

# Ctrl+z

*by Matt Isherwood*

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There once was such a time before  
When there was no such thing as you.  
When mistakes were set in stone,  
And people had to think things through.  
I don't know how we coped throughout  
Those long and darkened years;  
Those decades soaked in peoples' blood,  
Those centuries drowned in tears.

So I sing, "This song's for you,  
A thank you for the things you do."  
This song is way over-due;  
A tribute to...  
The great...undo.

I didn't mean to bin that file,  
Or draw that wretched line.  
That disk was Aunty Sally's work,  
That photograph was mine.  
My coursework's now gone down the pan,  
But through the scrape I'm in,  
I see the undo button's there  
And that has saved my skin.

So I sing, "This song's for you!  
A thank you for the things you do."  
This song is way over-due;  
A tribute to  
The great undo.

I didn't mean to take that orc,  
Delete that credit card.  
My i-tunes libr'y now is wiped,  
My membership is barred!  
My life is going down the pan,  
But through the scrape I'm in,  
I see the undo button's there  
And that has saved my skin.

So I sing, "This song's for you!  
A thank you for the things you do!"  
This song is way over-due;  
A tribute to  
The great undo!