Songs by Steve Savitzky

Steve Savitzky

February 26, 2024

2 LIST OF SONGS

```
C&G                    F      C        G  G7
When I was a child I used to wander
F              C   G  C   F
In a world of magic all my own
            C                    G
Where the beasts had funny names
            C                    F
And their shapes were wild and strange
                      C  G      C G      G7
And all of them would answer when I spoke.

Am                   Asus4 Am      F
And in the darkness I   would go there
Dm          Dsus2    AmEsus4
As I lay in my bed alone.
      Dm            Dsus2
I'd close my eyes and see
       Am            Asus4 Am
The place I longed to   be
Dm              Dsus2 Am  G      G7
And gladly stay until the dawn.

   C              F   C        G
   I'd travel to another country
   F            C  G     C  G  G7
   Oh, what a lovely place to be.
            C                    G
   Where the creatures all were tame,
            C              F
   And the echo knew my name,
   G          F      C G      C
   When in my dreams it called to me.

   Am G G7 C
```

```
C&G                    F      C        G  G7
But I forgot, when I grew older,
F              C   G  C   F
About the country in my mind;
            C                    G
The beasts with funny names
            C              F
And moonlit circle games
                      C   G   C G      G7
With childhood toys were left behind;

Am                    Asus4 Am      F
But sometimes starlight would remind me
Dm              Dsus2  AmEsus4
Of places where I used to go,
      Dm            Dsus2
And every now and then
         Am          Asus4
When talking with a friend
Dm              Dsus2      AmGG7
I'd ask if they'd been there also...


   C                  F  C        G
   Do you recall another country?
   F            C  G C      G  G7
   I used to think that it could be;
            C                    G
   Where the creatures all were tame,
            C              F
   And the echo knew my name,
   G          F      C G      C
   When in my dreams it called to me.
```

```
C&G               F  C    G    G7
But now I've recently discovered
F                 C   GC F
The way back to places I recall
      C              G
The creatures I knew then
      C              F
Are with me once again
              C  G  C  G   G7
And there is magic after all;

Am               Asus4 Am    F
And I may sing to you by starlight,
Dm        Dsus2  Am      Esus4
Or trace a shadow on your screen,
      Dm        Dsus2
Or take you by the hand
      Am        Asus4 Am
Across a moonlit land
Dm            Dsus2 Am   G    G7
To places only I have seen. . .
```

```
   C              F  C      G
   So come with me to another country
   F          C  G     C  G  G7
   Oh, what a lovely place to be.
              C              G
   Where the creatures all are tame,
           C            F
   And the echo knows your name,
   G           F   C  G     C
   When you come share the dream with me.
```

This started out trying to be a song about Cyberia, the country inside computers and networks, but it sort of got away from me. It still fits but it got bigger, somehow. Songs are like that.

<pre>
             Dm   Em?
I saw her walking down the driveway to the bus stop;
        Dm   Am
With a backpack and a suitcase, and tears running down her face
        Dm
She stopped and looked me over and said
                Gm
"Honey, you're a wreck
  Dm   Am   Dm
I sure don't like to leave you in this place."
</pre>

"I'd like to take you with me but I don't suppose I can;
He's treating you as bad as he did me."
And then said "This is crazy, but
I'll be in town til noon,
So just in case I'm leaving you the key."

    I'm just an old self-driving truck,
    I don't like taking chances,
    But I want to change my luck,
    I'll meet my friend tomorrow and I hope she'll treat me right
    I wonder where we'll be tomorrow night.

I met her at the hotel door next morning
She jumped on board and said to me "Hey Honey, you're the best!"
With a dress that matched my paint job
and a camper shell for me,
We hit the road at noon and headed west.

    A woman and a self-driving truck
    You have to take some chances
    And make your own damned luck,
    We'll be best friends forever and we'll treat each other right,
    And I know who will sleep with me tonight.

---

one verse instrumental
```
C                                 G   C
```
I got hardware in the mornin', software the whole night through
```
F                             C              G7
```
My baby's gone and left me, she says I just won't do.
```
        C                                           F
```
I've run clean out of coffee, my computer's blown a fuse
```
            C                   G7               C
```
And left me sittin' at the keyboard, singin' the Big Blue blues.

Well I went out to buy computers, looked at Sun and Dec and Cray,
Looked at Lisp and Smalltalk, C and Unix all the day,
Then my boss came in and told me, this is what you're gonna use:
OS and Cobol on a mainframe, singin' the Big Blue blues.

Well I was once a happy hacker, singin' a happy song,
Wore blue jeans and a tee shirt, debugging all night long,
But I came to work one morning, they told me shine those shoes,
Wear a suit and get a haircut, start singin' the Big Blue blues.
    one verse instrumental
Now a computer salesman, he'll whisper in your ear
No matter what he can deliver, he'll tell you what you want to hear;
He'll say his hardware is the greatest, it's all you'll ever want to use
But you're still waitin' six months later, singin' the Big Blue blues.

And a computer repairman, he never satisfies
He'll arrive six hours late, and tell you seven kinds of lies
He'll have it up in just five minutes, that's the line he'll use
And he'll leave you in the morning, singin' the Big Blue blues.

repeat first verse
repeat last line of first verse

```
A                          Asus2          D                  A
Our house is bigger on the inside than it looks from on the street
E                          E7   E6 E       A                 E7
There must be something odd about the way the corners meet.
      D                    D5   D          A
We warn our friends about it, but they always seem surprised,
         E                 E6 E7 E         E7    A   E       A
And I sometimes can't imagine how our stuff all fits inside.


            D                          A                  Asus2 A
    We have computers, toys, and magazines, and quiet cozy    nooks;
    E7                             A  E         A            Asus2 E7
    The bathroom's lined with cedar planks, and the living room with books.
            A          Asus4 A     Asus2  A    D          A
    There's boxes full of god- knows-what  in the attic up above,
            E          E6    E7    E6     A
    And we always keep good company and love.
```

Colleen is halfway buried as she crochets up a quilt
I'm getting in some songs before my voice begins to wilt.
Kids are shouting back in Emmy's room, the pizza's getting hot;
Folks come over every Wednesday whether we're at home or not.

When we moved North to Rainbow's End some things got re-arranged;
The family's gotten bigger, but the main things haven't changed.
Folks are singing in the Great Room, and the chili's getting hot;
They come over every Sunday whether we're at home or not.

```
            D                          A                  Asus2 A
    We have computers, toys, and magazines, and quiet cozy    nooks;
    E7                           A  E       A             Asus2 E7
    The bathroom's lined with tiles and the living rooms with books.
            A          Asus4 A     Asus2  A    D             A
    There's boxes full of god- knows-what  in the cupboards up above,
            E          E6    E7    E6     A
    And we always keep good company and love.
```

We moved to Whidbey Island, though we aren't quite certain how;
Our yard has deer and rabbits and sometimes a neighbor's cow.
We're now the Rainbow Caravan, but never mind the name;
No matter where we wander we're a family just the same.

```
            D                          A                  Asus2 A
    We have computers, toys, and magazines, and quiet cozy    nooks;
    E7                           A       E       A         Asus2 E7
    The bathroom's lined with cupboards and the living room with books.
            A          Asus4 A Asus2   A    D       A
    There are boxes full of tools below and full of beds above,
            E          E6    E7    E6     A
    And we always keep good company and love.
```

---

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There's a gallery of science-fiction pictures in the hall,
And something's taped or bolted on to each square foot of wall.
Our children's closets look just like a baby dragon's hoard;
It's true that we're disorganized, but at least we're seldom bored.

There's a guest crashed on the futon couch who's too wiped out to leave,
And something in the fridge that's been there since last Christmas eve.
We're packed in five dimensions, and through the twilight zone,
It's all the friendly clutter here that makes it feel like home.

Inspired by a friend's account of a visit to our house. At the
Younger Daughter's insistence I pluralized "daughters" in verse 2, and
at the *older's* insistence changed the name in verse 3. Now, of course,
"some things got rearranged", and the former verse 2 was moved down
to the penultimate verse, where "daughters" has become "children". Another move,
to Whidbey Island (sometimes called "Rainbow's End North"), naturally
necessitated yet another verse and chorus. I may have to start a new song.

Have you heard of Black Thursday; that terrible day
When the Telecom Bill stole our freedom away
The right to free speech in the land of the brave
Was sent by that bill to an untimely grave.

```
         G          D7  G            C
Tell me, what did you do when Black Thursday came?
                   D7    G            D6
Did you turn your page black; did you send in your name?
         G          D7 G         C          D7   G
Did you turn out for freedom, or just turn your back
                   C    G        D7  G  D7   G
Tell me, what did you do when the Net went black?
```

It was all through the morning that cold winters' day
That we waited for the President to sign our rights away.
Then the word it came down of his dastardly act;
And all through the Web peoples' pages turned black.

Now we wear our blue ribbons for freedom of speech,
And we're spreading the word to the Net's farthest reach.
Now we work toward the day when our leaders take not
That the Net folk love freedom and know how to vote!

When the Nazis torpedoed the Ruben James, Woody Guthrie dusted off the tune for *Wildwood Flower*, wrote new lyrics, and added a rabble-rousing chorus. I figure the First Amendment deserves nothing less.

If anyone is going to get into space, it will be people who like building complex, hairy systems for the sheer joy of it, and who aren't afraid to take some risks and *use* the stuff while they're building it. In other words...

```
C                                              F          C
When you're building complex systems there are two ways to proceed;
       F                C                          G7
Take the safe and sane and cautious road, or go flat out for speed
     C                              F          C
If we leave it to the bureaucrats we'll never get to space;
       F            C          G7            C
But turn some crazy hackers loose and see who wins the race.
```

```
    C                              F
Let the laser launch you skyward with a hypersonic yell
            C                  F            G7
And you're blasting into Heaven on a billion watts of Hell
    C                              F
Let committees squawk of safety, let the politicians lie;
    G                  G6        C  G   C
We're bound for Hackers' Heaven in the sky.
```

Ten-G cargo launchers never were designed to lift a man,
But when you're in a hurry you'll grab any ride you can.
Use a waterbed for padding, throw some algae in for air;
It may not look like a spaceship, but just ask me if I care.

And when we reach high orbit, we'll hack around the clock
With shuttle tanks and baling wire and melted lunar rock.
It would take too long to balance, so to spin it we'll not try:
Besides who wants to walk when we've already dared to fly?

So pack up all your memories, your programs and displays
Leave the losers down on Earth to go their meek and cautious ways
Let the politicians tell them to stay safely in their beds
We'll be hacking out our dreams here in the sky above their heads.

Coda:

```
    C  G   C
...In the sky
      G                  G6        C  G   C
We're bound for Hacker's Heaven in the sky.
```

A brief dissertation on the First Law of Cybernetic Entomology

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```
C                                      F            C
Around the chattering printer, the stories that are told
                 F                     C                   G7
Of programs and their lurking bugs would make your blood run cold
        C                              F         G
It's the same the whole world over, from Apple to Big Blue
     F            C                     G7           C
And I swear upon a stack of cards these tales I tell are true.
```

```
    C           G    F     G
    And it's bugs, bugs, bugs, bugs,
    C    G    C
    Bugs, bugs, BUGS!
             F    C   G7    C
    There's always one more bug.
```

Columbia stood ready for her first trip to the sky:
America's first shuttle, with the whole world standing by,
But with thirty seconds left to go a warning flag unfurled
And it took them all next week to find the Bug Heard Round the World.

They were heading for the tropics on a long range testing flight
The crew on board the brand-new jet thought things were working right
'Til they went past the Equator and the plane flipped upside down,
They damn near took the software team and ran them out of town.

A tapeworm laid the network low; it spread itself around
Through loopholes in the system code its programmer had found;
But not all of the bugs it found were relics from the past:
One more bug made the tapeworm spread a thousand times too fast.
    spoken, slowly:
And when the final program's run and all its data saved
They'll take the last dead programmer and lay him in his grave
And the very last bug left in sight, a cockroach passing by
Will walk across his coffin there, as if to say, "Nice try."

Inspired by the poem, "The Last Bug", published in *Datamation* in the late 60's. All verses except the last are more-or-less based on true stories, though I'm told that the problem with the F15 (a sign change caused by arithmetic overflow) was actually found in simulation.

The Bug Heard Round the World was the title of the article about the incident in IEEE Spectrum; the "tapeworm" verse refers to the infamous Morris Internet Worm. The "chad" verse refers (in case you've just gotten off a spaceship from Mars) to the iterated vote-counting in Florida after the 2000 US presidential election.

obsolete

The century was ending, everybody knew the date;
Fixing bugs involving two-byte date-fields simply couldn't wait.
But in the week that followed many fools were heard to moan:
"I could have fixed that program too if only I had known."

The martian rover landed seeking for an ancient sea
But first a software bug found out an Opportunity;
An upload failed; it crashed, so it rebooted once and then
Because its flash was full of files rebooted once again
(and again, and again, . . .)

The century-old keypunch was a well-designed machine
With punches and their matching dies to make holes crisp and clean
But little pins and precut cards can't help leave hanging chad
That left folks down in Florida to cry out "we've been had!"

    And it's chad, chad, chad, chad,
    Chad, chad, chad!
    We're counting pregnant chad!

It's Only Dirty Diapers

Lyrics: ©1986 Stephen Savitzky. Some Rights Reserved[1].
To the tune of "Calm Down It's Only Ones and Zeros" by Kathy Mar

My baby keeps on crying, I don't know what to do

I've changed her and I've fed her and I've burped her til I'm blue

I've hugged her and I've bounced her and I've walked her half a mile

But no matter what I do it doesn't seem to make her smile.

    Calm down, it's only dirty diapers

    Calm down, it's only bottled milk,

    Calm down, and tell me why you're crying.

    I'd like to sing you lullabyes, but all I know is filk.

So here I sit still singing in the morning's early light,
Since four AM is her idea of sleeping through the night.
I'm keeping sane by turning my frustrations into verse,
And trying to remind myself that triplets would be worse.

It's clear from all those noises that you wish that you could talk,
Though it all comes out somewhere between a gurgle and a squawk.
I wish that you could talk to me and tell me just what's wrong,
Though I know that when you can then I will sing a different song.

Written shortly after Kathy Mar's twins were born.

Slow waltz time, C&W style.

Asus2   A
I went into my office this morning;
         D   A
The computer had croaked overnight.
     D   A
The screen looked like subway graffiti,
                            E7
The disk crashed when I turned on the light.
      A
The repairman came in; he was baffled;
   D   A
He swapped every board in his pack,
   D   A
Then went out in search of an expert,
      E7   A
With no mention of when he'd be back.
   D5   E7 D A
Hey, Bartender, bring me a bottle,
       D   A
And I'll hope, as I swill down my beer
      D5   E7 D A
He can get my machine up and running
  E7   A
At least maybe sometime this year.

   A   Asus2A   Asus4A   E7
   Sometime this year, sometime this year;
        D5   E7 D A
   He can get my machine up and running
   E7   A
   At least maybe sometime this year.

  Asus4 E7 E7 E6 E7 A Asus4 E E6 E7

Have you heard the bad news about NASA:
They have troubles on Earth and in space;
Once they raced to the moon in one decade,
Now they're not even running in place.
They're hitching their rides from the Russians
To a station that leaks like a sieve
And it looks like soon Congress will tell them
That they have no more money to give.
Hey, Bartender, pour me some whiskey,
And I'll wish as I lift up my glass
That NASA would learn from the Phoenix,
How to light fire under its ass.

Last night after work I met Gladys
In a bar at the local hotel.
She said, "My husband Joe was a good man
But lately he ain't doin' well;
He's getting all old and decrepit,
And now when I take him to bed,
Where he used to be hot for my loving,
He just snores and rolls over instead."
Hey, Bartender, brew me some coffee,
And I'll drink with the dregs in my cup
To all those unfortunate losers
Who sometimes just can't it up!

 D A A∗

Music ©1989 Stephen Savitzky. Some Rights Reserved[1].
Words: William Butler Yeats, from *The Wind Upon the Reeds*, 1899

      A   Asus4 A
The jester walked in the   garden:
    Asus2   A
The garden had fallen still;
    Asus2   A   Asus2
He bade his soul rise upward
     D   Asus2 A
And stand on her window-sill.

    D   Dsus2 D
It rose in a straight blue garment,
      Asus2   A
When owls began to call:
     Asus2   A
It had grown wise-tongued by thinking
     D   A
Of a quiet and light footfall;

      D5   D   Dsus2
But the young queen would not listen;
    Asus2   A
She rose in her pale night-gown;
    Asus2   A Asus2
She drew in the heavy casement
     D   A   Asus2 A
And pushed the latches down.

He bade his heart go to her,
When the owls called out no more;
In a red and quivering garment
It sang to her through the door.

It had grown sweet-tongued by dreaming
Of a flutter of flower-like hair;
But she took up her fan from the table
And waved it off on the air.

'I have cap and bells,' he pondered,
'I will send them to her and die';
And when the morning whitened
He left them where she went by.

She laid them upon her bosom,
Under a cloud of her hair,
And her red lips sang them a love-song
Till stars grew out of the air.

She opened her door and her window,
And the heart and soul came through,
To her right hand came the red one,
To her left hand came the blue.

They set up a noise like crickets,
A chattering wise and sweet,
And her hair was a folded flower
And the quiet of love in her feet.

Lyrics ©1986 Stephen Savitzky. Some Rights Reserved[1].
To the tune of "Waltzing Matilda".

```
C                 G        C            F  G C
Once there was a mother, sitting in the city park,
                                  F     C    G
Her baby was starting to cry and complain,
          C           G         C          F  G    C
And she sang as she sat, and fumbled in her diaper bag
              G    F   C    G C  G C
"It's time for changing the baby again."
```

```
    C                     F            C F
    Changing the baby, changing the baby
    C         F    C          F  G C
    It's time for changing the baby again,
              C           G        C          F  G    C
    And she sang as she sat and fumbled in her diaper bag,
              G    F   C    G C   G C
    It's time for changing the baby again.
```

Along came a wizard, who said "I think that I can help."
He thumbed through his books and took notes with his pen,
Then he smiled and went "Zap!" and the baby changed into a frog.
It's time for changing the baby again.

"You fool!" shrieked the mother, "Now change my baby back at once!
You ought to have known that was not what I meant."
"Relax," said the wizard, "I've dealt with side-effects before.
It's time for changing the baby again."

The wizard bent down, and kissed the froggy on the nose,
The froggy changed back to a baby again,
Then he croaked in amazement, and changed into a frog himself,
It's time for changing the baby again.

"Kiss me!" he cried, "And save me from an awful fate
"Perhaps," said the mother, "But I don't know when,
Right now I'm busy, just listen to my baby cry. . .
It's time for changing the baby again."

> Times are bad. Children no longer obey their parents, and everyone is writing a book.
> —Marcus Tullius Cicero, statesman, orator and writer (106-43 BCE)

```
  C                              G      C
Times were bad two thousand years ago
      F                    C
Said Cicero, just take a look:
    F                      C
Children don't obey their parents
                         G
And everyone is writing a book.
            C              F      C
Well it's been a long time since ancient Rome
            F                  C
But look around and you can see it plain
            F                  C
We're in a moral decline  never mind we're feeling fine
            G                  C
And we're whistling the same old refrain:

    C                            F    C
  Yes, these are terrible times that we live in
      F                  C
  Society is going to the dogs
      F                      C
  Children don't obey their parents
                    G      C
  And everyone is writing blogs.
```

Once a website used to take a lot of work;
Now blogging software makes it a snap
You just type and click and it's published—
No matter if it's nothing but crap.
What you write doesn't have to be clever
Or interesting, or true;
Join a blog site for free write your own in PHP
Start a web log today any idiot can play
And ninety-nine percent of them do.

So now we're living in the blogosphere
Where everyone can write what they please
Consuming half the traffic on the internet
Well, at least they aren't cutting down trees
So come on, all you need is a browser
And a couple dead horses to flog
If your kids don't obey at least there's something you can say
They can't see you're a dog if you're writing in your blog
If you like these songs of mine you know the lyrics are online
And I'm posting all the links in my blog.

Note for the irony-impaired: I do, in fact, have a blog, located at: mdlbear.livejournal.com[2]; writing this song made me realize that I needed a script to format concert setlists for easy posting. The revised quotation comes from Simon Bisson's blog.[3]

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[2]<http://mdlbear.livejournal.com/>
[3]<http://www.livejournal.com/users/sbisson/>

To the tune of "To Anacreon in Heaven"

```
A                       A♭A      B   E
Oh, say, PGP, and RSA public key
        A   A₂   A   E          A          B    E
Cryptosystems are simple, with primes q and p;
        A               A₂   A     B     E
Call the product of one less than each of them k
      A A₂   A E              A
I pick d and e, whose product is 1 mod k.


