

Now this is a story all about how
Our lives got flipped turned upside down
And we'd like to take a minute, just sit right there
We'll tell you how we came to teach you about all yesteryear

In West Sussex, Findon born and raised
On the playground is where we spent most of my days
Chillin' out, maxin', relaxin' all cool
And all shootin' some b-ball outside of the school
When a trio of guys with some history books
Snatched us on the double from our neighbourhood
We couldn't put up a fight' for history to thrive
They said "You're movin' to the future - Twenty one twenty five"
We begged and pleaded with them to stay in our day
But without a suitcase and sent us on our way
We gave Findon a wave and without even a ticket
I put my earbuds in and said "I might as well kick it"
First class, yo, this is mad
Drinking orange juice from a fluid filled pouch
Is this what people of the future are living like?
Hmm, this might be all right
But wait, I hear they're prissy, bourgeois, and all that
Is this the type of place that they should send these cool cats?
we don't think so, I'll see when we get there
we hope they're prepared for the kids of yesteryear

Well, uh
The craft landed and when we came out
There was you dudes, looking like weirdos, standing there looking
spaced out
We ain't tryna get arrested yet, we just got here
Our time with the quickness like lightning, disappeared
We looked for a clue but it soon became clear
This destiny was 'Fresh' and our lives had got much weirder
If anything we could say that this site was rare
But we thought "Nah, forget it, we're, from yesteryear!"

We pulled up to this time about seven or eight
We yelled to Timekeepers "Horo, see ya later"
We looked at this kingdom, we were certainly here
To lay it all down, the players of yesteryear