

Abney Park, Post-Apocalypse Punk

It was 1906, but we screwed the timeline up.
It wasn't just for kicks but I'm afraid that the gig is up.
I jumped through time, at the count of jump (Yeah, kinda like a pun)
Smashed the past and messed the whole thing up,
Now there's nothing left but Post-Apocalypse Punk.

Tried makin' a buck but we can barely stay aloft.
Tried to swing a deal but we pissed the wrong guys off.
Clock-Work guitar and a flintlock bass,
We blasted the past all over the place,
And there's nothing left but Post-Apocalypse Punk.

Just when I thought we had won,
we were back to the start again.
With no wind in our sails and the doldrums settin' in.
Now I'm covered in grease from my head to toes,
Slappin' the iron, but the engine's froze,
And there's nothing left but Post-Apocalypse Punk.

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