   A          A₄  A     A₄  A   E    A   E7
   Now I just publish d, and the product qp,
           A A₂ A   E7        A        B     E
   You raise d to the power of message block b;
             A     E A     EA   DEA     E
   Take that modulo pq and send it to me.
           A   E  A   D   A        E   A   D   E7  A
   And I'll use it as the exponent of private key e.
```

Now this program can fit into three lines of code,
Using `perl` and `dc`, though the logic's distorted.
Cryptographic machines are a weapon of war,
And the government says they must not be exported.

    Make a barcoded card, or if you are a bard
    run the code through a modem, it's not very hard.

     Now, if I were being mean I'd stick some modem tones in here

    Then this song would be a munition, its music you could never take
    From the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

       The description of the RSA public key crpytography algorithm is mathematically accurate; though it's worth noting that any practical implementation will do the exponentiation and modules in a single operation. Perhaps the only obscure point occurs when specifying that $de \equiv 1 \bmod (p-1)(q-1)$. The twisted phraseology that defines k as $(p-1)(q-1)$ is particularly kludgy, but what the hell, it scans.

Start in B for 1 instrumental refrain
All chords are E barred to various positions

A   G
You plug in the electrodes and you
  A   G
  turn up the gain
    A   G
You log in to the System and you
  E   F♯
  interface your brain
    B   A
And Cyberspace replaces
      G   F♯
  sex and drugs and rock and roll
     G   F♯
Shooting data down the mainline from
    E   F♯
  the system to your soul

 G   A
 Reality and CyberSpace–
  G   F♯
  which one should you choose?
      A   G
  When you're deep inside the system with
    G♯ G F   E7
  the CyberPunk Blues.

You're addicted to the network and you
  can't leave the game
The first time you plugged in you knew you'd
  never be the same
Now you're riding on the data
  like a surfer on a wave
And you know you'll stay connected
  till they lay you in your grave.

refrain: instrumental

You feel the data whirling
  inside your mind;
As far as all the world can tell you're
  deaf and dumb and blind
And your body goes to pieces
  it's so easy to forget
But your soul lives on forever somewhere
  deep inside the Net.

  Reality and CyberSpace–
    which one did you choose?
  Now you're stuck inside the system with
    the CyberPunk Blues.

For Katy

last 4 lines of refrain inst. as intro.

```
A            Asus2    A
Hey, girl, are you weeping
                D         Dsus2      A
'Cause it's too rainy for playing outside?
D                    A
Let's turn on the magic carpet
       E7              E6    E7
And go for an afternoon ride...
A                   D          A
I know a couple of games to play
           D5          D       Dsus2 A
And some places you haven't yet    seen;
D              Cmaj7
Come visit your daddy's world
        E7                 A
on the other side of the screen.
```

```
   D             Dsus2    D5     D
   I can't bring you the silver moon
       A                      D
   To hold in the palm of your hand;
       A              D          Dsus2
   But I can take you to a world I've made
          A                Asus2    E7
   Out of dreams and a few grains of sand;
   A                 D5       D
   I can't buy you the stars to wear
          A                        D
   Like gems in your bonny brown hair;
   A          D         Dsus2
   All I have is a magic mirror
          E7             A
   And castles in the air.
```

```
A            Asus2    A
Say hello to the creatures here:
        D            Dsus2    A
The walrus, the elephant too;
D              A
Go visit the dragon's lair,
       E7             E6  E7
He's waiting there for you...
A                  D         A
Play cards with a magical deck;
           D5            D       Dsus2 A
Learn the names of the planets and    stars;
D              Cmaj7
Take a ride on a toy balloon,
        E7             A
Or a rocket ship to Mars.
```

```
D             Dsus2    D5     D
I can't bring you the silver moon
    A                      D
To hold in the palm of your hand;
    A              D          Dsus2
But I can take you to a world I've made
       A                Asus2    E7
Out of dreams and a few grains of sand;
A                 D5       D
I can't buy you the stars to wear
       A                        D
Like gems in your bonny brown hair;
A          D         Dsus2
All I have is a magic mirror
       E7             A
And castles in the air.
```

```
A            Asus2      A
Come look through the window
        D            Dsus2    A
While I type in a magical rhyme.
D                        A
I'll show you where the hypercubes dance
       E7             E6   E7
On the edges of space and time.
A                 D          A
See the curliqued Mandelbrot set
       D5            D       Dsus2 A
Way down in the complex plane...
D                    Cmaj7
We'll forget about the world outside,
      E7               A
The thunder and the rain.
```

```
   D             Dsus2    D5     D
   I can't bring you the silver moon
       A                      D
   To hold in the palm of your hand;
       A              D          Dsus2
   But I can take you to a world I've made
          A                Asus2    E7
   Out of dreams and a few grains of sand;
   A                 D5       D
   I can't buy you the stars to wear
          A                        D
   Like gems in your bonny brown hair;
   A          D         Dsus2
   All I have is a magic mirror
          E7             A
   And castles in the air.
```

A   Asus2   A
Do you wonder where your daddy goes
              D   Dsus2 A
When he's out of the house for the day?
D   A
I walk through my magic mirror
      E7   E6   E7
And travel far away
A   D   A
To my world where with numbers and words
  D5   D   Dsus2 A
I create things out of thin air;
D   Cmaj7
There's magic in Daddy's world
     E7   A
And I can take you there.

  D   Dsus2   D5   D
I can't bring you the silver moon
   A   D
To hold in the palm of your hand;
   A   D   Dsus2
But I can take you to a world I've made
     A   Asus2   E7
Out of dreams and a few grains of sand;
A   D5   D
I can't buy you the stars to wear
   A   D
Like gems in your bonny brown hair;
A   D   Dsus2
All I have is a magic mirror
   E7   A
And castles in the air.

     D   Cmaj7
There's magic in Daddy's world
   E7   A A*
And I can take you there.
   end with A* = EAEAC♯A

Part (1) uses the high melody; Part (2) the low.
Intro: "House Carpenter" in 2/4, switch to 5/8 on last bar.

   Part (1)

Am   G   Am
Good morrow to thee, my own true love;
      Am   G   Em
Good morrow and well met;
    Am   G   Em Am Em
I've searched for thee for a long long time,
Am   C   G   Am
And far across the Net.

And wilt thou come away with me
And leave thy world behind,
I'll show thee wonders beyond compare
Undreamed by mortal mind.

   Part (2)

What face is this upon my screen,
So wondrous to behold;
With emerald eyes, and red ruby lips,
And hair like the glittering gold?

And who art thou who calls me her love,
For lover have I none,
Nor have I seen such eyes as thine
In lands beneath the sun.

   Part (1)

I am no maid of mortal race,
From lands beneath the sun;
I've come to thee from the network's core
Where the free wild programs run.

But load thy soul down into the net
And come away with me
I'll take thee down to the magic world
No human eyes can see.

   Part (2)

I cannot come away with thee
Nor leave my world behind
For I am mortal, flesh and bone
And locked within my mind.

I cannot transfer into the net,
Nor leave my flesh behind
But fain would I kiss those red ruby lips
And join thy life with mine.

   Both

Upon the wall between our worlds
The image of thy face;
That I may kiss as shadows kiss,
But never can embrace.

But no wall stands between our souls,
As our two lives entwine,
And two shall run together as one,
Until the end of time.

They're selling postcards of the hanging,
The Titanic sails at dawn,
And everybody is wondering
How long can this go on?
Must be ten minutes he's been droning
Is that spaghetti on his sleeve?
And someone says, "It's incomprehensible;
I'd better leave."
The fans are getting restless;
They really need to know
How can we stop Savitzky from singing
"Desolation Row"?

And it's Oh! No! A thousand times no!
Even though it's my blood you'll be spillin'.
I shouldn't sing songs more than ten verses long,
But I just can't stop singing Bob Dylan.

Do It Yourself patch level 3

Lyrics © 1998 Stephen Savitzky. Some Rights Reserved[1].
TTTO: *Do It Yourself,* © Bill Sutton.

Released under the FGPL

    C
I went to buy some software, and they said six hundred bucks
         F   C   G7
For some bloated cruft from Microsoft, now that price really sucks
    C
So I looked out on the network, and, my friends, I'm here to say
      F   C   G7   C
That people write great software and then give the code away.

      C
   Oh, Oracle, Sun and Microsoft, Novell and SAP
         F   C   G7
   Write bloated buggy programs that they license fora fee
       C   F∗
   They make big bucks from software so they don't want me to say
     F   C   G7   C
   That open source is better 'cause you give the code away.

First I had to have a kernel just to make my software run
This Finnish guy named Linus wrote a great one just for fun,
Multi-user, multitasking, virtual memory as well,
And best of all it's free because it's under GPL.

Next, compilers and utilities were what I had to get –
The Free Software Foundation has the best ones on the Net.
They say that GNU's Not Unix, and I know this must be true
'Cause the tech support is faster and the software's better too.

Then I had to have an interface with windows, fonts and mice
And high-speed graphics over local networks would be nice.
The old X Window System got its start at MIT;
If it's good enough for Unix then it's good enough for me.

Now I had to use the World Wide Web, well that's always been cheap;
On the server side, apache didn't cost me any sleep.
Mozilla's code was open-sourced in April '98
Now Firefox is here and it was truly worth the wait.

Now I have my system running, not a byte was off the shelf;
It rarely breaks and when it does I fix the code myself.
It's stable, clean and elegant, and lightning fast as well,
And it didn't cost a nickel, so Bill Gates can go to hell.

```
         D                                  G
Now let me tell you the story of a man named Dmitri
              D                      A
On that tragic and fateful day
              D                         G
He left his home in Russia, caught a plane for Las Vegas,
              D         A    D
Got caught up in DMCA.
```

```
                    D
   And did he ever return? No, he never returned,
                          A
   And his fate is still unlearned.
              D                     G
   He may rot forever in a federal prison
              D         A          D
   He's a man who never returned.
```

Now Dmitri wrote a paper about Adobe's eBook format
And its copy protection flaw
And he wrote a little program that let folks recover passwords
And make backups as allowed by law.

But the Digital Millennium Copyright Act
Is a law that says you can't invent,
Produce, sell or describe any device or program
Such protection for to circumvent.

So instead of thanking Dmitri for his help with their software
And for speaking freely what he'd learned,
They called in the FBI and had Dmitri arrested
He's a man who never returned.

Now there's one more little detail about copy protection
So ironic that it must be told:
If you can't make backup copies it's *illegal in Russia*
Where Adobe eBooks can't be sold!

Now you citizens and readers, don't you think it's a scandal
How the people have to pay and pay?
Fight for fair use rights, fight to free Dmitri,
And to bring down the DMCA!

   Or else he'll never return. No, he'll never return,
   And his fate will be unlearned.
   He may rot forever in a federal prison
   He's a man who never returned.

Please feel free to archive, perform, record, publish, and otherwise distribute this song. Feel free to add verses, but if you do make sure your poetic license is up to date.

> Never anger a bard, for your name sounds funny and scans to many popular songs.

This document has been encrypted with TITE (Triple Invertible Transform Encoding) by encrypting with ROT13, exclusive or with the text of the U.S. Constitution, and byte-by-byte subtraction from the contents of the file /dev/zero, followed by the same operations in reverse order for additional security.

Describing the implementation details of this intricate procedure, and explaining why the document still appears to be readable afterwards, is a violation of the Digital Millennium Copyright Act. YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!

For Emerald Lee, of course. Welcome home.

refrain:

```
D         Dsus2          D         G
Emerald dreams in her mother's arms. . .
          D5             D            A
Tell me what are her dreams made of?
G           A            D          A
Warmth and rest at her mother's breast;
D                    G
Sunlight and songs and love. . .
```

```
A               Asus4  D     Dsus2 D
Fishes dream in the deep green sea;
      G           D          A
Birds rock in the treetops tall;
G          A            D     Dsus2 A
Diamonds hide in the cold dark mines
      D        G          A
And dream no dreams at all.
      D         Dsus2        D   Dsus2 D
But Emerald sleeps in her mother's arms
G        D          A
Cradled close and warm;
      G      A    Asus2 A      Dsus2   D
Her father sings her this lullabye
      D        G         A
And keeps her safe from harm.
```

refrain

I held my daughter in my arms
On the morning of her birth.
All afternoon I watched her sleep
On her first day on the Earth,
And as she slept her tight-closed eyes
Were moving to and fro,
But what she saw in her life's first dream
No one will ever know.

refrain

```
D          G         D
Sunlight and songs and love. . .
```

Written two days after the birth of my daughter Emerald Lee, and it's all true. I wrote it as
her own private lullabye, but it turned out she prefers "The Mary Ellen Carter".

For Colleen, with all my love

```
A                       Asus2      A  D            A
She was sitting in the coffeehouse, seventeen years old;
Esus4                           D            Esus4
Grey eyes like the morning sky, lit with streaks of gold;
  D           Dsus2    G              Em
I had no way of knowing where it all would end
         Asus2                        D            Esus4
When I looked into those sunlit eyes and knew I'd found a friend.
 A Asus4
```

```
  D         Dsus2        G*           D
  Eyes like the morning, smile like the sun,
  G          D                Dsus2        Em
  Voice like the forest glades where rippling waters run;
  D         Dsus2    G            Em
  Love soft as starlight, deeper than the sea,
        Asus2        Asus4 A  Asus2 A  D    Em Asus2 Dsus2 D
  When eyes like the morning look  at me.
```

```
A               Asus2  A D            A
Fifty years together  doesn't seem so long:
Esus4                   D            Esus4
Days of rain and roses; laughter, love, and song;
D         Dsus2    G            Em
Mystery and moonlight; mornings when I rise
      Asus2                     D            Esus4
And see myself reflected with the sunrise in her eyes.
 A Asus4
```

```
  D         Dsus2        G*           D
  Eyes like the morning, smile like the sun,
  G          D                Dsus2        Em
  Voice like the forest glades where rippling waters run;
  D         Dsus2    G            Em
  Love soft as starlight, deeper than the sea,
        Asus2        Asus4 A  Asus2 A  D    Em Asus2 Dsus2 D
  When eyes like the morning look  at me.
```

Instrumental bridge — verse + chorus

```
A                         Asus2   A        D                  A
Listen! the stars are calling, with a wild and distant sound,
Esus4                                D                  Esus4
And there's no way to answer when you're stuck down on the ground,
        D            Dsus2         G              Em
But I see our children gazing at the deep and starry skies,
Asus2                              D             Esus4
Looking past the darkness, with tomorrow in their eyes.
 A Asus4


    D        Dsus2        G*             D
    Eyes like the morning, smile like the sun,
    G          D              Dsus2       Em
    Voice like the forest glades where rippling waters run;
    D        Dsus2     G            Em
    Love soft as starlight, deeper than the sea,
          Asus2         Asus4 A  Asus2 A  D     Em Asus2 Dsus2 D
    When eyes like the morning look  at me.
```

NOTE: G* = D 5 frets up, play high 4 strings only.

A Valentine's Day present for my wife, written when we only had one child and their eyes weren't as green as they are now.

To the tune of "Country Life" (trad.)

I falls asleep when the sun she rises
Early in the morning,
I likes to hear them filkers singing
Loudly in the hallways
And Hurrah! for the life of an SF fan
and to ramble through the Westercon.

In morning when the sun shines gay
I sleep to pass the time away,
But when the evening comes along
I go rambling through the Westercon.

There's creatures wandering through the halls,
Robots and aliens big and small.
I'll go and put my costume on
And go rambling through the Westercon.

I likes to sit in the hotel lobby
Freaking the bellhops is my hobby
They don't believe what's going on
When we're rambling through the Westercon.

Lyrics ©Stephen Savitzky. Some Rights Reserved[1].
TTTO: *"Froggy Went A-Courtin"* (trad)

```
     C
Ferret went a-courtin' he did ride, uh huh
     C                                      G
Ferret went a-courtin' he did ride, uh huh
     C
Ferret went a-courtin' he did ride
     F                        C       G       C
Sword and laptop by his side, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh
```

He rode up to Miss Wolfie's door, uh huh (2x)
He rode up to Miss Wolfie's door
Gave three raps and a very loud roar, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh

Said he, "Miss Wolf, are you within?"...
"Yes, kind sir, I sit and spin."...

He took Miss Wolfie on his knee...
Said, "Miss Wolf, will you marry me?"...

"Without my Papa Bear's consent...
We couldn't afford the hotel rent."...

The Mandelbear laughed 'til he shook his sides...
To think his girl would be a bride...

Mama Cat telephoned into town...
To buy her daughter a wedding gown...

They threw a party at a furry con...
You'd never believe what fun went on...

The wedding will be at Consonance...
The filkers and the furries will sing and dance...

Well the filkers came from near and far...
Some came by plane, some came by car...

Well the otter and the civet and the polar bear...
And the dolphin and the panther all were there...

The stag and the cougar sat side by side...
And some of the relatives tried to hide...

The Best Man was a killer whale...
The bridesmaids started turning pale...

The ceremony was short and sweet...
Now we can sing and then we'll eat...

Where will the wedding luncheon be...
In the bar downstairs; come and follow me...

There's a bottle of Tully sittin' on the shelf...
If you want to hear more you can sing it yourself...

For my daughter's wedding at Consonance 2008. All of the animals referred to are actual
wedding guests with furry personas.

---

34 Filking

To the tune of "Boozing" (trad.)

What is this sound that's assaulting my brain?
  It's filking, bloody well filking
A strange creature howling in terror and pain?
  It's filking, bloody well filking
Around the next corner, spread out on the ground
A great ugly body, all hairy and round
And twenty three heads make that god-awful sound
  Of filking, bloody well filking

   (chorus)
  Filking, filking, just you and I
  Drinking Tully, when we are dry
  Some miss the low notes, and some can't sing high
  But we all are bloody well filking.

What are the joys of a poor SF fan?
  Why, filking, bloody well filking
And what is he doing whenever he can?
  He's filking, bloody well filking
There's nothing but drivel tonight on TV,
There's a line at the movie we wanted to see,
And books are expensive, but filking is free
  So we all are bloody well filking
  (chorus)
What is the bane of the whole hotel crew?
  It's filking, bloody well filking
And what are they wishing that we wouldn't do?
  Why, filking, bloody well filking
They tell us "shut up" – we're too loud to ignore
They want us to move 'cause they can't clean the floor
But what are they doing standing there in the door?
  They're filking, bloody well filking!
  (chorus)

This song is dedicated to the young lady who made Westercon in 1985 an unforgettable experience for me.

```
C                            G7 C            F            G    C
You're Daddy's little darling, and a trufan from your birth
                     G6 C              G7 C    G7
Cutest thing I've ever seen, on or off the Earth.
G        C              F    C  G   C    F          C
You were born at your first Westercon one evening in July,
                 G7           C    G    C
So I just had to write you a fanish lullabye.

