren't the same age,
That's why New Kids On The Block they're not rockin' on Triple-J
But, the more things change, the more they stay the same
Same old girls, same wars, same games
Sure, there's climate change, and there's terrorists and AIDS
But we used to have the nazis
And now it's was way way way worse
But things get bad, then get better,
Before I started eating bree, I used to eat cheddar
The world is always gonna change, only love stays the same,
Like I say in the refrain

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When I died, I got them to cryogenically freeze me
Believe me, it cost four million, that's cheap
To see the future, see infinity,
I thought that I had proven the truth of man's divinity
But I discovered, I was poor like a chimney sweep,
The richest man is just a tramp in the scheme of things
Up there in the future, it wasn't much fun,
Just a bunch of frozen businessman dreaming of a refund
"Gimme back my money" They were yellin' ,
Calling for the manager
They were used to those credit card advantages
But MasterCard can't change the past, can it?
No kind of plastic is worth shit on a dead planet
The whole place was cold like you wouldn't believe
Just dead rocks in a dried up sea
Just like time gone by
Just like five fuckin' billion BC

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Instrumental

the meek shall inherit the earth, they're fine
Don't have to fight for that shit
Just have to bide your time
Keep quiet, don't write any rhymes if you can help it
'Cos I'm sure god favors the silent, not the violent,
Maybe the vibrant, definitely firemen
Maybe the prime mister if he sticks to his assignment
To lead wisely and not be divisive
And while I'm on the subject,
God, can you make him bring back human rights
All right, fine, this is not a diatribe
Just an ordinary rhyme about extraordinary times
Hey, digital natives, on the love super highway
you come my way leave e-mails and just fly away
How good's that? I guess it's not all bad
Crap, shit, fuck!
We can still make positive tracks,
Cut them on wax, under the full moon,
Bury 'em for a month,
And deep fry that to make, to make beats fat
Fatter in batter, that's my motto,
Like Specto said: back to mono, before he went loco
chatter for chatters sake that's the game,
So I write rhymes that don't nessecerely mean a thing
Sometimes, but this time I write a rhyme I can't deny
I lie awake at night and recite the diatribe
I'm alive and inspired to write rhymes or die tryin'.

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