

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? br>
Stability is in my mind
I associate with my kind
Charity, it fills my heart
To help the poor in africa

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Here is a small prize
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