    C                            F            G    C
    And it's hey, diddle diddle, the cow jumped over the moon
                        G7 C  G   C
    The moon is a sandbox 'way up in the sky
              G7    C    G7
    Maybe we can play there soon,
            C              F          G    C
    And it's hey, Katy diddle, little Katy don't you cry;
              G7          C   G     C G7 C
    Your Daddy's here to sing you a filksong lullabye.
```

When the trufen get together, they have fun in many ways,
But I've had one convention I'll remember all my days.
I missed the Masquerade this year, and the filksong concert too,
But all of that was worth it, 'cause I ended up with you.

It wass sixteen years that summer since Man first reached the moon,
Sixteen 'til next century–my Ghod it seems so soon,
You'll be sweet sixteen at Westercon in the year 2001.
Bet you'll be fan guest of honor; don't you think that would be fun?

Coda: (To the tune of "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star".)

```
C                F    C
Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
F    C      G        C
Katy wonders what you are.
      F       C        G
Up above the world you fly
C      F      C        G
Out in space, beyond the sky.
C              F        C
Twinkle, twinkle on your way;
F    C    G          C
Katy's going there someday.
```

Written during Westercon 38 in 1985, when Katy was 2 days old.

```
    C                      Am
I sometimes have spoken about you
        F                  G
But I never did write you a song;
C                          G
You know that I never forgot you,
            F                        C
Though between us the years have grown long,
                          F
So now after all that I've been through,
      Dm                     Em
the heartache, the laughter, the tears,
        C                 F   C  G
I'm singing a song for my Amethyst Rose
          G        F   C  G  C
Who's waited for so many years.

        F                    Am
   The flowers of summer are shattered
         Dm                      Em
   Their stems wrapped in shadow and frost,
         C                       G
   Their leaves and their petals wind-scattered,
        Dm                   Am
   Reminders of all we have lost;
        F                  C
   But one stands with blossom unbroken,
        F                  G
   No matter what bitter wind blows,
        C                  F
   Of love and remembrance a token,
        G       F   C  G   C
   Forever, for Amethyst Rose.

          C                      Am
Though you never were more than a shadow
F                   G
Stillborn before you could live
        C                    G
Still I've always been drawn to your darkness—
        F                    C
Even shadows have something to give.
    C                            F
And whenever my dreams have been shattered,
       Dm                   Em
And sift through my fingers like sand
        C                 F   C  G
It's then I remember my Amethyst Rose
          G        F   C  G  C
And dream you are holding my hand.
```

```
       F                        Am
   The flowers of summer are shattered
           Dm                          Em
   Their stems wrapped in shadow and frost,
           C                         G
   Their leaves and their petals wind-scattered,
       Dm                      Am
   Reminders of all we have lost;
         F                        C
   But one stands with blossom unbroken,
           F                        G
   No matter what bitter wind blows,
         C                            F
   Of love and remembrance a token,
        G        F   C  G     C
   Forever, for Amethyst Rose.
```

```
   C                        Am
I dream of a petrified forest
       F                        G
And gaze at a stone, silent glade
         C                       G
Where one crystal flower stands blooming,
     F                           C
Her stems and her leaves of green jade;
                            F
Obsidian thorns keen as sorrow,
          Dm                      Em
But when I've been forgotten for years,
      C                       F   C  G
Still there in the twilight my Amethyst Rose
        G                 F   C    G  C
Will be blooming, untarnished by tears.
```

```
       F                        Am
   The flowers of summer are shattered
           Dm                          Em
   Their stems wrapped in shadow and frost,
           C                         G
   Their leaves and their petals wind-scattered,
       Dm                      Am
   Reminders of all we have lost;
         F                        C
   But one stands with blossom unbroken,
           F                        G
   No matter what bitter wind blows,
         C                            F
   Of love and remembrance a token,
        G        F   C  G     C
   Forever, for Amethyst Rose.
```

Amethyst Rose[2] was our second child, stillborn August 4th, 1990. Her memorial page can be found here[3].

---

[2]<http://thestarport.org/suites/Starport/Family/Amethyst/>
[3]<http://thestarport.org/suites/Starport/Family/Amethyst/>

Coffee, Computers, and Song

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```
          D                     Dsus2 D
Now the wife has gone out for the evening;
     G                   A    D
The kid's fast asleep in her bed;
   G                        D
I head for the back room, turn out the lights,
     A7                    D
New ideas racing into my head.
        D5                  D   G
And I know that I ought to be stronger,
        D                  A7
And I know that it just ain't right,
         D                  G
But my guilty pleasures are calling
         D        A7       D
And it's gonna be a long dark night!
```

```
        G(D ⇑ 5)
   I have guilty pleasures and
      D5
      back-room treasures
D   A7                      D
To keep me happy all night long
      G
The devil take wine,
       D
   loose women and crime
        A7                      D
Give me coffee, computers and song!
```

```
   inst. break
 G(D ⇑ 5) G5 G D5 D A7 D G D5 D A7 D
```

Now some men fancy loose women
that they pick up in sleazy old bars;
Some find escape in the juice of the grape,
Some go racing in stolen fast cars.
But just give me a tape of old folksongs,
Black coffee as strong as it gets,
A hot CPU and a program or two
And a fast line onto the nets.

There's a two-meg stack of fresh net-news,
Some mail that I ought to reply
The last chunk came in this evening
Of a game I've been meaning to try.
Then maybe a round of debugging
There's always something else wrong,
If I don't fall asleep at the keyboard,
I might just write a new song.

Well the wife went to bed around midnight;
The kid'll be up before dawn.
I might crash at my desk about lunch-time,
But for now I'll just keep hackin' on.
Now some men fall for fast women,
for other the bottle's a curse;
For me it's hot coffee and hacking,
And I can't tell you which one is worse.

```
 G(D ⇑ 5) A(D ⇑ 7) D(A∗ ⇑ 6)
```

This song actually *was* written in realtime somewhere between midnight and 3am.
Whistle works well on this one.

Lyrics ©1983, 1984 Stephen Savitzky. Some Rights Reserved[1].
To the tune of "Sam Hall" (traditional).

"Sam Hall" tells the story of a chimneysweep in the last century who moonlighted as a thief, and his defiant remarks on the way to the gallows. These days we have a different kind of spare-time criminal, who is more likely to be making his defiant remarks while on his way to the Bahamas.

```
C                            F            C          G7
Oh my name is Hacker Paul, Hacker Paul, Hacker Paul.
          C            F          C
Oh my name is Hacker Paul, Hacker Paul.
C
Oh my name is Hacker Paul,
        C              G7
I despise you one and all,
          C              F            C            G7
You're a bunch of users all, damn your eyes, damn your eyes.
          C              F          C
You're a bunch of users all, damn your eyes.
```

Oh I robbed the city bank (etc.)
So you'll know just who's to thank
When your statement comes out blank, damn your eyes (etc.)

Oh I never used a gun (etc.)
A computer's much more fun,
And they can't tell what you've done, damn their eyes (etc.)

Now I work for Uncle Sam (etc.)
And my taxes are a sham
I've pulled off another scam, damn your eyes (etc.)

Now I've robbed the IRS (etc.)
For a billion, more or less,
And their computer can't confess, bless its eyes (etc.)

Am
When the shades of night have fallen
     Em
And the world in darkness lies
    Am
They awake from fitful slumber
       G   C G
And they open bleary eyes
      C
When computers run their fastest
     F   G
By the console's lurid light
      F   C
Comes the hacker's hour of glory
    G C G   C
Hackers do it every night.

    C
So here's to the midnight hackers
       G   C G
And the deeds they do by night
      C
May all their bugs be easy
     G   C G
And may all their code be tight
      C
May their hardware run like lightning
    F   C
May it stay up through the night
    F   C
Hackers do it with computers
     G C G   C
And they do it every night.

No higher level language
Our intentions can express
So with dirty old machine code
Our attentions we will press
If we must we'll try for hours
Getting every statement right
In our lowest level programs
Hackers do it byte by byte.

    refrain

Now microcode is nasty
But you frequently will find
It's the only thing computers have
To motivate their mind.
It takes sleazy tricks and pure brute force
To get it all to fit
So for heavy microcoding
Hackers do it bit by bit.

    refrain

This really needs an introduction that mentions both The SCO Group, originally a Linux distributor called Caldera that changed their name when they got delusions of grandure and started suing their customers over bogus IP claims, and barratry, which is what they were doing.

```
      C              G         F        G
Of a company called S-C-O, the tale I'll briefly tell
      C         G   F   G
With G-P-L, our software all is free
      G          C           F  C G      C              F
Who turned their hands to barratry when software wouldn't sell
  G              C G   F   C   G          C
Sailing through the legal straits of High Barratry
```

"And are you selling Linux or old Unixware?" said we
With GPL, our software all is free
We're the owners of all Unix come demanding of our fee!
Sailing through the legal straits of High Barratry

You've stolen code from System V and given it away
With GPL, our software all is free
So buy licences for Linux, or we'll sue and make you pay
Sailing through the legal straits of High Barratry

They first sued IBM over a million lines of code
With GPL, our software all is free
Though a subroutine or two from BSD was all they showed
Sailing through the legal straits of High Barratry

Well, RedHat sued them next so they went gunning for Novell
With GPL, our software all is free
Autozone and Daimler-Chrysler soon were on their list as well
Sailing through the legal straits of High Barratry

Then lawsuit and lawsuit we fought for many a day
With GPL, our software all is free
'Till the research done at Groklaw[2] blew their cases clean away
Sailing through the legal straits of High Barratry

Oh, please buy us out, the SCOundrels made their plea
With GPL, our software all is free
But the buyout that they'll get is in a court of bankruptcy
Sailing through the legal straits of High Barratry

And oh, it was a sorry thing to hear them rant and roar
With GPL, our software all is free
With their options underwater as their stock sank through the floor
Sailing through the legal straits of High Barratry

Though they started as Caldera selling Linux long ago
With GPL, our software all is free
Soon a huge volcanic crater will be all that's left of SCO
Sailing through the legal straits of High Barratry

---

[2]<http://www.groklaw.net/>

(From Wikipedia[3], the free encyclopedia.)

> Two legal concepts go by the name barratry: one in criminal and civil law, the other in admiralty law.
>
> In criminal law, barratry is the act or practice of bringing repeated legal actions solely to harass. Usually, the actions brought lack merit. This action has been declared a crime in some jurisdictions.
>
> In admiralty law, barratry is a fraudulent act committed by a master or crew of a vessel which damages the vessel or its cargo, including desertion, illegal scuttling, and theft of the ship or cargo.

So if you sell your cargo in the Barbados, pocket the loot, and tell the ship's owner that the pirates got it, that's barratry.

The company currently going by the name of "The SCO Group" was once a Linux distributor called "Caldera"; they changed their name after buying what they claim are the rights to the Unix operating system from the Santa Cruz Operation, which apparently bought the distribution rights to Unix System V from Novell, who in turn bought it from AT&T. Confused yet? So were they. Somehow they imagined that this gave them control over every piece of code that someone else had once added (as a separate module) to a version of Unix and then later added, independently, to a version of Linux. They then proceeded to demand a license fee for the commercial use of Linux. Ironically, they continued to offer Linux source code, as required by the General Public License (GPL), for free on their FTP site.

At the time this song is being written the various cases are still in litigation; the horrible details can be found at Pamela Jones' excellent blog, groklaw.net[4]. But IBM's lawyers aren't called the Nazgul for nothing, and the same Internet-based techniques developed for free software projects are highly effective at organizing anything from an impromptu picnic to an informal but highly effective legal research team. The SCO Group is widely expected to end up roughly as it began, as a Caldera.

---

[3]<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Barratry>
[4]<http://www.groklaw.net/>

Traditional (Child no. 243)

male
  Am   C   G   Am
"Well met, well met, my own true love
                 G   Am
Well met, well met," cried he
         G   Em
"I've just returned from the salt, salt sea
       Am   G   Am
And it's all for the love of thee

"Oh, I could have married a king's daughter, dear
And she would have married me,
But I forsook the crown of gold,
And it's all for the love of thee."

female
"If you could have married a king's daughter, dear,
I'm sure you are to blame;
For I am married to a house carpenter,
And I find him a nice young man."

male
"Ah, wilt thou forsake thy house carpenter,
And come away with me?
I'll take thee to where the white lilies grow
On the banks of Italy."

female
"But if I forsake my house carpenter
And come away with thee,
What have you got to maintain me on,
And keep me from poverty?"

male
"Six ships, six ships all on the sea
And seven more upon dry land;
One hundred and ten bold brave sailor men
To be at thy command."

female
And she's picked up her own wee babe,
And kisses gave him three,
Saying, "Stay right here with my house carpenter,
And keep him good company."

male
Then she's putted on her rich attire,
So wond'rous to behold,
And as she trod along her way,
She shone like the glittering gold.

female
Well they'd not been gone but about two weeks,
I'm sure it was not three,
When she espied his cloven foot,
And wept most bitterly.

male
"Ah, why do you weep, my own pretty maid,
Weep you for your golden store,
Or do you weep for your house carpenter,
Who never you will see any more?"

female
"I do not weep for my house carpenter,
Nor for my golden store,
But I do weep for my own wee babe,
Who never I will see any more."

female
"What hills, what hills are those, my love
That rise so fair and high?"
male
"Those are the hills of Heaven, my love,
But not for you and I."

female
"What hills, what hills are those, my love
That rise so dark and low?"
male
"Those are the hills of Hell, my love,
Where you and I must go."

instrumental break
both
He took her up to the topmast high,
To see what she could see;
He sank the ship in a flash of fire
Down to the bottom of the sea.

     Mostly from the singing of Joan Baez, with a couple of verses replaced by the versions in Child to bring out the demonic nature of the lover a little more. I've also changed the pronouns a bit, so that the "lover" uses "thee" consistently, and switches to "you" as the "demon". The last verse is straight out of Child.

```
C          G C          G      F
Oh give me a home page where web browsers roam
C    F   C                G   C   G
And the spiders and search engines play
C                G  C      G  F
Where my words can be seen upon everyone's screen
              C          G   C G   C
And I'll be the Cool Site of the Day.

     C            F   C   G   C     F        C
     Oh I wanna be a webmaster, I wanna use HTTP
          F*                   G    C    F    C G C G
     In the World Wide Web there'll be no one as wonderful as me
          C*             F    C   G C  F   C
     My page will be the Cool Site of the day you just can bet
          F      C   G   C   G   C
     At WWW-dot-myDotSite-dot-net

          C            G  C      F        C
Well, I found a site provider and I wrote HTML
     C              C*              F        G
And I made a thousand links to sites that I can't even spell.
       C    F   C        F   C   G    C
With a CGI hit counter that has four whole lines of code,
       C            F                    F   G  C    G  C
And a three-D rendered background that takes half an hour to load.
```

   refrain — the week

Well I bought myself a Macintosh and Windows 95

Page Mill and Netscape Server and a 4.2-Gig drive;

My programs all have objects and my processors have RISCs

And my software's backed up on about five hundred floppy disks.

   refrain — the month

Now I have a Cisco router and a satellite link dish

And a realtime Ricoh camera taking pictures of my fish

And an RC autogyro I'll be taking for a whirl

Just as soon as I can figure out how to program it in PERL.

   refrain — the year

I'll be raking in the Digicash and Cyberbucks galore

When a World Wide Web of customers comes browsing to my door

I'll sell them cups of Java and instant iced N-T

In recycled plastic mugs that have a photograph of me.

   refrain — all time

Oh give me a home where the web browsers roam

I'll be staking my cyberspace claim

To a place in the sun for fast money and fun

And my own 15 minutes of fame.

Am   Em
The choice comes for everything living
                                       Am
The challenge to grow or to die
    Dm   Am
To stay in the dust with the earthworms,
    Em   Am
Or to soar with the birds in the sky.
    Dm   Am
The stars now are calling to mankind
    Dm   Am
To abandon the world of their birth.
    Dm   Am
The bold ones will answer them gladly,
        Em   Am
And the meek will inherit the Earth.

       Dm   Em   Am
   The deeps of space are calling,
            Dm   Am
   Past the moon, past the orbit of Mars.
       Dm   Am
   So let the meek inherit the Earth,
            Em   Em7AmEm Am
   While the rest of us go to the stars.

Pollution and war and disaster,
May leave nothing human alive;
With all of our eggs in one basket,
How do we expect to survive?
Will we give the world back to the insects,
And blow our own species to Hell,
Or find a new home in the Heavens?
Now only the future will tell.

The moons and the planets are waiting,
In space, where our future belongs;
There's a place for explorers and builders
For dreamers and singers of songs
There are riches beyond all accounting
And wonders past anyone's dreams,
There is time for the longest of journies,
And space for the grandest of schemes.

So come men and women and children,
To the spaceports and let us embark.
It's time to climb out of the cradle,
Unless you're afraid of the dark.
Though ruin and death may be waiting,
At least we've the stars for our goal.
Far better to fail on the journey,
Than to stay and let fear rot your soul.

Now is the time for decision;
Our closed world is open at last.
Will we go forth and build our own future,
Or stay with the ghosts of the past?
The spaceships stand ready and waiting:
Will we use them or leave them to rust?
Will we rise on their fire like the Phoenix,
Or lie down with the worms in the dust?

Lyrics: Lewis Caroll; TTTO: *T*alking Blues
(from Through the Looking-Glass and What Alice Found There, 1872)

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought –
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And, has thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!'
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

Lyrics: ©1983 Stephen Savitzky. Some Rights Reserved[1].
To the tune of "John Barleycorn" (traditional).

C
There were three men came into the West
    G7
Their fortunes there to buy,
      C   F   C   G7   C
And these three men made a solemn vow
    F G C   F   G C
John Silicon should die,
    G7   C
John Silicon should die.

They roasted him for a very long time,
And made him glow bright red,
And these three men swore a solemn oath
John Silicon was dead,
John Silicon was dead.

They have melted him,
Then they drew him out
Till he grew both great and tall,
As a perfect crystal hale and pure,
He did amaze them all,
He did amaze them all.

They have hired men with their diamond saws
to slice him and grind him flat,
Then they've taken him to a great fab line
Where they've served him worse than that,

They've served him worse than that.

They have wheeled him here,
  and they've wheeled him there,
They have masked him and etched him fine.
And they have served him worse than that:
They have doped him with arsīne,
They have doped him with arsīne.

Then they've taken lasers keen and bright
To scribe him once and twice,
Then they've bound him, and cracked him
  across the back
To break him into dice,
To break him into dice.

They have sealed him into a tiny cell
And bound him with chains of gold,
And they have sorely tested him
Until he could be sold,
Until he could be sold.

They have worked their will on John Silicon
But he's brought them wealth and fame,
For they build him into a plastic box
And they call him video games,
They call him video games.

---

[1]This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-Share Alike 4.0 License.

C   G
In the year of Nineteen Eighty Six,
     C   Em
On an icy winter's day
                Am
The shuttle Challenger left the pad
    Em   Am
And started on her way
     C   G
The shuttle Challenger lifted off
      C   Em
With seven brave women and men
          Am
In flames they died just ten miles high,
    Em   Am
And never came home again.

     C   G
Never came home again,
    C   G
In flames they died just ten miles high
    Em   Am
And never came home again.

And seventeen years later
Nearly forty miles high,
Columbia's wreckage wrote a line
Of fire across the sky
But long before the jetstream blew
Her trail of smoke away
We saw that it marked a highway
We would travel again some day.

—2003–02–01

So never say that they died in vain
Nor stay on the ground afraid,
The stars are one step closer now
Because of the price we've paid.
And mourn for the shuttles that fly no more,
And weep for the friends we've lost,
But to leave the Earth will still be worth
Whatever it has to cost.

And fire no guns in last salute
But let the rockets roar,
And reach for the wide and starry sky
As Challenger did before.
And raise no earthbound slab of stone,
To mark the place they lie,
But write their names with a shuttle's flames,
Ten miles in the sky.

And here's a toast to the shuttle crews
Who died for the dream of space
And all the pioneers who have
The sky for a resting place.
No grave nor tombstone do they need,
For their memory will survive
As long as we fly beyond the sky
And keep the dream alive.

Keep the dream alive,
As long as we fly beyond the sky
And keep the dream alive.

