

# What We Made

## Example

Man X went up to Man Y,  
Stepped in his garden and spat in his eye  
And said 'I aint movin' your grass is greener-  
You wanna settle this name your arena'

First we made the Wheel  
Then we made the Car  
Then we made the Bomb  
Now it's all gone wrong

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We used to be content with a piece of charcoal  
Sketching on walls in a gloomy dark hole  
Then we put our strengths into building castles  
Now we're a tribe of destructive arseholes  
Crawled on all fours our hands replaced paws-  
As if we foresaw we would open doors  
From trees we made oars to explore the shores  
We were madly obsessed with the great outdoors  
But not in that order I hear you moanin  
But what can you tell from a fossilised stone  
In a pile of bones the truth becomes clear  
We Pioneered schemes just too severe  
Way back then there were few concerns  
Find meat to eat, chop wood to burn  
And learn to avoid the sabre-toothed tiger  
Now our biggest enemy is laser-guided  
Too much weight draped on our shoulders  
The land that we knew stood firm to hold us  
Colonisation is what they sold us  
So someone decided we needed soldiers  
Destructive forces is what they told us  
Invent the engine replace the horses  
We stretched resources to drive our Porsches  
And now it's all gone wrong

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Man X had forgotten Man Y  
He was too busy tryna learn to fly  
Meanwhile Man Y mixed a potion  
And flattened Man X with a huge explosion

You can turn your backs but you can't ignore me  
There's a part of this story that's truly gory

You gotta feel sickness as I depict this  
You never can escape that you've been a witness  
Hunting the deer we became distracted  
Disturbed by the way that our neighbours acted  
Jumped to conclusions with sick delusions  
Cos bulk intrusions had us confused  
Began with the fusion of elements new  
And strongly denied we'd developed a brew  
To burn off flesh of an irrelevant few  
A malevolent crew not benevolent  
The traitor we hated penned the paper  
Concocted a potion to make him greater  
We knocked up a treat in a laboratory  
At the time of conception it shouted glory  
Reel off a list of the usual suspects  
Subjectively speaking we all got defects  
We all cavemen in a suit and tie  
Man why you opposing conform or die  
I know I've put it simply and quite condensed  
The wheel was a brainstorm of commonest sense  
But now we need a branch just for terror defence  
So somewhere it went wrong, hence...

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