

Name _____

Date _____



The Industrial Revolution

"The Industrial Dream"

Alright now, look! It's the 18th Century,
And things just haven't changed much.
But listen to this real quick...

With so many problems in the world today,
It's kind of hard F-A-R-M-ing OK?
No time to play sports or sit back,
No time to watch shows or spit raps.
When farm technology improved,
Farmland gave us more food. Cool!
What should we do with this extra food?
Let's make babies and feed it to them with a spoon.
So the population boomed,
Doubling in Europe, and then doubling again soon.
With more kids, we need more clothes,
We can't stitch those by hand, oh no!
I'll build a mill with machines that sew,
Textile industry is looming, yo.
James Watt had a dream these machines,
Would work better on steam, so we've seen:
More steam, more coal, more slums, more smoke,
Less time, less space, life is less slow.
More middle class, more time for lamping,
More lamps and I don't mean the kind for camping.
Whoa, I'm sending out an SOS; I can't help myself,
I've got the brand new Morse code.

Telegraph is like sending a text,
So wave bye-bye to the Pony Express,
See ya!

We chase the industrial dream,
Where power moves from man's hands to machines.
Combustion, electricity and steam,
A new socio-economic regime. (x2)

Oh hey, come and work in my factory,
You can be any age. "10?" Yeah, exactly.
You could be a girl, too, that's ok,
As long as you don't mind all work and no breaks.
Pay's cheap, you'll be packing meat sitting in seat,
You'll get beat if you ever fall asleep.
You're in pain? Of course, you're in labor!
Pack your own lunch; we're not catered.
Slip up? And I hope you brought gauze,
Mess around and you could get a finger chopped off.
This is How the Other Half Lives,
In a crib-sized crib full of dirty little kids.
In slums and tenements, it's evident,
Nothing sweet for the poor, no Entenmann's.
This city's big now, and it's filthy,
You're a victim of the system, feel me?
This free enterprise got my money on the rise,
Got my pockets full of green faces, face it.
I'd like to buy Adam Smith a drink,
Capitalism's sweet; I don't know what y'all think! ("Jolly good!")
Communism, oooh, I don't think so,
I want to be a fat cat sitting in a mink coat.
You want us all paid the same, Karl Marx?

Pay the lead actors the same as the small parts?

Forget that, I'm riding these trains,

If you're poor on the tracks, better get out my way!

For real son, move, run,

You're on blast: It's the Industrial Revolution.

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Combustion, electricity and steam,

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