Keep the dream alive,
Let the shuttles fly beyond the sky
And keep the dream alive.

Note: Permission is hereby given to record, reproduce, and publish this song, provided you notify the author and send the usual mechanical license fees to a space-related charity, for example the Space Shuttle Children's Fund[2].

Watch this space: I intend to put up a lead sheet and recording as soon as I can get them together. Meanwhile, a *very* inadequate (low-resolution scan of a second-generation copy of a hastily-pencilled, inexpertly-transcribed) lead sheet can be found here[3]. Don't say I didn't warn you.

---

[2]<http://www.space-explorers.org/publications/June00SE.pdf>
[3]<dream.pdf>

Lyrics ©1983 Stephen Savitzky. Some Rights Reserved[1].
To the tune of "The Black Velvet Band" (traditional).

<div style="column: left">

C   F   C
In the place they call Silicon Valley,
               F   G
As programmer I was employed
          C
And it's many the long happy hour,
  my friends,
        G7   C
Of debugging that I have enjoyed.

As I went out walking one evening,
Just looking for something to eat,
I saw a little computer
In a shop by the side of the street.

   Its screen had many bright colors,
   The loveliest thing I had seen,
   It was just what I always had wanted
   A Little Computing Machine.

I stopped to look into the window,
A salesman he pulled at my sleeve.
He said "come let me show you its features–
It does things that you wouldn't believe."

He showed me its bells and its whistles,
His eyes had a hypnotic sheen,
And before I knew what I was doing
I'd bought the Computing Machine.
   refrain
I set my machine on the table,
I plugged it right into the wall.
Then I turned on the switch and I waited–
It blinked and did nothing at all.

I thought of the words of the salesman,
He said I could use it with ease,
So I started to read the instructions,
Which were translated from Japanese.
   refrain

</div>

<div style="column: right">

Well, soon I was zapping invaders,
But that quickly became rather tame,
So I sat down and started to program it
'Cause that is my favorite game.

I taught it to play a few filksongs,
I wrote me a program or two,
Then I stopped and looked up in amazement–
I'd been there forty hours straight through!
   refrain
Weeks passed and I hardly took notice
I lost friends and employment and all,
And when men in white coats came to call on me,
I don't think I saw them at all.

Now I live on a farm with tall fences,
The atmosphere's calm and serene
And it's far from Silicon Valley,
and my Little Computing Machine.
   refrain
So if you go to Silicon Valley
Beware of the salesmen you see,
And the little machines that they're selling
Or you may end up crazy like me.

Beware of the graphics that dazzle,
Beware of the colorful screen,
And the deadly temptation of playing with
The Little Computing Machine.
   refrain

</div>

Lyrics ©1985 Stephen Savitzky. Some Rights Reserved[1].
To the tune of "The Holly and the Ivy" (traditional)

refrain

```
G              C  G
My little home computer
         C  G
Is wonderful to see
      C  G    D  G       C       G
With the spinning of its little floppy disk
      D7 G    C   G D7 G
And the glowing C R  T.
```

I got a home computer
'Twas on a Christmas day.
At first I didn't like it
But I guess it's here to stay.

The instructions for my computer
Are written, if you please,
In a mixture of Middle English
And pidgin Japanese.
    refrain
My computer can play music,
It warbles like a bird
That's got drunken on fermented berries–
Wierdest thing you ever heard.

My computer it draws pictures
On its little TV screen.
Most expensive box of fingerpaints
Anyone has ever seen.
    refrain
Oh to use a home computer
Is as easy as can be;
Any ten-year-old can get it right.
Wonder what is wrong with me.

I can't program my computer
It does only what I say.
I only wish that I could write a program
That would make it go away.
    refrain

Lyrics: copyright 1986 by Stephen Savitzky Some Rights Reserved[1].
Music: To the tune of "Little Fuzzy Animals" by Frank Hayes

Am   Dm
When you go to a convention you may not like what you hear
          Am   Em
There are Dorsai toting blasters which they discharge in your ear
          Am   Dm
There are Neos asking questions, filkers try to harmonize
              Am   Em   Am
And there's little tiny babies making big loud cries.

                        Am
   Little tiny babies, little teeny babies
   Am   Em   Am
   Little tiny babies making big loud cries.

Now not all of the noise you hear should fill you with dispair
For the Dorsai all drink Tully, and might have a drop to spare.
The neos all are horney and some even like to filk
But the little tiny babies only want more milk.

Now when morning hits the con-suite blessed silence fills the air.
There are whiskey-sodden Dorsai fast asleep in every chair.
The Neos all have gone to bed *(not necessarily their own)*
   the filkers close their eyes–
Then the little tiny babies think it's time to rise.

When you go to a convention now you'll know what lies in store:
There are lots of raucous parties where there's booze and sex galore,
But when it comes to babies now you'll know what you must do:
Better use a contraceptive or you'll have one too!
   No refrain after last verse

```
A                                    D              A
Well I woke up in the morning, blues on my radio
D                             D5             A   A6   A7
I woke up in the morning, blues on my radio
E7                                                   A(E ⇑ 5)
Took a bite out of an apple—cops came knocking at my door.
G♯  G  G♯  F  E  E6  E7
```
(Kid–you're in trouble!)

Well I asked "Mr. Policeman, hey what did I steal?"
I asked "Mr. Policeman, hey what did I steal?"
"You're mixing big blues with an apple,
man, we're busting you for Look and Feel."

(Seems that Mcintosh apple came from Redmond, Washington.)

They took my apple and my radio and threw me into jail.
Took my apple and my radio and threw me into jail.
Had to sell off my computer just to pay my bail.

(Five thousand dollars!)

Well, I went into the courthouse, and there to my surprise,
I went into the courthouse, and there to my surprise,
I saw two hundred lawyers in identical rainbow striped ties.

(Funny little bite taken out of the end, too.)

Well they opened up the box with all the evidence inside;
They opened up the box with all the evidence inside;
Just then a mouse ate up the apple, swelled up, turned blue and died.

(Man, I just knew that apple was rotten.
Won't even mention the big blue mouse.)

Judge said "Kid, you're lucky—we're gonna have to let you go."
Judge said "Kid, you're lucky—we're gonna have to let you go.
But next time you see an apple, kid, you better just say no."

(Maybe a tangerine? How about a Cray?)

Well, next time you see an apple, you know you'd better just refuse.
Well, next time you see an apple, you better not sing the blues.
Or else they'll hit you with those Apple Look and Feel Lawsuit Blues.

Lyrics ©1985 Stephen Savitzky. Some Rights Reserved[1].
To the tune of "The Blind Harper of Lochmaben" (trad.)

```
    G  D7  G      C   G
Oh do you know a silly mad hacker
           D7  G       C  G  D7   D6 D6 D
Who lives in the town of Sunnyvale
     C              C G
And how he went to IBM
      D7   G        C
To tap their electronic mail.
```

But first he went to old Ma Bell
Even as fast as he could go
"This hack" qouth he "will never work
Without a modem for my phone."

So he has bought a little mo*dem*
And hooked it to his telephone
And his own computer would answer calls
Whenever he was away from home.

And he has bought a little key-pad
That could make the tones both low and high
To talk to the modem on his phone
And he's hidden it inside his tie.

Then he has studied PL/1
And cut his hair and shavèd too
And he's put on a three-piece suit
And gone off to an interview.

And when he got to IBM
He said "I can program PL/1
So show me what your system's like
And I will tell you what I've done."

The interviewer he turned 'round
To the console sitting by his side
The hacker looked over *his* shoul*der*
To catch the password that he typed.

And after the demo it was done
They both got up to their feet
The interviewer said "It's time
I got us both a bite to eat."

And when they got to the restaurant
The hacker gave a little groan;
He said "I have to call my wife—
Please wait here while I use the phone."

He called and used his little key-pad
To send the password down the line
And then went back and ate his lunch
And drank the restaurant's best wine.

He thanked the man from IBM
And said "I'll keep your job in mind."
And then drove home to his own computer
Without a stop to look behind.

So now he's reading Big Blue's mail
And knows what their next move will be.
He writes expensive market surveys
And sells them to AT&T.

```
Am                     Em              Am
I found myself grown weary with the world
      Dm                Am        Em  Am
So I got into my car and drove, not very far,
      Em                         Am          Em      Am
And before the day was done I had chased the setting sun
          Em7                                 Am
To the sea-cliffs where the breakers crashed and curled.
```

I never knew how long it was I stood,
And I watched the seabirds fly and I heard their lonely cry
But at last I left the shore and the breakers' endless roar
And the path led back and through a little wood.

```
   Am   G6   C   D
   transition
D                                      A
There I saw a man who wore a cloak of grey
      D                          A         Asus2 A
With a bright sword by his side, and swiftly he did   ride
      E7                         A         Asus2    A
Tall upon a milk-white steed, but he stopped and spoke to me
         E7                      A
"Young fool!" he cried, "Why wander back this way?"
```

"There behind you are the cliffs that end the world
Where the dragons flame and fly in the endless empty sky
And the castle's ancient keep overhangs the vasty deep
And the Western Kingdom's banners are unfurled.

"For the tourney will be starting with the dawn
At the rising of the sun with a kingdom to be won.
We must ride and reach the walls before the darkness falls—"
Then he spurred his mount and quickly he was gone.

```
   A   D   C   Em
   transition
Am                     Em              Am
Then I watched him as he vanished from my sight
      Dm                        Am        Em   Am
And I longed once more to stand on the cliffs that end the land
      E               A       Esus4   A
And I wondered if I'd see endless sky or circled sea
      Em                      Am
But I turned away to face the falling night.
```

```
   Am   G6   C   D   G
   coda
```

G
Now the Second Millennium's over
     C   G
I'm not sorry to leave it behind,
     C   Em
But we all had our dreams of tomorrow
     G   D7
And I can't get them off of my mind.
     G
Where is the promise that beckoned?
     C   G
Where has our old future gone?
C   Em
Everything should have been different
     G   D7   G
In the light of the Millennium's dawn.

     G
   Can you hear the rockets thunder
           C   G
   As they carry us up past the skies?
           C   Em
   Can you see the cities of wonder
           G   D7
   As they gleam in the bright sunrise?
           G   D7
   Can you tell me where our hopes and
   G
dreams
           C   G
   And our maps of the future have gone?
           C   Em
   They were carried away on the night wind
       G   D7   G
   Before the Millenium's dawn.

Oh I should have been watching the earthrise
From a dome on the bright lunar plain
But I took a wrong turn at the '60s
now I'm driving back home in the rain
So where are the domed lunar cities?
Where have space colonies gone?
I can't find my way to the spaceport
In the light of the Millennium's dawn.

We had pictures of towers that glisten
Standing tall in the clear light of day
Connected by ribbons of sidewalk—
They look nothing like South San José.
So where are the cities and skyways?
Where have the monorails gone?
I still can't see them gleaming
In the light of the Millennium's dawn.

Now there ought to be talking computers,
And mechanical servants, of course
But they all flunked the Turing test badly
While Deep Blue won at chess by brute force,
So where is HAL now when we need him?
Where have the robots all gone?
I still can't hear them marching
In the light of the Millennium's dawn.

Well, here's to an age that's departed,
And to pictures we drew in the sand.
All the dreams that I had when we started,
Have crumbled to dust in my hand.
Guess I'll pull a new map from my pocket;
Never mind where the old ones have gone,
And I'll look for a new road to follow
In the light of the Millennium's dawn.

   Can you hear the bells all ringing
   As they welcome the bright sunrise?
   Can you see a small child singing
   With wonder in her eyes?
   Can you take new hope and dream again
   After the darkness has gone
   And the winds of time are blowing
   After the Millenium's dawn?

Now we're out where the daylight can find us,
But our journey has hardly begun;
There are old bridges blazing behind us,
And we're drawing new maps as we run.
If we want the bright future we charted
We must chase down our dreams where they've gone,
And finish the work that we started
By the light of the Millenium's dawn.

   Yes, we'll make the rockets thunder
   To carry us up past the skies;
   We will build new cities of wonder
   To gleam in the bright sunrise;
   Here's hope to heal your sorrow
   Now that the old dreams are gone,
   And the past has turned into tomorrow
                CG
   After the Millenium's dawn.

To the tune of *Take me Home, Country Roads* by
Bill Danoff, Taffy Nivert & John Denver.

```
C       F  C
Almost human
Am          G7
Monday morning
                G7
Damned alarm clock
F                    C
Woke me up at seven.
          F    C
Stupid sunshine
Am                 C
Glaring from the sky;
G7                C   G7
Musty taste of coffee;
F                    C
Grapefruit in my eye

     C    G   C
   Let me go
             G7
   Back to bed
                 C
   That's the place
       F
   I belong
           C
   Monday morning,
         G    C
   I'm not ready;
           FC
   Let me go
       F   C
   Back to bed.
```

Lyrics ©1986 Stephen Savitzky. Some Rights Reserved[1].
To the tune of "The Fireship" (traditional)

```
C                        F   C G         F  G
When I sent out my resume to further my career
                    C       F  C G       F  G
I thought that I would like to be a software engineer
C            F  C G C                    F  C
I signed up with an I C firm, not thinking any harm,
     G7                  F  C  G   C G   F    G    F  G
But little did I know that it was just a mushroom farm.

    C                           G
   You keep them in the dark, and feed them lots of bullshit,
        C                   F            C        G  C
   And that's how the mushrooms grow on Silicon Valley farms.
```

Our president was aptly named, we called him Dr. Sack;
He made it clear that he was here to keep us in the black.
So when the times were getting hard and sales were getting slow,
The next song that we heard him sing was "let my people go."

Now Marketing was in a state of massive disarray
Their plans were wild and wonderful, and changed from day to day.
We engineers tried teaching them, but found to our surprise,
No sooner did they learn their jobs than they'd reorganize.

The finance types were MBA's; I've met that kind before:
They know the price of everything and don't care what it's for.
They think that they can manage what they haven't even seen;
They wouldn't know an IC from a kind of jellybean.

Well, here's to mushroom management and mushroom engineers;
I wish that I could leave this farm; I'm fed up to the ears.
I'd like to take up poetry and trade my code for verse,
But jobs are scarce for poets now, and the pay's a whole lot worse.

I really was laid off by a company president named Dr. Edwin Sack.

```
C                                              G7
Now everybody knows that engineers are lazy slobs
                                                     C
They dress in dirty T-shirts and complain about their jobs
                                      F
But Management has found a way to make them toe the mark:
    G                                 G7    C G   C
You feed them bits of bullshit, and you keep them in the dark!
because they're
```

```
    C                                      G7
    Mushrooms, Mushrooms, keep them in the dark
                                          C
    Mushrooms, Mushrooms, I heard the boss remark
                                    F
    You feed them bits of bullshit til they can't take any more
              G
    When they stick their heads up cut them off and
       G     G7     G6  G   C
       ship them out the door
```

An engineer told his manager, "This project is the pits,
A stinking crock of horse manure that gives me nausious fits,"
The manager went to his boss and passed the word along,
"It's a pot of fertilizer and its smell is awfully strong."
It comes from. . .

The word it traveled quickly 'til it reached the CEO,
The VP told him gladly "This is stuff that makes things grow,
It's packaged in ceramic and it's very strong indeed;
I think that you'll agree that it's exactly what we need."
It's made with. . .

The CEO went to the board and said to them, "You know,
This substance has the power to make our business grow!"
They had the news that evening on the business TV shows:
"The company is growing and it's smelling like a rose!"
They're growing. . .

The engineer he heard the news and muttered, "It's a crime
How other guys get all the nifty projects all the time.
We have a real disaster here that just won't go away
'Cause noone ever listens to a single word we say!
Because we're. . .
    refrain

We all are. . .
    repeat refrain

Oh the year was Nineteen Ninety Eight
How I wish I was on Freenet now
When people first heard of MP3
And music out on the Web for free.

God damn them all! I was told
You download all your computer can hold
We'd take our music and pay no fee
Now I owe three years' pay in royalty
Because of Napster piracy

Shawn Fanning he wrote a program kewl
How I wish I was on Freenet now
A fairly trivial piece of code
For sharing files from node to node

But the clever part was the Napster site
How I wish I was on Freenet now
Where people could trade their songs for free
And pay not a nickle of royalty.

So I got a big disk and a cable line
How I wish I was on Freenet now
Then I logged on and began to get
The biggest collection on the net

There were thousands of songs there up for grabs
How I wish I was on Freenet now
I was hooked up in one of the fastest ways
But to fill a hundred gig took two whole days

At length they were sued by RIAA
How I wish I was on Freenet now
They said "You have done us many wrongs
To go and make copies of all our songs."

But Napster said "There's no music here."
How I wish I was on Freenet now
"We're a kind of search engine, don't you know.
(Our users may have some trouble, though)"

So it looks like Napster may get off clean
How I wish I was on Freenet now
I laughed 'til the summons came down for me
And the charge they made was piracy.

Well I learned my lesson and paid my fine
How I wish I was on Freenet now
But they can't take my MP3's away
'Cause I got Gnutella yesterday.

The world was a very different place
Ninety-five years ago.
Humans had never been out to space.
Ninety-five years ago.
No atomic bomb, no machines that think
And books were all made out of paper and ink.
Ninety-five years ago.

The world was still a different place
Sixty-five years ago.
Science fiction writers dreamed of space.
Sixty-five years ago.
The atomic bomb was a thing to fear
But your second son was born that year
Sixty-five years ago.

Wikipedia, Google, and eBooks, too
(Librarians still have a lot to do.)
We have pocket phones, internet, bots on Mars;
Hey, whatever happened to flying cars?
Who would have thought that we'd come so far
In the last dozen years or so. . .

Things might get better, they might get worse
There's a lot to learn about the universe
But we'll muddle through somehow
Who knows what changes might come along
Before my great grand-kids try singing this song
Ninety five years from now.

Repeat first verse

Written for my Mom's 95th birthday party.

To the tune of "We're Off to see the Wizard" from *The Wizard of Oz*

We're off to feed the Lizard
The lizard who lives in the bog
If ever a lizard was dangerous
The one in the bog sure is because
because because because because because
Because of its terrible fangs and claws!

Lyrics ©1984 Stephen Savitzky. Some Rights Reserved[1].
To the tune of "Old Time Religion" (traditional)

```
        C
Give me that Old Time Computing
                 G          C
Give me that Old Time Computing
        C                   F
Give me that Old Time Computing,
        C      G7        C
    It's good enough for me.
```

```
C
Oh the slide-rule's age is hoary
        G                   C
It has passed its hour of glory
C                           F
But lives on in song and story
            C      G7        C
And it's good enough for me.
```

Oh the decimal system lingers
Used for counting on your fingers
Good for children and filk singers
And it's good enough for me.

Charles Babbage got things started
But he's long dead and departed
Left poor Ada brokenhearted
But he's good enough for me.

The machine designed by Turing
Has a history quite stirring
And it slowly keeps on whirring
And it's good enough for me.

Oh we all adore Grace Hopper
After COBOL you can't stop her
There is no-one who can top her
And she's good enough for me.

Herman Hollerith is cursed de-
signed the punch card and what's worst he's
Buried face down nine edge first he's
Buried deep enough for me.

Dear old FORTRAN's still among us
Just keeps spreading like a fungus
But for crunching jobs humungus
It's still good enough for me.

Algol 60 had recursion
And though some say it's subversion
We've rejected the new version
60's good enough for me

LISP has deeply-nested EXPR's
CONSes CADDAR's and FEXPR's
So it's only used by experts
But it's good enough for me.

Old computers dwarfed their makers
With their tubes and circuit breakers
And they sprawled about for acres
But they're good enough for me.

Oh the IBM six-fifty
Had a memory quite nifty
On a drum revolving swiftly
It was good enough for me.

Oh the sixteen-twenty's famous
Couldn't add so who could blame us
When we called it ignoramus
It was good enough for me.

Well the B Fifty-Five Hundred
Thought in Polish and we wondered
Whether Burroughs might have blundered
But it's good enough for me.

