

# The Wizard of Menlo Park

Chumbawamba

Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow  
And everywhere that Mary went the lamb was sure to go

Old Thomas Edison, mixing up the medicine  
Messing up time from Accrington to Amazon  
See them all come with their wires and booms  
And their itchy little thumbs saying, "play your funky drum"

Each jump in the dark we claim as our own  
We know it's a lie, we never acted alone  
Each jump in the dark  
Each jump in the dark

The machine became the star, beats to the bar  
Poor Gus Dudgeon lying in his car  
Down in the basement messing with the moment  
Alchemy and elements, smashing up your instruments  
Old Thomas Edison mixing up the medicine  
Messing up time from Accrington to Amazon  
See them all come with their wires and booms  
And their itchy little thumbs saying, "play your funky drum"

A foot in the past, a head in a book  
A soup of opinion, a ladle of luck  
Each jump in the dark  
Each jump in the dark

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From starlight to flashlight, sorting out the copyright  
It takes a little time but the contract's airtight  
Which came first, the chicken or the egg?  
The money's in the black but the needle's in the red

One, two, one, two, check,  
Wednesday, Wednesday, Mississippi, yeah...

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