

# Future Past

David Gregory

Voice

Em Am C Am C G7

I'm so tired, so frightened for the fu-tu-re, I want to go back a hund-red years,

Am C C7 Am E

Cut out the pain, cut out the rhet-or-ic, Make the cent-ury ov - er with - out the tears.

CHORUS: I'm so tired, so frightened for the future,  
I want to go back a hundred years,  
Cut out the pain, cut out the rhetoric,  
Make this century over without the tears.

## VERSES:

In 1914 you set fire to the Balkans,  
In the name of freedom a generation had to die,  
Mud and barbed wire, mustard gas and trenches,  
Was your new state a sham, was your liberty a lie?  
Here's half a cheer for the death of an empire,  
Lines on old maps, they don't mean a thing,  
Quebecois, Kossovans, Kurds all need autonomy –  
Guess we better let those church bells ring.

When your home's in flames your choices are so limited,  
Check-points all clogged with lost kids and lonely wives,  
Immigration rules, visas and bureaucracy,  
So much desperation, so many broken lives.  
I'm not ready for this bright new millennium,  
I can't separate the facts, the logic and the doubt,  
Axes to grind, propaganda, hypocrisy,  
Candles of hope are soon snuffed out.

In 1934 you said yes to the Enabling Act,  
Well, it broke the stalemate, it was an opening door:  
Nuremberg decrees and the bitterness of Kristalnacht,  
The will of the Führer became the law.  
Is it really true, you didn't know what was happening,  
Was it all you could do just to get through each day?  
With a little more thoughtfulness, a little bit of tolerance,  
You know we could have taken the world a different way.