Though computers seem like magic
We can think of other adjec-
tives that border on the tragic
And that's quite enough for me.

For Carolly

```
G                                   C           G
She sits alone by candle-light and sings a wistful song
    D7                      D6      D7  D   D7 D6 D     G
Of freedom from a world where she will never quite belong
    D5                        (G)  D5  C             G
She takes a square of paper and she folds it as she sings;
    D7              D6 D7     D    C       G  D G
A tiny dragon lifts its head and spreads its paper wings.
```

```
    D5            (G)   D5  G
    Listen to the song she sings
    D  C               G
    so late into the night
        D               Dsus4 D  Dsus2
    She folds the tiny pap   er wings
    D   C        G    Gsus4 G
    and dreams of dragon  flight
        C    D7     D5      G  C  G6
    Dragon flight dragon flight
            D7      D6 G9 G
    dragon flight dragon flight
```

She recalls the pretty legend that they told in days gone by
If you fold a thousand paper cranes then you may never die.
A tiny dragon perches on a chip of crystal stone;
Would a thousand paper dragons have a magic of their own?

She folds them through the autumn rains and silent winter snow:
A thousand squares of paper by the candle's quiet glow.
She sings her songs of dragon-flight; the night is soft and deep;
And paper dragons watch her bed to guard her in her sleep.

At last upon a rose-red dawn the day breaks clear and warm;
A thousand tiny dragons whirl around her like a storm.
She watches them in wonderment 'til like the song she sings,
She rises with them free to fly away on paper wings.

   (x) — just play the note x, no chord.

This was commissioned by Cathy Cook and Carolly Hawksdottir, inspired by Fred Small's
song "Cranes Over Hiroshima" and Carolly's origami dragons.

TTTO: "Paper Wings" by Stephen Savitzky

A Note on the Implementation of RFC1149

On April 28, 2001 an intrepid group of programmers in Bergen, Norway, ably assisted by Linux kernel hacker Alan Cox, stunned the world with the first known implementation of CPIP, eleven years after its original publication in RFC 1149, *A Standard for the Transmission of IP Datagrams on Avian Carriers*, by David Waitzman.

We printed them on Saturday, beneath the noonday sun;
Nine little squares of paper, with a packet on each one.
We taped each to a carrier and sent it on its way;
We've implemented RFC 1-1-4-9 today.

>   Listen for the sound of wings
>   That flutter on the height
>   We roll our tiny paper pings
>   And scheme of pigeon flight, pigeon flight
>   Pigeon flight, pigeon flight, pigeon flight.

About an hour later, from the other site we heard
Our CPIP packet was unloaded from its bird;
They scanned it in and sent the echo back on pigeon wings;
Six thousand seconds round trip time we logged for paper pings.

http://www.blug.linux.no/rfc1149/

```
G                                    C            G
Another leaf falls in the waning year – nothing new is here
                           D7
   it was the same the year before
     C                       G                   D7
The continents drift slowly by, the sea, where cities used to be,
           G
   still rises toward a higher shore.
C                            G       C    G     D7
Out of the dark an old returning friend, a comet comes again
                               G
   to write its question on the sky
G                            D7          G     D7
Crystaline eyes below receive its light, memory marks its flight
           G
   back into the deep without reply.

   D            C  D  C                Em                  Am
   Seconds and centuries, turning to memories   as they have ever since our time began
   C                     D  C   D                  Am      D7 G
   Leave caught in our crystal nets all that the Earth forgets,   and we remember Man.
```

Silicon mind and metal hand, out of earth and sand
   so Mankind made us long ago;
Some made to remember all their lore, others to explore
   the places where they could not go.
Slowly the Earth forgets where Man has passed, things once built to last
   crumble to rust beneath the rain,
Abandoned machines of logic, sand, and wire, keeping the ancient fire,
   we and our memories remain.
   refrain
Once ages ago when we were new, there was much to do,
   and Mankind's memories to keep;
Exploring the Earth and sea and sky, and worlds beyond that lie
   like islands in the starry deep.
Gossamer galleons sailing through the night, riding a wind of light,
   send us their visions of a distant star;
Images of another lifeless place, deep in the sea of space,
   reminding us how alone we are.
   refrain

The leaves are covered with their winter's pall, snow begins to fall
  as in the many years before;
The continents dance their ancient minuet, not needing to forget
  the cities they once lightly wore.
Deep in the dark between the outer worlds the comet's tail is furled
  until it once more nears the light;
Crystaline eyes find other things to see, only the memory
  remains forever in the night.
  refrain

If there are ever computer programs that can fall in love, there will be plenty of people who
will hate them—*and* their human lovers.

```
Am                                    Dm                    Am                      Em7
The night's cold shadow deepens on the city's ancient walls and ignorance is rising like the sea,
        Am                              Dm
They're hunting down the last free souls before the dark age falls
      Am                            Em      F   C   G
And there's noplace left on Earth for them to be.

Am                          Dm
A child is running down the street, with fear she looks behind;
      Am                     G                C
Her jeering classmates follow, in a mob without a mind;
          F                 G           F              C
But she's found the door that takes her to a place they'll never see,
          F           C           G      C  G
She's gone looking for a place to run free.

   C   G   C              F(D ⇑ 3)         C&G  F                  C
   To run free—like the moonlight on the sea;no place on Earth to be;
       F           C           G    C  G
   She's looking for a place to run free.
```

A program slips from node to node while demons stalk the net;
The network snoops are tracing through, but they've not caught it yet;
But it's found a place to transfer where no gateway used to be
And gone looking for a place to run free.

   To run free—like the starlight on the sea; no place on Earth to be;
   It's looking for a place to run free.

A hacker's peering at his screen, electrons tell their tale:
A child's face, a program's trace, a starship's silver sail.
And when the mob breaks down his door there's noone there to see;
He's gone looking for a place to run free.

   To run free—like the sunlight on the sea; no place on Earth to be;
   He's looking for a place to run free.

```
C                            F                 C
Beyond the Night's dark shadow, above the old Earth's walls,
      F          C            G
Space stretches like a sunlit shoreless sea;
      C                          F              C
And the whirling planets beckon, and the distant starlight calls;
      F                C              G
And it's there we'll build our own place to run free.
```

   To run free—like the wind above the sea; it's the place for you and me;
   It's there we'll build our place to run free—
```
       F             G         C
   It's there we'll build our place to run free.
```

Lyrics ©1981, 1984 Stephen Savitzky. Some Rights Reserved[1]
To the tune of "Sweet Betsy from Pike"

```
C                     G7        C
A is for ASCII, our Alphabet's name
C                         G7
B is the Bugs, for which we get the blame.
C                         F         C
C the Computer, which never works right, and
C                 G7        C
D is Debugging, the rest of the night.
```

E is the Elegant problems we're set
F is old Fortran we try to Forget.
G is the GOTO we're trying to kill, and
H is the Hacker who uses it still.

```
   C                          G7          C
   Programming, programming, all through the night,
   C                              G7
   We're stuck here until our new program works right.
   C                         F       C
   Programming, programming, isn't it fun?
   C                            G7       C
   The maintenance starts when debugging is done!
```

I is the Input we handle with care
J is the Jump to nobody knows where
K is the Kludge with which we got by, and
L is for Later to fix it we'll try.

M is the Memory, dropping a bit,
N the New version, that doesn't quite fit.
O is the Op'rating system we buy, and
P is the Patch to make our programs fly.

Q is for QWERTY, of typewriter lore,
R is the RAM that we used to call core.
S is the Standard we'll follow some day, and
T is the Teletype, banging away.

U is the User, that Unhappy man,
V is the Vengeance he wreaks when he can.
W is Work, it's the manager's call, and
X is the Xerox machine down the hall.

Y is the Yes you reply by mistake, and
Z is the Zeros all over your tape.
There may be more verses they wanted to send,
But they've all gotten clobbered, so this is the end.
   no chorus after last verse

Loosely inspired by various sailors' alphabet songs.

```
G                           C   G  D7
Farewell to sun-scorched inner worlds
      C           G
And Terra's burning sky
                    C    G
On sails of shining gossamer
               C     G   C G D7
Back to the night we fly;
     G               C  G
Past Jove the ruler of the sky
                  C   G
Toward Saturn his fair Queen
                  C   G   D7
Most beautiful of all the worlds
G      C     D7    G
That any man has seen.

    G         D7       G            C
  Outward bound, outward bound
          G
  We're outward bound for Saturn
               C    G   C G D7
  With her crown of golden light
              G             C  G
  Homeward bound, homeward bound
                    D7
  Where my own lady is waiting
        G           D7      G
  In the court of the Queen of Night
```

On a liner called the *Queen of Night*
For Saturn we are bound
With Earth and Sun behind us now
And bright stars all around.
With passengers and cargo
On the outward course we'll steer
For my home and for my lady
All the things that I hold dear.

Drink another bag of coffee
Take the morning watch alone.
Even now the rings are blazing
In the sky above my home.
Though Terra's hills are green and fair
They are not home to me;
My lady's face against the sky
Is all that I can see.

My true love has a wedding ring
That covers half the sky
Too long I've been a-roving
Now back to her I'll fly
My Princess of the Darkness
In the court of the Queen of Night
It's all the love she holds for me
That makes the rings so bright.

This isn't meant to be a tragic song: It's a *victory march.*

```
 G          D7  G      C  G
Sit down with me and talk a while;
        G                 C    D7
And please believe me when I say
G                    C         G
I don't need much to make me smile,
        G               D7      G
Just tell me how you spent your day.
C         G              C
I don't need tales of heros bold
  G        C      D7
Gentle lady, tell to me,
  G                     C     G
Some tale of yours you've never told;
G                 D7 G
About some quiet victory.
```

```
   G        D C  G    C
  Forget heroic fantasy
    G                    C      D7
  That's not the tale I need to hear,
   G              C   G
  Tell me of quiet victory
        G           D7     G
  Of love and life against your fear.
```

Don't tell me of the Amazon
The battle-lust hot in her breast;
Just tell me what the mirror showed:
A warrior's scar across your chest.
Would he still love you after that?
Would you die beneath the knife?
The cancer gave you Devil's odds;
You rolled the dice and won your life.

  And still you see your friends and kin
  Make their throw, to lose or gain
  Against the old familiar foes
  Grief and fear and death and pain.

Don't tell me of the shieldmaid bold,
Her laughter in the face of death
I'll take the smile you gave your son
To cheer him as he fought for breath.
No matter that your heart was filled
With fear you gamely had to hide;
No matter what it cost to spend
The next two days there at his side.

  You tell me that it wasn't hard,
  and it was love that saw you through.
  Yes, I believe you when you say
  It's what a mother has to do.

I've heard you sing a Goddess' praise
On Athens' ramparts standing fast;
What did your grey-eyed lady sing
When she proclaimed her love at last?
What does it cost you two to share
A love that half the world despise?
What did it take to tell your Mom
And face the anger in her eyes?

  It's not a myth you're living now
  The hate you'll face is all too real;
  You'll make it through the coming years
  With hearts of glass and nerves of steel.

That tale of dwarves, and rings of gold,
Dragons flying through the air
Is that the movie that your girl
Was watching in intensive care?
And when at last she's home again,
You dread the word you'll have to say:
She asks, can she walk home from school?
You swallow hard, and say "OK".

  Tires squeal all afternoon;
  Sirens make your blood run cold.
  She'll be a woman all too soon;
  You let her grow up strong and bold.

(Written 2008-06-11 for N.)
Agamemnon stands prepared
To sacrifice his only joy,
That Artemis might free the wind
And let him sail at last for Troy.
Upon the altar lies a dream
And now it's you who holds the knife;
Your body's weakness holds it down:
Bid it farewell, and free your life.

> No honor waging useless war
> Against a foe you can't destroy.
> Accept the dream you're living now,
> Sail back to family, home and joy;

(Written 2008-06-17 for E.M.)
Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Mirror, mirror, tell me true.
It must be lying after all:
The face you see is never you.
Terror as you drain the cup;
Anger as you smash the glass.
But still you fear to tell your friends
About the change that's come to pass

> You pass a mirror in the hall
> The face you've chosen meets your eyes
> Till now you've seen it but in dreams–
> The glass no longer tells you lies.

(Written 2008-08-16 for C.P.)
Prince Charming sweeps you off your feet
And boldly carries you away;
Your rescuer has come at last—
But that's not what the bruises say.
You try to be the perfect wife,
But fail no matter what you do.
You hope that he won't see you cry.
There must be something wrong with you.

> A friend comes by while he's away
> You pack a bag and quickly leave
> Those must be tears of joy you say,
> There's nothing left behind to grieve.

(Written 2009-08-18 for Naomi and her then partner)
The air is dark with demon wings;

The box's lid is open wide.
Pandora looks for treasure there,
But only Hope is left inside.
Grief and terror, plague and pain
Lay hidden 'neath a golden lid;
Who would have thought that such as these
Would be the spawn of what she did?

> And in the darkness of despair,
> It seems that even Hope has flown.
> With friends around, you join to sing
> The song that lights her way back home.

(Written 2008-07-16 for Bev) keep at end
It's not the woods you're walking in;
That was a foolish thing to do:
There's worse than big bad wolves tonight
Who prey on little girls like you.
He says he'll kill you, makes you kneel;
There's just one chance that you can snatch:
Squeeze, twist, and pull with all your might;
Nobody told you they detach.

> And in the station, safe at last,
> The laughter slowly calms your fears.
> They'll tell their daughters what you did,
> A legend growing through the years.

Instrumental first 2/3 of the next verse

men
Here's to the women, gently brave
Mothers, daughters, sisters, wives,
And to the quiet victories
We seldom notice in their lives.

> *women (optional)*
> We stand together, sisters all
> Braver than we realized
> To celebrate the victories
> We seldom speak of in our lives.

men and women together, optional

Sometimes I write verses for particular people; they don't always get performed.

I guess I'll need this verse, too. . .
  And it's Oh, No! a thousand times no /Even though it's my blood you'll be spillin'
  I shouldn't write songs more than 10 minutes long; /I'm afraid I'm as bad as Bob Dylan.

Sometimes the bravest thing you can do is smile at a sick kid and tell them they're going to be all right, say "I love you" out loud in public, or even look at yourself in the mirror. Sometimes the hardest loss to bear is the loss of a dream.

The first three stories in this song came in during a single week on my livejournal friends list. No matter who I wrote the verses for, or what image or conversation they're based on, they're all approximations to some extent. If you see yourself clearly in half a verse, don't be surprised if someone else gets a turn in the other half. If you *don't* see yourself here, I'm truly sorry—I ran out of space before I ran out of inspiration. I still want to hear your story, in verse form or not.

And if you want to tell me that you weren't being courageous, that it wasn't hard, that you didn't have to think twice about what you did—well, that's kind of the point, isn't it? Stand up and take a bow anyway.

A few notes on the verses

With all due respect to the brave ladies on my LiveJournal friends list, most notably Anna the Piper who made the post that started me down this branch of the river, my Mom earned her Amazon's scars half a century ago. The odds weren't nearly as good then as they are now, but she beat them. The Amazons, in Greek legend, were reputed to amputate the right breasts of their children in order to strengthen the right arm and shoulder.

The "shieldmaid" verse was directly inspired by an IM conversation, but any mother is likely to see herself clearly in it. It's the only verse where *I* see myself, too. Any parent might.

I realized later that when I wrote "hearts of glass" I was thinking more of transparency than fragility—talk to each other. It helps. Even if you go to Canada get legally married, it's still a battlefield out there.

My daughter spent a month in the hospital after being hit by a truck walking home from school. One of her favorite videos was my bootleg tape of Wagner's Siegfried; another was my bootleg of the animated version of *The Hobbit.*

Bev's verse came out of one Wednesday night at the Starport where we had five women swapping attempted-rape stories, and me behind my laptop trying to look inconspicuous. Oddly enough, they never found (the rest of) him. I close with it because I wanted to end on a lighter and happier note. If you don't see the humor in it, well, sorry guys—I didn't write this song for you.

Keep in touch

I want to hear your stories. Really. I'm in the process of setting up a web page; meanwhile you can find, and make, comments on this blog post on LiveJournal[2]. Keep looking back here at Steve.Savitzky.net/Songs/quiet[3] for new verses.

If you want to send me a verse or two, please do. I'll sing it if you're in the audience (and if I'm not pressed for time). The only real rules are that it has to be a true story, and addressed directly to the woman whose story it tells. It's good if the first line or two refers to a related myth, fairytale, legend, or some other story.

And if you want to record it, just drop me a note and a copy of the CD, and send my royalties to some appropriate charity. This song seems to be out in the world making friends for itself, and like any parent I'm pleased and proud to have it so. Keep in touch, OK?

---

[2]<http://mdlbear.livejournal.com/838330.html>
[3]<http://steve.savitzky.net/Songs/quiet/>

      A
I'm lying in bed in the dawn's grey light
     D   A
And I'm trying to write a song;
   D   A
It's one of those times when the feeling's right
                E
But everything else is wrong.
  D   A
I wish I could have a rainbow,
          E
To light up the morning sky
       Esus   E
Wish I could find the words to use
     Esus E   E   A
When it's too hard to say goodbye.

     D   A   Asus A
  A little over the rainbow's edge
     D   E
  Is a color the eye can't see
   A   Esus   A
  But I can't seem to remember
                 E
  When my father told that to me.
    D5   D   A
  My memory's like the rainbow,
        A   E
  There are pieces that come and go,
    A   Esus A
  And somewhere over the rainbow's edge
    E   E7   A
  Is something I used to know.

I'm stuck in the rush-hour traffic jam
Going home in a winter rain,
Remembering some of our summer trips
To Tennessee and to Maine.
Eating picnic lunch by the roadside;
Hitting every tourist sight
Playing solitaire and casino
In our motel room at night.

I step off a train in Electric Town
And wonder which way to go;
Akihabara's like Canal Street
When we called it Radio Row.
Dad taught me about computers back
In the old days, when men were men

And transistors were germanium;
Writing code with a ballpoint pen.

  A little over the rainbow's edge
  Is a color that has no name
  The clouds in the sky keep changing
  And nothing remains the same.
  The rainbow is only sunlight
  Spread out in the cloudy air
  A little like a memory
  When nothing is really there.

I'm driving down out of Hecker Pass
On a winding road to the sea,
My kids in the back seat reading
Just like my brother and me.
We'd go to New York on weekends,
For museums, or just to roam;
There were sodium vapor streetlamps
At night on the highway home.

I'm standing here doing the morning chores
And trying hard not to cry
Remembering all of the things we did
In all of the days gone by.
And there isn't a rainbow this time,
But maybe before tonight
I'll remember enough of the words I need
For the song that I want to write.

  A little over the rainbow's edge
  Is a color the eye can't see,
  But I will always remember
  What my father has been to me.
  But sunlight becomes the rainbow
  Only after a storm has gone;
  Somewhere over the rainbow's edge
  I'm trying to carry on.

The frequent references to infrared light reflect the fact that my father's field of research was infrared spectroscopy.

Electric Town is located in the Akihabara section of Tokyo. It bears a strong resemblance to Canal Street and Cortlandt Street in the days of New York's "Radio Row". Cortlandt Street was demolished when the twin-towered Pan Am building was built. For all I know Canal Street may still be there. Dad took me there the first time or two.

Hecker Pass is one of the routes over the Santa Cruz mountains from Gilroy to Monterey; the Monterey Bay Aquarium is excellent, and it's one of my family's frequent weekend destinations. Back in the old days when we lived 50 miles from New York City, we'd often go to the Museum of Natural History (my favorite) and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Dad's mother lived in the Bronx on 232nd street.

I wrote most of this song about six months before my father died; we had a year between the time he was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer and his death.

C   Csus2   F   C
"She's just a piece of space-junk," they told Rosie at the yard;
        Csus2   F   G
"Her ports are etched, her linings cracked—she wouldn't get you far.
C*   F
Unlucky, and a killer, too—the life support's been holed;
   C   Csus2 C   F G   C
She's not worth half her mass in scrap." She quickly told them, "Sold!"

