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Gang Of Four "The History Of The World"

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When I was in my mother's womb Social structure seemed a simple thing After birth I cursed my luck Then went down to breakfast

What I know fills me up It is an everlasting cup What I believe will never change My consolation for the night

Mother had for me an egg I understood the relations of production She always provided for me That's where I lost my naivet? br> Stability is in my mind I associate with my kind Charity, it fills my heart To help the poor in africa

Good, yes, you've done well Here is a small prize

The history of the world Good, yes, you've done well Here is a small prize The history of the world Good, yes, you've done well Here is a small prize The history of the world

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