

## **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  
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