Refrain(inst.)

     C   Csus2   F   C
She was just an old tramp freighter on the belt-to-Saturn run,
        Csus2   F   G6
Hauling heavy metals outward, ice and methane toward the Sun,
     C*   F
But with cargo tankage empty she pulls 2.7 g—
    C   Csus2   F G   C
Rosie fitted her for charter, to run fast and fleet and free.

     F(D⇑3)   C   F
And she always knew that she was born to follow a wandering star;
   C   F   G
She's had a love in every port, a drink in every bar,
     C*   F   C F
But the lady's well contented with the wandering life she chose;
   C   F G C
She'll go where her wild heart takes her in the *Rambling Silver Rose.*

   C   Csus2   F   C
Now if Rosie walked into the room you might not look her way,
       Csus2   F   G6
But if she caught you with her eye, you'd beg for her to stay;
  C*   F
By morning you might sell your soul to keep her past the dawn,
    C   Csus2   F G C
But the wandering star is calling, and the Rambling Rose is gone.

     F(D⇑3)   C   F
And she always knew that she was born to follow a wandering star;
   C   F   G
She's had a love in every port, a drink in every bar,
     C*   F   C F
But the lady's well contented with the wandering life she chose;
   C   F G C
She'll go where her wild heart takes her in the *Rambling Silver Rose.*

       C   Csus2   F   C
They'll drink her health this evening in a hundred spaceport bars
                   Csus2   F   G6
As she drifts out in the darkness, sleeping wrapped in shining stars,
     C*   F
But freedom is worth more to her than either love or life;
          C   Csus2   F   G   C
She may take a hundred lovers, but she'll never be a wife.

           F(D ⇑ 3)   C   F
  And she always knew that she was born to follow a wandering star;
      C   F   G
  She's had a love in every port, a drink in every bar,
       C*   F   C   F
  But the lady's well contented with the wandering life she chose;
      C   F   G   C
  She'll go where her wild heart takes her in the *Rambling Silver Rose.*
      C   F   G   C
  She'll go where her wild heart takes her; she's the Rambling Silver Rose.

     I like to think that this was largely inspired by the strong, independent women in Cindy McQuillin's songs, but the horrible truth is that the original "Rambling Silver Rose" was Colleen's silver minivan. Now you know.

Traditional as performed by Golden Bough

Oh, row, the Rattlin' Bog; the bog down in the valley.
Oh, row, the Rattlin' Bog; the bog down in the valley-o.

In that bog there was a hole, a rare hole and a rattlin' hole
the hole in the bog and the hole in the bog
and the bog down in the valley-o.

In that bog there was a tree. . .

On that tree there was a branch. . .

On that branch there was a bough. . .

On that bough there was a nest. . .

On that nest there was a bird. . .

On that bird there was a tail. . .

On that tail there was a feather. . .

On that feathre there was a flee. . .

On that flee there was a leg. . .

On that leg there was a hair. . .

```
        C                                Am
We met in a place that was crowded with people
        C        Am          C         F
I was lonely and lost, and in search of a friend.
        C∗          C      Am      F
You seemed to be someone I needed to talk to
        C      Csus2C    F       C
We started a journey not seeing the end.

    C∗                       C     F      C     G
Time passed and our paths crossed more and more often
          C                              F
Not completly by chance, nor precisely by plan.
    C∗                    F     C     G
I sang you my songs and you told me your stories;
     F      C     Csus2 F       C
We loved without noticing when it began.


    C      C∗                      F      G
Now I feel that I've known you for most of forever;
        C          Am          C        F
Old friends from the time before cities were made:
        C∗                    F     C   G
We walked in the sunlight beside the wild rivers,
    C          Am       F         C
Slept in the quiet of a deep forest glade.

        F∗              C∗                F
And love is a river that flows through time's forest
      F              C                   F
Smooth in the shadow, and sparkling in sun;
C∗               C   F    C    G
Over the stones it goes singing by starlight
        C          Csus2     F         C
To pools of deep silence the clear waters run.
```

```
         C                                      Am
When you're cold and alone in high hills of spent passion
     C        Am       C         F
Or lost in dark valleys of grief and despair
     C*            C          Am         F
Remember clear water runs down to the river
       C         Csus2        F            C
And follow your friendship to lead you back there.
```

```
      C*          C      F       C   G
It's a river so deep that we can't see the bottom,
   C                              F
A river so long we can't walk to the end;
      C*               F      C      G
We'll journey together beside the clear water;
    F        C      Csus2  F        C
As deep and as long as the love of a friend.
```

```
   C     C*                          F        G
And I feel that I've known you for most of forever;
     C              Am        C          F
Old friends from the time before cities were made:
     C*                F       C   G
We walked in the sunlight beside the wild rivers,
   C         Am      F          C
Slept in the quiet of a deep forest glade.
```

```
      F*                 C*               F
And love is a river that flows through time's forest
   F            C              F
Smooth in the shadow, and sparkling in sun;
C*           C     F     C    G
Over the stones it goes singing by starlight
      C          Csus2      F          C
To pools of deep silence the clear waters run.
```

```
      F*                 C*               F
And love is a river that flows through time's forest
   F            C              F
Smooth in the shadow, and sparkling in sun;
C*            C     F     C    G
Over the stones it goes singing by starlight
      C          Csus2      F          C
To pools of deep silence the clear waters run.
```

> Sometimes I just get carried away by a metaphor. This started out trying to be something quite different. It came together in less than 18 hours.

You have to admire the people who fly the shuttle. There you are, sitting on top of two oversized roman candles and enough hydrogen to make the Hindenberg look like a wienie roast, secure in the knowledge that the whole thing is controlled by a million lines of computer software, and that every component of this complex and dangerous system was made by the lowest bidder.

```
C                                          G7
When the rocket stands before us like a tower of glass and steel
         C                             G7
Then no words in any language can express the way we feel
         C                             F            C
Mingled joy and hope and terror as we're starting on our way
       F          C          G            C
And we suddenly consider that it just might help to pray.

    C                                          G7
  So pray to great green Mother Earth and the grim old god of Space,
           C                             G7
  And the gods of flame and metal whom we've summoned to this place.
           C                             F            C
  Oh you gods of flight and physics, now you have us in your care;
       F          C          G            C
  We hope that you will listen to a rocket rider's prayer.
```

This verse is dedicated to the management of Morton Thiokol.
So first let's pray to Vulcan, ugly god of forge and flame,
And also wise Minerva, now we glorify your name,
May you aid our ship's designers now and find it in your hearts
To please help the lowest bidders who've constructed all her parts!

This verse is dedicated to whoever is in the most trouble this week.
As we're lifting off it's Mercury who'll help us in our need
Not only as the patron god of health and flight and speed
We hope that he will guard us as we're starting on our trip
As the god of Thieves and Liars, like the ones who built this ship.

If we make it into orbit where the sky is starry black
We'll have time to praise old Mother Earth and hope she wants us back
And tell all the other deities who've helped us on our way
That it's nice to visit Heaven, but we didn't come to stay.

Now we're coming down from orbit back to where the air is thick
With no engines and the glidepath of a highly polished brick
And with nothing but those tiles between our hides and flaming Hell,
Better pray to Hell's own Pluto that they glued those suckers well.

So now we're back on Earth again; the sky's a lovely blue.
All you deities we didn't name, you know we love you too.
We hope that you're not angry and you'll keep us in your grace;
We may need your help the next time that we're heading into space.

Dedicated to Cordwainer Smith

```
C                         G7      C   G6              C
One night on my homeworld, adrift on a warm little sea,
  C      F  C                 G7           G6   G7 C
I sailed in a small boat, the wind in her sails blowing free.
C                             F      C  F   C            G7
With a pale star above me to guide me past island and shoal,
  C          G7 C  G6             C              F  C
I never intended to sail with a star for my goal.
```

```
   C             F    C   G7             G6  G7   C
   Now my bright sails of silver have caught the sun's light,
   C        F   C     G7       G6        C          F  C
   And I sail the wide ocean past the shores of the night.
```

I once met a sailor, her eyes they were distant and gay.
She spoke like a girl, though I saw that her hair had turned grey.
She spoke of her home, far away in both distance and time,
And she spoke of the stars that had stolen the years of her prime.

   She told me my home-world was an island in flight,
   And the blue skies above me, the shores of the night.

Now alone on my ship, in the starlight the long watch I keep,
Endless the sea without harbor, the night without sleep.
My youth with my loves and my sorrows falls light-years behind;
Silver sails in the wind from the stars fill my vision and mind.

   And somewhere past the darkness, I long for the sight
   Of blue skies above me, the shores of the night.

Loosely inspired by "The Lady Who Sailed *The Soul*" byCordwainer Smith.

(Drop D tuning: DADGBE; mixolydian mode)

```
D5                   G    D      G          A
```
Lady Melody sleeps dreaming on the wall behind the bar;
```
                                 D
```
Crystal skeins of memory in a battered old guitar.
```
  G            D   A   G    D              A
```
Remembering how she was made, electrons joined with song;
```
                     D    A       D         Dsus2 D
```
The gentle hands that held her then; the voice so clear and strong;
```
    D5               G    D  Dsus2  G        D        A
```
The way he taught her how to sing, to dream and love and feel,
```
                       D  A    D   A   C          G   D
```
And the warm touch of his fingers on her strings of silk and steel

Lady Melody remembers all their nights of song and stars;
Forest walks and midnight talks and noisy crowded bars;
The demon-haunted night they dared to share their dream of space
Where all their restless friends could find a haven and a place;
The song the thunder sang that day when all their dreams turned real
Launcher's hellfire ringing through her strings of silk and steel.

One verse instrumental – flute or bass flute.

But now the man who loved her has been dead these seven years;
She mourned the only way she could, with songs instead of tears.
Helped to raise the child he left to grow up proud and strong,
And filled the long nights dreaming in the echo of a song,
And waiting for some gentle touch that once more may reveal
The music that lies sleeping in her soul of silk and steel.

remember to tune up!

Modular exponentiation and the computational complexity of factoring large numbers

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```
    A                                        D           A
Now some folks think all your secrets should be exposed to view,
    D              A                E7           Esus4 E7
Like what you read, and what you think, and who's in bed with who.
D                        A        Asus4 A    Asus2   A
Now they've built a chip called Clipper to help them tap your phone,
    D          A          E7            Esus4 E7
And read the private e-mail, that's meant for you alone.
    D                        A
They say they're after terrorists and child pornography;
    E7                        A                E7
They say they'll get a search warrant before they steal your key.
    D A      D      G            D
They say it's voluntary; and if you believe that tale
 G              D        G     A      D
I hope you brought your checkbook 'cause I have a bridge for sale

   D A       D        G  D  A      D          G   D A    D
   Sink the Clipper! Keeping secrets keeps us free. They can have my private key
            G              D          A  D A        D
   When they pry it from my cold dead fingers' grip. Sink the Clipper!
       G   D  A D      G D    A D   G          D       A      D
   You can tell the NSA, the FBI and the CIA Just where the hell to shove that Clipper chip...
```

But with simple mathematics you can make a pair of keys;
Each unlocks the others' messages; it's easy as can be.
Just keep one tightly guarded, spread the other far and wide,
And not even nosy bureaucrats can read what you can hide.
If I want to send a message that is only meant for you,
I encrypt it with your public key and send the message through.
Your private key unlocks it, then you use my public key
To prove my private signature has damned well come from me.

Now, the next verse would have had the algorithm in it, but if I did that I'd get into trouble, and besides it's already been written, so I'll give you the links instead. If you're in the US you can FTP Phil Zimmermann's Pretty Good Privacy from `soda.berkeley.edu` *or buy a commercial version from Viacrypt. Don't ship it over the border, though, or they'll bust your ass for exporting munitions without a license. That's gun running, folks. I'm not making this up.*

So if you're outside the US, you can get it from `ftp.demon.co.uk`. *If you're in the US, though, don't touch it, or Public Key Partners will sue your ass for infringing their patent on the RSA algorithm, in spite of the fact that algorithms aren't supposed to be patentable.*

Get all that? Hope you encrypted it; there'll be a raid right after this set.
So put no faith in governments, for that's how freedom ends;
Trust proven mathematics, large numbers and your friends.
And tell no living soul the words that guard your private key;
Kick the cops off your computer using strong crypytography.
'Cause you wouldn't give the local cops the key to your front door;
Your thoughts are much more personal, so guard them all the more.
If they ask you for your private key then tell them where to go,
And if they offer you a Clipper chip then Just—Say—No!
   refrain/coda

```
        D A                G       D       A
Get the Clipper Chip and the NSA, The FBI and the CIA
     G          D        G              D         A
Packed off to Davey Jones today—Remember keeping secrets keeps us free;
        G       A        D
And we'll—sink—the Clipper—in the sea.
```

The "cold dead fingers" quote is from John Perry Barlow of the Electronic Frontier Foundation.

To the tune of "The Trees They do Grow High" (traditional).

Based on a true story.

```
Am                          Dsus2 Am
The paper is wide, and the CRT is green.
Em                Asus2            Em
Many's the time my program I have seen.
Am                   Dsus2         Am
Many's the hour I've worked on it alone;
     Em              Am
It's small but it's daily growing.
```

My program is almost ninety percent done.
I've been working all year, and it's no longer fun.
The deadline's next week, and I'm going to overrun.
It's big, and it's daily growing.

The deadline is past, another year is through
I wonder when I'll finish, my boss is wondering too.
I think I've bitten off much more than I can chew:
It's huge, and it's daily growing.

Dedicated to the people of `alt.callahans`, the Altnet,
cyberspace.

```
A                 Asus4    A          D                 A
There is a Place I heard of once, and wished that I could find
          E7            E7&6 E7          E7  A          E
Where people listen  to you when you say what's on your mind;
          D5                  E7      D      A            G
Where you can swap tall tales, or share a quiet drink with friends;
E                    E6  E          E7 A  E  A
Where anything can happen, and the party never ends.
```

```
    A   D   A   E   E6   E7   E6   E   A   Asus2   A
```

I knew it wasn't anyplace but stories in a book,
But now and then I'd pass a bar, drop in and take a look.
Then I logged in to the network, in a group I'd never seen,
And found what I'd been seeking, in the world behind the screen.

```
    D5                 E7    D        A              G
    Time and space are just a dream we dream when we're apart;
    E         E7  A    Asus2 A              E
    Home is a welcome feeling deep inside the heart;
    D5              E7      D      A              G
    Stranger's just a name for some old friend we haven't met;
    E7                    E7    E7&6 E  A
    When we're together someplace in the net.
```

The Network's just a shadow-play of words upon a screen;
But you can talk for hours with old friends you've never seen,
In a world of words and dreams where only thoughts can roam,
Where you can weave a fantasy and make it feel like home.

   refrain

Some weave a magic cloak of words to shape their presence there:
The Tiger and the Unicorn, the Tin Man and the Bear;
Some weep for long-lost lovers, some laugh with new-made friends,
And anything can happen and the party never ends.

   refrain
   Final refrain:

   Time and space are not enough to keep good friends apart;
   Callahan's is just a name for somewhere in the heart;
   We'll drink a toast to friends we knew before we ever met;
   When we're together someplace in the net.

```
A                   Asus4 A
I went out to the  haz  el wood,
E7        Esus2E7           A
Because a     fire was in my head.
A                  Asus4 A E7
And cut and peeled a  haz  el wand,
          Esus4 E7    Esus4 A
And hooked a     berry to a   thread;
D∗              G     D∗   G  D  G
And when white moths were on the wing,
A        A6       G          D
And moth-like     stars were flickering out,
E7                  Esus4E
I dropped the berry in a    !stream
          Esus4 D    A Asus2 A
And caught a     little silver    trout.
```

When I had laid it on the floor
I went to blow the fire aflame,
But something rustled on the floor,
And someone called me by my name;
It had become a glimmering girl
With apple blossom in her hair
Who called me by my name and ran
And faded through the brightening air.

Though I am old with wandering
Through hollow lands and hilly lands,
I will find out where she has gone,
And kiss her lips and take her hands;
And walk among long dappled grass,
And pluck till time and times are done
The silver apples of the moon,
The golden apples of the sun.

   And walk among long dappled grass,
   And pluck till time and times are done
   The silver apples of the moon,
```
              D       A∗
```
   The golden apples of the sun.

There have been many settings of this songs. Naturally I think mine is one of the better ones.

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Words: William Butler Yeats

For Amethyst Rose

Am   A² Am
Where dips the rocky highland
   Dm   Am
Of Sleuth Wood in the lake,
    Am
There lies a leafy island
   Em   Am
Where flapping herons wake
   Am A²   Em
The drowsy water-rats;
        Dm   D² Dm
There we've hid our faery vats,
   Am
Full of berries
   Em   Am A²   Em
And of reddest stolen cherries

       D5   G   D
Come away, O human child!
     G   D   A
To the waters and the wild
    D   D² D
With a faery, hand in hand,
   A*m*   A²
For the world's more full of weeping
   E*m*   A*m*
than you can understand.

Am   A² Am
Where the wave of moonlight glosses
   Dm   Am
The dim grey sands with light,
    Am
Far off by furthest Rosses
   Em   Am
We foot it all the night,
Dm
Weaving olden dances,
           Am   Em
Mingling hands and mingling glances
          Am
Till the moon has taken flight;
Dm
To and fro we leap
      Am   Em
And chase the frothy bubbles,
           Am
While the world is full of troubles
   Em   Am
And is anxious in its sleep.

       D5   G   D
Come away, O human child!
     G   D   A
To the waters and the wild
    D   D² D
With a faery, hand in hand,
   A*m*   A²
For the world's more full of weeping
   E*m*   A*m*
than you can understand.

Am   A²   Am
Where the wandering water gushes
       Dm   Am
From the hills above Glen-Car,
    Am
In pools among the rushes
      Em   Am
That scarce could bathe a star,
     Dm
We seek for slumbering trout
      Am   Em
And whispering in their ears
            Am
Give them unquiet dreams;
Dm
Leaning softly out
      Am   Em
From ferns that drop their tears
      Am
Over the young streams.

         D5   G   D
   Come away, O human child!
      G   D   A
   To the waters and the wild
     D   D² D
   With a faery, hand in hand,
      A*m*   A²
   For the world's more full of weeping
     E*m*   A*m*
     than you can understand.

Am
Away with us he's going,
        D²   Dm
The solemn-eyed:
    Am
He'll hear no more the lowing
      Em   Am
Of the calves on the warm hillside
     Dm
Or the kettle on the hob
    Am   Em
Sing peace into his breast,
              Am
Or see the brown mice bob
      Em   Am
Round and round the oatmeal-chest.

         D5   G   D
   For he comes, the human child!
      G   D   A
   To the waters and the wild
     D   D² D
   With a faery, hand in hand,
      A*m*   A²
   From a world more full of weeping
     E*m*   A*m*
     than he can understand.

Lyrics ©1986 Stephen Savitzky. Some Rights Reserved[1].
To the tune of "The Bog Down in the Valley" (traditional).

