

To the Apocalypse In Daddies Sidecar

Abney Park

We've got 3 wheels and a frame of rust Blue skies above, and behind us dust Half a tank of gas won't carry us far, But you're safe till apocalypse in Daddy's sidecar

Got shotgun shells and 12 cans of beans, And an old stuffed doll coming 'part at her seams Your little lace dress you've worn for too far As you watch the apocalypse from Daddy's sidecar

Life once had us held far too confined We've left job and school far, far behind You chew your gum as I chew my cigar, As you ride the apocalypse in Daddy's sidecar

We swam the whole day in Oasis's pool The shades beneath the palms became our home-school We danced past bed time at a desert bazaar, Now you nod your head in Daddy's sidecar.