Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives, Live register'd upon my brazen tomb A picture that gave unto me my aim,	A major breakthrough I have made, my friend, And shall thy brave assistance then require. Upon the precipice of thy commode. Thou stood'st, intent to fix a timepiece		
My lifelong work: the flux capacitor.	there.		
Thy miracle, the flux capacitor, Which maketh possible time travel. Truly,	When shall I ever have a chance to play Before an audience with will to hear?		
Thou fell'st and knock'dst thy head upon the sink. Then did a picture come into thy mind:	Yet one rejection endeth not the world, Nor doth it close the door on all my dreams.		
Belike musician shall not be my trade, For with an audience I strike no chords.	An yet thy talent sings in ev'ry note. The record thou hast made of thy sweet songs,		
Send it, I bid thee, to a music shoppe That will appreciate thine aptitude.	The car, the car! O Father, he's a knave He wreck'd the car, destroy'd it utterly.		
'Twas fashion'd for thine uncle Joey, who Did fail again to meet parole conditions	Whate'er it was, Grandfather hit him then The car did nearly make him carrion		

Up, Marty, from thy rest, and come apace	There is Doc's truck, and there his loyal dog		
I hope thou art not sleeping whilst I wait?	But where of Doc? O Einstein, dost thou know?		
Come, Einstein, climb inside the shiny car, Which glows with silver sheen of mercury.	The car doth rock and creak and blow forth smoke,		
,	As if it had experience'd a storm		
Behold his clock and mine, the twain are	The first one tells thee whither thou art bound,		
split His runs behind, one minute after mine.	The second telleth thee whence thou art come,		
Thou must upon this simple keypad put The time of thine intended destination.	Plutonium, though rare and dangerous, Doth power this miraculous machine.		
For instance, I shall learn which baseball teams Become World Series champ through twenty-ten.	I, Doctor Emmett Brown, shall soon embark Upon a journey of historic scope.		
My homeland, which I love, is quite a marvel, A culture beautiful and flourishing.	A lad of seventeen, my fondest hopes, Soar far beyond the custom of my years,		
Doc's many gadgets and creations, though,	Whereon a telecaster doth announce		
Surround me as if I were lost at sea	The recent theft of some plutonium.		