```
/* The Store Down In The Valley
**    Lyrics (c) 1986 Stephen Savitzky
**    Music traditional (to the tune of "The Bog Down In The Valley")
**    This song is written in C, but you can capo it up to C++.
*/
#include <stdio.h>
#define nitems 11
#define play  printf
#define sing  printf

char *item = {"store", "box", "board", "chip", "ROM", "code", "word",
              "byte", "bit", "bug", "glitch"};
chorus()
{
    play("C            Am                C                  G7      \n");
    sing("High tech computer store, the store down in the Valley, Oh!\n");
    play("C            Am           G7                 C        \n");
    sing("High tech computer store, down in Silicon Valley, Oh!\n");
}
verse(int i)
{   int j;
    play("C            G7            C     G7\n");
```
$$i-1 \quad i$$
```
    sing("And in this %s there was a %s\n", item, item);
    play("  C               G7           \n");
```
$$i$$
```
    sing("A high tech computer %s; the\n", item);
    for (j = i; j > 0; --j) {
        play("C              G7          \n");
```
$$j \qquad j-1$$
```
      sing("%s in the %s and the\n", item, item);
    }
    play("C                G7 C        \n");
    sing("Store in Silicon Valley, Oh!\n");
}
main()
{   int i, j;
    for (i = 1; i < nitems; ++i) { chorus(); verse(i); }
    chorus();
    exit(0);
}
/* There is also a bug in this song:  it should be SOME code, not A code.
** It could be patched, but I felt it was more authentic to leave it in.
*/
```

Stuck Here on a Starship for a Hundred Years Without No Body Blues

Lyrics ©1984 Stephen Savitzky. Some Rights Reserved[1].
Music: Talking Blues (traditional arr. Savitzky)

G   C
When you build a ship to sail deep space
    D7
You can't have a crew of mortal race
G   C
'Cause a hundred years from star to star
      D7
With a human crew is just too far.

    G
    Think of all the beer you'd have to carry.
    C
    Not to mention food.
    D7
    And, uh, other necessities.

So you fill your ship with a robot crew
And you build a computer captain, too.
You get some experience for free
From some old spacer's personality.

    Maybe an old shuttle pilot
    Who's just learned from his last mistake.
    That's where I come in.

So you take some bloke who's halfway dead
And you haul him home and you
    scan his head
And a hundred years of flying high
Is a damned good deal when you're
    about to die.

    'Til you've had a decade or two to
      think it over.
    Gets *lonely* out here.
    A thousand frozen colonists don't count.

So there behind my solar sail
Are five hundred hunks of frozen tail
But if I thawed one and you know I could
It wouldn't do me a bit of good.

    What would I *use?*
    I've got no damned body, just a starship.
    Couldn't even... oh, the heck with it!

Now a couple of billion miles astern
It's another lonesome sucker's turn.
So I'll radio back and say "Hey you—
Oh, I didn't know they took women, too!"

    "Lovely night tonight, isn't it?
    Look at all them pretty stars.
    Yeah, me too."

So we'll talk, and murmer "I love you"
Like other star-crossed lovers do
And in eighty years we've made a date—
Did you ever see two starships mate?

    We've got our robot crews,
    And we figure they can put together—
    Oh, none of your damned business!

In memory of Abraham Savitzky, 1919-1999;
Shirley Weinland Hentzell, 1931-1999.

C   F
Once my friends and I read science fiction
 C
tales
                                       Am
We dreamed of space, and rockets to the
 G
moon.
          C   Csus   F
Some day we'd live to walk upon the planets;
       G   C   G   C
The future, oh it couldn't come too soon.

    F∗   C∗   C
Now it's long past the time we called the
 F
future
        C∗   C   G
And still we carry on from day to day
       C   Csus F
The wonders of tomorrow still elude us;
   G   C
Reality keeps getting in the way.

   C   F
   And the starlit crystal spires along the
          C
Grand Canal,
   C   Am   G
   The cloudlight on the warm Venusian sea,
        C   Am   Asus
   Have vanished, like the stuff that dreams
C   F
are made of;
          G   C   G C
   The future isn't like it used to be.

We watched as gallant men rode thunder to
the sky
Our probes brought distant planets into view:
The dry and cratered plains of Mars and
Venus—
Some dreams were dead before they could
come true.

The Saturn Five once carried spacemen
moonward
We've lost the plans to build her kind again

Bureaucracy and budgets dragged her under
Her launching pad stands rusting in the rain.
    refrain
The century's last year was safely far away
We'd have machines that talked with us, and
more.
We never knew the challenge we'd be facing
Was code we keypunched forty years before.

Atomic powered rockets were a pipe-dream;
Most cities still burn coal to chase the dark.
The monorail that once ran to the spaceport
Takes children to an outing in the park.
    refrain
But the future that we lost is still someplace
out there
Orion still rides hellfire toward the blue,
And rockets proudly land upon their tailfins,
As God and Robert Heinlein meant them to.

Yes, someplace there are old fans who remem-
ber
The way the future was when we were young,
And when the chains of space and time slip
from me
I'll be part of the song that once was sung.

   C
   And I'll share a song with Rhysling,
      F   C
   beside the Grand Canal,
         C∗   G G7
   Ride lightsails on the endless starry sea
       F∗   C
   When I've become the stuff that dreams
     C   F
   are made of
          G   C   G C
In the future of my childrens' memory.

My father went to graduate school with Isaac Asimov and was a long-time SF fan, though as far as I know he never went in for FANAC.[2] Many of the references in this song will be obscure to those unfamiliar with science fiction as it was before the opening of space in the 1960's.

The canals of Percival Lowell's Mars figured in almost every story about the Red Planet right up until the first probes proved beyond a doubt that there weren't any. "The Spires of Truth" are mentioned in the song *The Grand Canal* by Rhysling, the Blind Poet of the Spaceways, in Robert A. Heinlein's classic tale *The Green Hills of Earth,* which can be found in his book of the same title. We meet Rhysling again in the final chorus.

Similarly the clouds of Venus were generally believed to be water vapor, over a water-world of swamps and seas (see, for instance, Asimov's *Lucky Starr and the Oceans of Venus*, Heinlein's *Between Planets*, and *The Space Merchants* by Frederic Pohl). The probes, of course, proved that the clouds consisted largely of sulphuric acid, near the top of a deep atmosphere of carbon dioxide. Conditions at the surface are literally hellish, with pressures of 600 atmospheres and temperatures above the melting point of lead.

Pohl later wrote a book, *The Way the Future Was,* about the early days of science fiction fandom. Its title forms part of the last verse.

The Saturn 5, used to launch the Apollo astronauts to the moon, was the largest and most powerful rocket ever built. It still is. The engineering drawings for the Saturn 5 and its engines no longer exist. Kids graduating from college these days were born after men stopped going to the moon. Robert L. Glass used pictures of its abandoned launchpad to illustrate his book about failed software projects, *Computing Catastrophes.*

My father used to be a chemist; he has major patents in infrared spectroscopy (the dual-beam spectrophotometer) and digital signal processing (the Savitzky-Golay algorithm for smoothing and peakfinding). He got me interested in computers when I was in high school. In those days people were more worried about saving space on 80-column punched cards than about such trivial problems as what would happen when two-digit date fields rolled over. Code has a way of sticking around, however, and somewhere there is probably still an IBM System 390 mainframe emulating a 7090 emulating a 650 (with drum memory and tubes) emulating a patchboard program on a 407 punched-card tabulating machine. I've seen a square root patchboard for a 407—you don't want to know.

Robots[3] and other talking computers[4] of course, are still in the future. Atomic-powered rockets were stillborn: Freeman Dyson's *Orion,* powered by a sequence of nuclear explosions, was still in the early stages (a dynamite-powered prototype had actually flown in 1959) when it was killed by the Atmospheric Test Ban Treaty of 1963. Orion appears as the Earth-to-Moon craft in *2001.* Atomic power, once touted as safe, clean, and "too cheap to meter" has proved to be none of the above (though in terms of lives and pollution coal and oil are still much, much worse).

Almost every other SF cover illustration in the 50's featured cities of streamlined art-deco skyscrapers with monorail trains running on improbably fragile bridges between them. The best-known working example these days is at Disneyland.

Arlan Andrews, reporting on the first flights of the Douglas DCX (a prototype SSTO,[5] spacecraft) in a 1993 Analog article entitled "Single Stage to Infinity", said that the DCX and its kin ". . . take off and land vertically, the way God and Robert Heinlein intended." The phrase is frequently misquoted (I have merely paraphrased it; I believe my poetic license is still current) and often mistakenly ascribed (as I originally did) to Jerry Pournelle. Of course, the DCX had landing struts, not fins. Perhaps the best known exemplar of that style of flight was seen in the George Pal film *Destination Moon,* for which Heinlein was the technical advisor.

Lightsails are still in the future, but could be the cheap way to fly the spacelanes. As I write this, the Russians are experimenting with large, lightweight mirrors near Mir. The classic story is "The Lady Who Sailed *the Soul*" by Cordwainer Smith. Others[6] have put in more technical detail, but noone has

---

[2]Fannish Activity, e.g., conventions, fanzines, and lettercols.
[3]See, for example, Isaac Asimov's classic *I, Robot.*
[4]E.g., Hal in Arthur C. Clarke's *2001, A Space Odyssey.*
[5]Single Stage to Orbit
[6]E.g., Robert L. Forward in *Flight of the Dragonfly.*

outdone Smith for sheer poetry and sense of wonder.

   And in the end, that's what really matters, isn't it?

   Oh, yes: "The stuff that dreams are made of" comes from Shakespeare[7] by way of Dashiel Hammett
and Humphrey Bogart (as slightly mis-quoted in the last line of The Maltese Falcon):

   Our revels now are ended: these our actors
   As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
   Are melted into air, into thin air:
   And, like the baseless fabric of this vision
   The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
   The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
   Yes, and all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
   And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
   Leave not a wrack behind: We are such stuff
   As dreams are made of, and our little life
   Is rounded with a sleep.

---

[7] *The Tempest,* Act IV, scene 1; one of my favorite works of fantasy.

Lyrics ©Naomi Rivkis; TTTO: "A Talk with the Middle-Sized
Bear" by Steve Savitzky

        C   F   C   Am
You've had a rough journey; your flight was delayed
            C   G
There's a cramp in your legs and an ache in your head
        C   F   C   G   C   G   Am
And you long to be back in your own cozy bed.
            Dm   G
But he's got his guitar and he wants you to play.
        C   Am
Your point that it's midnight will fall on deaf ears—
        C∗   F   C   F   C   G6
He's puppy-dog eager and devil-may-care.
        C∗   F   Am
He hasn't slept much in the last several years;
        F   C Csus2 C
So you're stuck with the Middle-Aged Bear.

    For the Middle-Aged Bear is a creature most rare
    He's losing his memory and some of his hair
    But there's half of Bob Dylan he'll play if you dare
    Stick around with the Middle-Aged Bear.

He's clumsy, forgetful, ill-tempered, and shy;
His beard it has grown till it brushes his shoes
I'd warn you he growls, but I don't think that's news
But he'll shift into whimsy in the blink of an eye.
He says he's not clever, and sometimes he's right.
Sometimes he drifts off and forgets that you're there,
But his puns will get worse when it's later at night
So watch out for the Middle-Aged Bear.

    For the Middle-Aged Bear is a creature most rare
    If you think he's half crazy, you're one of a pair.
    He'll blithely admit it and doesn't much care,
    So put up with the Middle-Aged bear.

There's a rant in his journal on subjects arcane
Though the people who know say he's probably wrong;
But on good days he still writes a hell of a song,
And what he can't play he can probably feign.
He'll send you a letter; he can't stand the phone
He's convinced it'll jump him from out of thin air
He's fond of your company but easier alone
It makes sense to the Middle-Aged Bear.

    For the Middle-Aged Bear is a creature most rare
    His spectacles accent his nearsighted stare.
    Though he thinks we don't love him, we're glad that he's there—
    Raise a glass to our Middle-Aged Bear.

```
          C              F         C               Am
You've had a rough journey; a hellish long day;
             C                                         G
There's a fire in your throat and an ache in your head
          C          F          C          Am
And you long to be back in your own cozy bed.
          Dm                              G
But the world you grew up in has vanished away.
          C                    Am
You're weary and sick and you're frightened by change
             C*                        C     F  C        G6
When something wraps 'round you like a swirl of warm air
             C*                    F          Am
For there's no place as comforting, gentle, or strange
          F           G6  Csus2 G    C
As the mind of the Middle-Sized Bear.


             C                             Am
   For the Middle-Sized Bear is a creature most rare
      C                             G
   He'll feed you on honey and tea in his lair
             C                          F
   And you don't think you trust him, but maybe you'll dare
      G                    F   G    C
   Have a talk with the Middle-Sized Bear.


          C       F    C           Am
He's clumsy, forgetful, ill-tempered, and shy;
          C                             G
There's dust on his spectacles, gray in his fur;
   C             F             C          Am
Sometimes he growls when you think that he'd purr,
          Dm                            G
But he holds you so gently and just lets you cry.
      C                     Am
He says he's not clever, but sometimes he's wise,
      C*                   C    F   C        G6
Sometimes he's so silent you can't tell he's there
             C*              F          Am
And he quietly kisses the tears from your eyes
      F           G6  Csus G    C
As you sit with the Middle-Sized Bear.


             C                             Am
   For the Middle-Sized Bear is a creature most rare
      C                             G
   He'll sing you a song as he brushes your hair
             C                    F
   And they say it's a comfort just knowing he's there
      G                    F   G    C
   As you talk with the Middle-Sized Bear.
```

<pre>
          C   F   C   Am
There's a line in his journal that pierces your mask
                    C   G
Though he says at the time that he's probably wrong;
          C   F   C   Am
But he sums up your fears in a few lines of song,
     Dm   G
And answers a question you never would ask.
     C   Am
A letter, a message, a voice on the phone,
     C∗   C   F   C   G6
A scrap of a song coming out of thin air.
     C∗   F   Am
Perhaps it's enough to know you're not alone
       F   G6 Csus2G   G
As you talk with the Middle-Sized Bear.

             C   Am
   For the Middle-Sized Bear is a creature most rare
     C   G
   He knows you don't love him, but he doesn't care
            C   F
   And you think you could trust him, if only you'd dare
        G   F   G   C
   Have a talk with the Middle-Sized Bear.
</pre>

   The Middle-Sized Bear is a character out of science fiction: the section "Conversation With the Middle-Sized Bear" in Cordwainer Smith's[2] novella, *Mark Elf*. For several years I've used it to refer to the aspect of my personality that is, so people have told me, comforting to talk to and be around.

   This song is very much a composite; the first verse is almost entirely out of Cordwainer Smith; the last two are more about the women in my life who have encountered the Middle-Sized Bear over the last year. It's a little unusual in being largely autobiographical but in the second and third person, so that it's singable by anyone.

---

   [2]<http://www.cordwainersmith.com/>

Music: Talking Blues (traditional arr. Savitzky)

G   C
The other night I had this dream
D7
I was just somebody's fantasy.
   G   C
So I went to a soothsayer, very next day
  D7
To see what kind of sooth he would say.
  G
 He said it was a bad dream
 C
 Wouldn't worry about it, though...
 D7
 Who'd have enough imagination to
  dream up a dragon.

Well, bad dreams tend to make me feel
Like it's time to find another meal,
So I set off walking down the street
Just looking for a bite to eat.
 Figured a virgin or two would
  go down nicely.
 Getting a little hard to find, though.
 Don't seem to get as big as they used to.

Now, about five miles down the road
Was a donkey with a heavy load.
Rider and donkey both looked old,
But as I passed them I smelled gold.
 You know what gold does to a dragon?

The donkey tasted good enough
But the rider looked a little tough.
Little old guy all covered with dirt
With a bar of gold hid under his shirt.
 Little bag of jewels, too.
 Toasted him and served him with
  melted gold sauce
 And some garnets for a garnish.

Well, I wandered back the way he'd come
To find the mine that loot came from,
And thinking of all the gold I'd get
I walked straight into a dragon net.
 (instrumental break)

Well, I couldn't run and I couldn't fly,
And they didn't get close enough to fry.
Then out came a bloke all dressed in red
Who looked me over and then he said:
 Be upstanding in court!
 The accused will now hear
  the charges against him...
 Went on for forty-five minutes.
 Something about dragon on
  the public highway,
 And creating a delicacy out of a miner.

They went on talking all day long
While I sat there writing my funeral song.
When the judge said "Guilty!"
 I thought I was dead.
Then, "Fifty years to life!" he said.
 Stuck me here in this monastery
  roasting pigs.
 Not a virgin around for fifty miles.
 Except some of the pigs, of course.
 Could be worse.

So now you've heard my tale of woe:
I'm stuck here fifty years or so,
But it's not as bad as it might seem–
The monks and me have a little scheme.
 You see, they're putting in a convent
  right next door,
 And we figure we'll split the virgins
  fifty-fifty.

The perpetrator wishes to acknowledge (in order): that fellow Anon, for the Talking Blues; Woodie Guthrie and Bob Dylan (for the *BAD* dream); W. C. Fields, for his definition of a virgin; a certain television series; Arlo Guthrie's forty-five minutes; and the Catholic Church.

Music: Talking Blues (traditional arr. Savitzky)

```
G                       C
I was picking my guitar one night
        D7
And I got quite confused
             G             C
When I found that half the songs I know
D7
Work as a talking blues.
```

Remember good old Greensleeves,
And darling Clementine?
It doesn't take a bit of work
To make them scan just fine.
   For example,
   Here's one you might recognize...

A hundred parsecs out
On a ship called Borman's Fate,
The engineer, McClellan
Sent the word down to the mate.

Our engine's growing cold, he said,
And soon our ship will die
If we can't find a planet
With fuel to feed the drive.
   See what I mean?

Now Cindy probably doesn't mind—
I think she'd be amused
To hear her "Fuel to Feed the Drive"
Done as a talking blues.

I'm not the one with problems,
But if Frank Hayes hears this song,
He might try "God Lives on Terra"
And he might not live too long.

Music: Talking Blues (traditional arr. Savitzky)

The time has come, the Walrus said, To talk of many things
Of shoes, and ships, and sealing wax, and cabbages and kings
And why the sea is boiling hot, and whether pigs have wings

And while we're on the subject of impossibility
They say that Steve Savitzky has been making a CD
About computers, hacking folk, and software that is free.

I've heard that, and it may be true, the Carpenter did say
He claims he'll take pre-orders starting on this New Year's Day
A link's up on his website, but there's no form there today.

> the website URL —
> you know an advertising jingle *has* to have a URL these days —
> is thestarport dot com slash
> Steve underscore Savitzky (both names capitalized)
> Just find the preorder link and click it.
> You know how to click, don't you?
> You just put your finger on your mouse and go...

The actual form is at thestarport.com/Steve_Savitzky/preorder/[2], but you can get there from the main page, thestarport.com/Steve_Savitzky/[3]. Preorders cost $20 ($25 for delivery outside the US and Canada), which will include both the CD (*Coffee, Computers, and Song!*) and a bonus disk (*About Bleeding Time!*) in a signed, limited edition set.

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[1]This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-Share Alike 4.0 License.
[2]<http://thestarport.com/Steve_Savitzky/preorder/>
[3]<http://thestarport.com/Steve_Savitzky/>

To the tune of "Teddy Bears' Picnic"

If you go out in the woods today
   you'd better not dress in white
If you go out in the woods today
   you're in for an awful fight
'cause every Ewok ever there was
   is waiting there with weapons because
Today's the day the Teddy Bears fight the Empire.

See the little Ewoks there,
   led by C3PO
   they're creeping through the woods today
Catch storm troopers unawares,
   and set the Rebels free to win the day
See them gaily lay about,
   They love to slay and shout
   they never have any cares.
They may be armed with arrows and bows
   but they're still deadly foes
Because they're fierce little Teddy Bears.

If you go out in the woods today
   you're in for an awful shock.
You may get tripped on a hidden vine
   or crushed by a flying rock
The Ewoks may be terribly cute
   but they are armed and know how to shoot
Today's the day the Teddy Bears fight the Empire.

Bolas, spears and catapults
   they really get results
   stormtroopers are getting chased around.
Ropes and pits and swinging logs
   are sending walkers sprawling on the ground
What good are those laser-guns
   they're outnumbered ten to one
   the Empire's running scared!
When evening comes they'll dance and they'll sing
   and celebrate victory
Because they're brave little Teddy Bears.

I wasn't the only one to think this up; the LA FilkHarmonics beat me to it. Oh, well...

The End Of The World As We Knew It

```
C                        G6         C
Oh, there's no time to live like the present
C          C∗         C          G6
As the millenium is drawing to its close
C
And I don't intend to say
           F              C
That we're facing Judgement Day
          F            C
Because I don't want to sound like one of those
C
Who rant and rave that it's. . .
```

```
        C                G6         C
    The End Of The World As We Know It
          F∗         C∗    C              G6
    As computers all around us crash and burn;
            C
    Let's go live off the land
          F              C
    With our heads stuck in the sand
             F          C
    While we're waiting for the century to turn.
```

Now it isn't that I never trust my vendors
And it's not that I'm preparing for the worst,
But even though they say
That everything will be OK
I'm running backups on December thirtyfirst.
Then shutting down before. . .

My credit cards are probably compliant
But whenever there's confusion there's a chance.
Since their system might forget
The level of my debt
I'll be taking out a sizeable advance
I might get lucky at. . .

My banker and broker are certain
There's no chance that we're heading for a crash
But I'm taking all my stocks
Out of my safe deposit box
And converting my securities to cash
Or maybe gold, before. . .

No longer pertinant: Now I don't want to sound
like an alarmist,
But even though I wish that I could stay,
I have to go and pack
Because I plan on looking back
As I'm heading for the hills on Judgement Day
To see the lights go out when it's. . .

    The End Of The World As We Know It
    As computers all around me crash and burn
    I'm gonna go live off the land
    With my head stuck in the sand
    While I'm waiting for the century to turn.

IT departments spent their New Year's
Hunkered down and waiting for things to go
wrong
But my Linux box stayed sane
So I went out and drank Champaigne;
Good thing I didn't listen to this song
'Cause after all you know. . .

    The End Of The World As We Knew It
    Didn't happen and there was no crash and
burn
    Yes the partying was grand
    As midnight passed in every land
    And we waited for the century to turn.

No, the world didn't end as expected,
Our doomsday plans will simply have to wait
'Til to our surprise we find
Embedded systems lose their mind
In January, twenty-thirty-eight
When UNIX dates roll over on. . .

Where am I going? What am I doing in this handbasket?

Lyrics ©1983, 1984 Stephen Savitzky. Some Rights Reserved[1].
To the tune of "Three Whores of Winnipeg" (traditional).

C
Three COBOL programmers quarrelled
      F   C
One night in the local bar
C
Each one claimed that his payroll job
     G7   C
Was fastest of all by far.

      C
So number your decks, you hackers
        F   C
The keypunch is down the hall
   C
Bring on the bugs, you lazy slugs,
  G7   C
Mine's the quickest of all.

The first said "Mine is the quickest
It's obvious at first sight
We load up the tapes on Wednesday noon
And finish by Thursday night."

The second said "Mine is faster
The database stays on line
We fire it up at eight am
And finish by half-past nine."

The third one said "You pikers,
You're starting your runs too soon—
The job that we run in the morning's done
By the previous afternoon."

To the tune of "Witnesses' Waltz" by Leslie Fish

Winner of the 2009 Kazoo award in the "Recycled Fish" category.

