

Immaculate Machine

"Invention '77"

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Hey don't look down it's not what it's cracked up to be
No keep it together tight-rope walking in all kinds of
weather

New punks don't live in seventy-seven
Not watching shadows on the wall
About time for another invention
No way the past has said it all

Nothing nothing to hide we slave over our art and then
we die
Standing in the street thinking up lines like cut through
prison walls with plastic knives

New punks don't live in seventy-seven
Not watching shadows on the wall
About time for another invention
No way the past has said it all

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