

The History of the World

Gang of Four

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 naiveté
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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