

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
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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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