

To the Apocalypse in Daddy's 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