

Time Machine

If I could travel back in time, just how far would I go?
So many things I have read about and would really like to know
Just how good were the Sixties? Did they really swing?
Would I scream at the Beatles? Or would I prefer The Kinks?
Flower Power, peace and love would be quite magical to see
The breakout from monotony and finally feeling free

I could go a little further, to when the whole world was in pain
When mankind saw the need to drop bombs, from the sky like rain
When there was fighting on the beaches and fighting in the skies
Advancements in technologies for how a man can die
Homicide and Genocide read about, but not understood
How men could ever glorify in the spilling of men's blood

I could hop back to the Tudors and meet the blood lust Kings and Queens
To see if all I've read about is exactly as it seems
Were the counties so revolting over, religion, monarchy and tax?
With countless hanging and drawing and quartering, if I'm to believe the facts
In the cities were populations threw their faeces in the street
Then they wouldn't bother washing before sitting down to eat

I could show up with the Saxons in the year ten sixty six
When the Norman, William the Bastard, was getting up to his tricks
I could stand with Harold's forces at the top of Senlac Hill
And encourage them to stand their ground to stop them getting killed
And a word of warning to the King as he looks up to the skies
Watch out for flying arrows, they might just take out your eyes

I could orgy with the Romans or Join three hundred Spartans in a ruck
Who believed their God's lived on top of a hill, but no one thought to look
As a society they were civilised although their ways were strange
Bath houses and running water alongside prostitutes and slaves
Their leaders often murdered or inbreeds round the bend
Had to watch out for the ides of March and couldn't trust their friends

I'd arrive at prehistoric times when mankind couldn't talk
Standing up on two legs and hunched over when they walk
The fighting that they do is just a fighting to survive
They only killed for the food they needed, to keep themselves alive
So as they go off to hunt with their sharpened, splint head spears
I'll paint pictures on their cave home walls and think I'll stay right here

By Lee Haigh