

On the Fringe

Abney Park

I live as a wasteland warrior.
Living on the ragged edge.
Picking my way through the aftermath,
while humanity clings to the ledge.

They changed all the laws around us,
and built themselves into a wall.
Filled up their prison with guys like me,
guys who don't have it all.

Perhaps I'm happy struggling,
then rotting alone in a cage.
Perhaps I'm happier fighting my life,
then dying alone of my rage.

'Don't matter if you live in a prison,
or changed to a desk all the day.
If you don't have the freedom to get up and go,
you're a slave to someone's dossier.

I load my dusty equipment,
into this dusty old bar.
We set up our rusty old keyboards,
and I tune this rusty guitar.

In walk the ragged survivors.
In walk the last of the free.
They wait for a night of abandon,
as I tune my bouzouk on my knee.

Some where some got it easy.
Some where some got it all.
We'll play for you folk
at the edge of the world,
'till the last of the world finally falls.