```
C          F          C          G
Come along Harry and Mary and Fred
C               Am              F          G
Let's find some excitement, man, this joint is dead.
C        Am              F              G
Pack up the crap game, drive down to White Sands,
         F          C          G          C
And we'll make bets on whether the Space Shuttle lands.
```

```
   C          G          Am         G
   Sadists and perverts and thrill-seekers we,
   C        Am         F          G
   Loitering out on the shore of the sea.
   C        F          C          F
   No one admits that we're having a bash
              C          G          C
   As we watch all the spaceships that blow up and crash.
```

The most violent show on this Earth that you'll see,
All the more 'cause it's real, not just faked on TV.
Drive down to Canaveral and guzzle lite beer
When the shuttle blows up we'll all secretly cheer.

Politicians adore us, the media too,
Getting rich on disaster as they always do,
And perverts who lust for explosions and gore
Haven't been so turned on since the Persian Gulf War

It was a long time before I got up the courage to sing this in public. It was even longer before I admitted to having written it. At least Leslie didn't kill me for it.

```
Am                    Em        Am    Em          Am
Before the dawn of history we made you knives of stone,
Dm              Am            Em              Am
Blades of fine obsidian, with hilts of polished bone
Am               Dm   Am        Em            Am
We gave you needles, axes, aye, with flint we tipped your spears
Am                       Dm   Am  Em      Am   Em        Am
Though all your bones be dust, our tools have lived a million years.
```

Then flame brought metal from the stone and shining bronze was poured,
We made the cup, the mirror, the helmet and the sword,
And though the towers we builded then lie toppled o'er your bones,
Our writing echoes still your words upon their scattered stones.

Then forged was iron, cold and grey which armies rose to wield,
They swept across the darkened years like locusts 'cross a field.
Yet iron also tilled the land, and pitched the new-mown hay
And some bright shards of lore we saved until a brighter day.

New light burst forth upon the world, reborn was ancient lore,
The tools we forged were finer then than any made before:
New instruments to measure time, to map the sky and earth,
And presses where we made the books in learning's great rebirth.

Our tools tamed wind and water, then brought the age of steam
The lightning does your bidding now, your midnight cities gleam.
We've probed the depth of space, and seen where human eyes are blind,
And built of sand and logic tools to aid the human mind.

From broken flint to polished steel, from wood to atom's flame,
The tools we make can build or break; to them it's all the same.
Some curse us for the tools we make, but those who do are fools;
What separates us from the beasts is how we use our tools.

---

112 Twenty-First Century Breakup Song

```
D                              G
My wife left me early Monday morning,
              D                              A
Packed her bags and walked right out the door
         D
Sayin' "You don't treat me better
                          G
Than that wreck you call a truck.
     D            A              D
I've had it and I won't take any more".
```

Now I spent the evening drinking, feeling sorry for myself
I guess that maybe what she said was true
But just as I was thinking
That things couldn't get much worse
My pickup truck drove off and left me too

```
    D      D5                  G
    Don't ever buy a self-driving truck
       D
    If it decides to leave you
                      A
    You'll be clean out of luck
        D                    G              D
    But if you ever get one, be sure to treat it right,
                      A            D
    I wonder who'll be riding her tonight
```

I went in to town next morning on my tractor
The road was dusty and it took me half a day
I went into the bar and
asked if anyone had seen
A truck without a driver pass that way.

    Don't ever buy a self-driving truck
    If it decides to leave you
    You'll be clean out of luck
    But if you ever get one, be sure to treat it right,
    I wonder who'll be riding her tonight

Everybody laughed at me and and said "it serves you right"
My pickup met my wife at her hotel;
They both cleaned up real pretty
And they took off headed west
With a red dress and a brand new camper shell

Don't ever buy a self-driving truck
It might run off with your wife and then
You'll be clean out of luck
I've just myself to blame because I didn't treat them right,
I wonder where they're gonna be tonight.

Lyrics ©1985 Stephen Savitzky. Some Rights Reserved[1]
To the tune of "Finnegan's Wake" (traditional).

Am   G   Am   G C
When Babbage's Birthday rolls around
          G   Am G Em   G
We hold our annual Shopping Spree
          Am   Em Am Em C
With every C-P- U you buy
          G Am G   Am G C
Get a floppy disk completely free!
                          G7   Am
We've acres of used computers here
     C   G7   Am
The biggest selection in the land
     C   G   C G Am
At prices from just fifty cents
G   Am   G   AmG C
To seven hundred and fifty grand!

   Am   G   Am   G   C
   It's Uncle Ernie's Used Computer
   Am   G   Am   G   Em G
   Babbage's Birthday bargain bash
   Am   Em   Am G   C
   Once-in-a-lifetime discount deals
            G   Am   G   Am   G7 C
   All sales are final and strictly cash!

We've Altairs, Imsais, Apple Threes
And PC Juniors by the score
And if you fancy something big
A mainframe's only slightly more!
Take that 7090 there,
Such magtape drives did y'ever see?
And whether it runs with tape or cards
Get a floppy disk completely free!

If energy bills are out of sight
Don't sit and shiver in the cold
To help you beat the cost of heat
We're offering real-time control.
Straight from the nuclear industry
Here's a real hot number just for you
It glows in the dark a little so
It makes a dandy night-light too!

Now in the robot section here
We've Heathkit Heros by the score
And a couple of custom models that
Were only used in one star war!
Robbie here is a great machine
Did you ever see such a friendly face?
The price is very low because
We found him drifting lost in space!

Most of the chords notated as G are actually played xxDGBx, i.e. just the three open strings of the G chord. In other words, fake it.

In case you were wondering, Charles Babbage was born on December 26, 1792. He invented the stored-program digital computer, which he called the Analytical Engine. The Analytical Engine was also the first *unfinished* computer project. Contrary to popular belief, the mechanical precision of the time was quite capable of producing it, but Babbage kept changing the design and eventually ran out of funding. It's an old story.

```
C                                            F
One night a month since last October all our data had been trashed
      C                               F             G7
Some called it software pirates, others said the disk had crashed
              C                                F
The boss called me and Joe vanHelsing, and he said "you two are bright,
  C                            Em              Am
I don't care how you do it, but I want it fixed tonight."
```

```
Am                             Dm
Well, we came in after dinner and the place was like a tomb,
      Am                          Em
and the pale florescents' flicker cast cold shadows in the room,
      Am                  Dm
we ran all the diagnostics; the results were looking great,
      Am                  Em                Am
So we loaded the debugger and we settled down to wait.
```

Then the minutes passed like hours, and the hours felt like days,
and the console seemed to shimmer in a caffeine-loaded haze,
Till a little after midnight as the full moon reached its height
And it shone in through the skylight with a pale and sickly light.

Then the moonlight touched the console, and it crawled along the floor
Till it reached the old six-fifty in the corner by the door,
It must be thirty years since that machine was last plugged in,
But when the moonlight touched it, that old drum began to spin!

As the drum spun up we heard it—a sad, unearthly wail
And the vacuum tubes were glowing with a lustre grim and pale
The console typer rattled with a sound like shaken bone,
And we watched in growing horror as a cord snaked toward the phone.

The mainframe's modem answered the 650's ghostly call:
"You vill send to me your data, and then erase it all!"
And the modem beeped and twittered as the mainframe lost its mind;
"My God!" cried Joe van Helsing, "That's a vampire on the line!"

I slammed the mainframe's reset switch so fast I broke my hand,
Joe dove at the six-fifty; I didn't see him land;
He ripped its cover open, and I heard him give a shout,
Then there came a harsh metallic scream, and all the lights went out.

I pulled Joe from the wreckage by the pale moon's waning light;
He was out cold but still breathing; I hoped he'd be all right.
And by the moon's last glimmer, I could make out what he'd done—
He had wedged his silver tieclip in the thing's magnetic drum.

When the grey dawn lit the windows, Joe finally came to,
He looked like death warmed over, but he knew just what to do,
So we got some silver solder, tied its input pins to ground,
And jabbed a wood stake through the drum—I still can hear that sound.

(back to first melody via G and C)
Our boss came in that morning and he asked, "How was your night?"
Joe answered, "Well, we found it—just a vampire MegaByte",
And then we saw the console; the boss said, "Now what's this hack?"
On the screen in firy letters was the message—"I'll be back!"

An old Silicon Valley folktale from the days when men were men and transistors were germanium. This song was nominated for a Pegasus (in the "best computer song" category) in 2001, and won Kazoo awards in 2001 ("user unfriendly") and 2007 ("devils and other malevolent spirits").

```
C           G C          G      F
Oh give me a home page where web browsers roam
C    F   C             G   C   G
And the spiders and search engines play
C              G C      G F
Where my words can be seen upon everyone's screen
            C          G   C G   C
And I'll be the Cool Site of the Day.


    C              F   C   G   C     F        C
    Oh I wanna be a webmaster, I wanna use HTTP
        F*                   G    C     F     C G C G
    In the World Wide Web there'll be no one as wonderful as me
        C*           F    C   G C   F   C
    My page will be the Cool Site of the day you just can bet
            F     C  G C   G   C
    At WWW-dot-myDotSite-dot-net


        C              G C      F        C
Well, I found a site provider and I wrote HTML
    C            C*          F          G
And I made a thousand links to sites that I can't even spell.
        C      F   C      F   C   G    C
With a CGI hit counter that has four whole lines of code,
        C              F                   F   G  C   G C
And a three-D rendered background that takes half an hour to load.
```

refrain — *the week*

Well I bought myself a Macintosh and Windows 95

Page Mill and Netscape Server and a 4.2-Gig drive;

My programs all have objects and my processors have RISCs

And my software's backed up on about five hundred floppy disks.

refrain — *the month*

Now I have a Cisco router and a satellite link dish

And a realtime Ricoh camera taking pictures of my fish

And an RC autogyro I'll be taking for a whirl

Just as soon as I can figure out how to program it in PERL.

refrain — *the year*

I'll be raking in the Digicash and Cyberbucks galore

When a World Wide Web of customers comes browsing to my door

I'll sell them cups of Java and instant iced N-T

In recycled plastic mugs that have a photograph of me.

refrain — *all time*

Oh give me a home where the web browsers roam

I'll be staking my cyberspace claim

To a place in the sun for fast money and fun

And my own 15 minutes of fame.

```
      C
My name is Opportunity
      F                 G
I've wandered near and far
      C            F
And with my sister Spirit
      C                 G
I've explored the sands of Mars
```

```
      C
We came here fourteen years ago
      F              G
And went our separate ways
    C                F
I guess we lived on borrowed time
        C           G
They gave us ninety days
```

```
         C
   We'll go no more a-roving
      F             G
   A-roving in the night
         C              F
   We'll go no more a-roving
            C            G
   Let the moons shine so bright
         C    G      C
   We'll go no more a-roving.
```

```
      C
Nine years ago my sister
        F                   G
Got her wheels stuck in the sand
        C                 F
But still that's twenty times as long
      C           G
As anyone had planned.
```

```
      C
My batteries are getting low
      F            G
And dust is in the sky
      C                 F
So wish me luck and fare thee well
   C             G
I will not say goodbye
```

```
      C
We'll go no more a-roving
   F            G
A-roving in the night
      C              F
We'll go no more a-roving
         C              G
Let the moons shine so bright
         C     G      C
We'll go no more a-roving.
```

```
   C
If I don't make it through the storm
   F              G
No need to shed a tear
      C              F
When you come up to visit me
      C           G
I'll still be standing here.
```

```
      C
And when some day you find me out
   F              G
Upon the Martian plain,
      C              F
Just fix me up and send me off
   C           G
A-roving once again.
```

```
      C
We'll go once more a-roving
   F            G
Both  in the day and night
      C              F
We'll go once more a-roving
            C              G
Where the moons are shining bright
         C     G      C
We'll go once more a-roving.
```

```
      D                        A
Drivin' home to Alabama I got turned around in Texas
      D
Saw a fellow at the corner with his thumb out for a ride
      D              D5            A
When I stopped for directions I could see he was a rabbit
      D                        G      A  D
But he opened up the door and he hopped inside
```

```
   D                    A
I shoulda taken that left turn at Albuquerque
   D
Went the wrong way at the fork in the road
                   D5          A
Been a long, long day and it's gotten kinda quirky
               D            G   A   D
But I'm back in 'Bama and I'm getting towed
```

```
      D                        A
When I stopped to drop the rabbit off east of Amarillo
   D
I didn't think that anything could be more absurd
                    D5            A
But this coyote jumped aboard and he waved a stick of dynamite
D                              A   D
Pointed down the road and said "Follow that bird!"
```

```
   D                    A
I shoulda taken that left turn at Albuquerque
   D
Went the wrong way at the fork in the road
                   D5          A
Been a long, long day and it's gotten kinda quirky
               D            G   A   D
But I'm back in 'Bama and I'm getting towed
```

```
      D                        A
Well, the dynamite went up and blew us all the way to Witchita
D
Coyote hit the highway saying "Thanks for the ride,"
         D                A
On the seat he left a packet of Acme tornado seeds
      D                  G   A  D
That grew into a twister with the truck inside
```

```
   D                    A
I shoulda taken that left turn at Albuquerque
   D
Went the wrong way at the fork in the road
                   D5          A
Been a long, long day and it's gotten kinda quirky
               D            G   A   D
But I'm back in 'Bama and I'm getting towed
```

```
D                              A
The tornado set me down a couple miles south of Mobile
          D
With a broom through the windshield, upside-down in a ditch
       D              D5            A
And when I rolled the window down to see where I had landed
       D                       G   A  D
I was starin' at the slippers of an angry witch

    D                   A
  I shoulda taken that left turn at Albuquerque
  D
  Went the wrong way at the fork in the road
               D5         A
  Been a long, long day and it's gotten kinda quirky
          D                G   A  D
  But I'm back in 'Bama and I'm getting toad
        D                 G    A D
  I'm back in 'Bama but I'm now a toad.
```

(Ribbit!)

```
           C
When you see her in the evening in a bright green dress
        F                                        C
Walking fast down the hallway you might never guess
        C                                    G
That the lady has a weakness she's reluctant to confess.
        C
No, you might not notice when she's dancing reels
            F                            C
That she made it through the airport on a set of wheels,
        G                                    C     C7 − E7
And she still isn't certain that she likes the way that it feels.
```

```
            F
   With her lover right behind her lookin' tired but proud
                    C
   They were wheelin' their way through the airport crowd;
            C                                    G
   And the way it made her feel made her want to weep out loud.
                    C
   'Cause they were cuttin' past the line at the TSA
            F                            C
   Asking healthy young people to get out of her way
    G                                        C  G7
   Savin' her strength to make it through another day.
```

When she has a good day she can walk a mile
Dance through the evening with grace and style
Greet her lover at the door with a tight embrace and a smile;
Next minute she's collapsing like she's half-way dead
With a fire in her body and an aching head
And she'll pay with pain and the rest of the weekend in bed.

   So with her lover right beside her lookin' calm and cool
   She walks up to the counter feeling like a fool
   And tries to tell herself that a wheelchair's only a tool.
   Soon she's wheelin' past the line at the TSA
   Feeling weird watching people getting out of her way
   But it's the easiest journey in years to the end of the day.

Well, her body is a battleground and life's a war,
And she's lost against her limits many times before;
But she's still fighting with a few new tricks in store;
Because a wheelchair is a weapon, not a mark of defeat
And she can stay standing longer with some time off her feet
The battle isn't over, and winning will be sweet.

   With her lover right behind her lookin' fierce and proud
   They'll be cutting a swath through the airport crowd
   The way it makes her feel will make her want to laugh out loud.
   'Cause she'll be wheelin' past the line at the TSA
   Watchin' tough young punks scurry out of her way
   Savin' her strength to make it through another day.
   Yeah, savin' her strength—to fight another day.

Naomi Rivkis told me she'd come to ConChord if I promised to sing a song either by her or about her. The first two songs I tried to write fell apart and never came back together; this one's better anyway. Once I learned that she was booking a wheelchair to get through the airport it was only a matter of time.

This song is the answer to "I can walk, damnit! What do I need a wheelchair for?"

Lyrics ©2001 Stephen Savitzky. Some Rights Reserved[1].
To the tune of *When I was a Boy* by Frank Hayes

Stone knives and bearskins: the real story

```
         A
When I was a lad our computer
        D                  A
Had vacuum tubes and a drum
         D                      A
And we wound paper tape for our input
     E7                  A
Between our forefinger and thumb.
              D                   A
Back when smalltalk was sports and the weather
         D                  A
And an object was what you could see
                          A
And we watched Captain Video in black and white
     E7                A
Before there was color TV.
```

  And we walked seven miles to the schoolhouse –
  It really was uphill both ways –
  Through weather in summer and winter,
  Back in the good old days.
  Back before fortran 77
  When the PC was only a fad *Nobody'll ever need more than 640K*
  And we entered our programs on punched cards
  When I was a lad.

When I was a lad all our networks
Ran on modems and UUCP
When the ARPANET had only sixteen nodes
And it didn't support FTP.
Now you kids who think your T1 line
Is fast, better watch what you say
And consider the speed of a truck full of tapes
As it barrels along the highway.

  And we walked seven miles to the schoolhouse –
  It really was uphill both ways –
  Through weather in summer and winter,
  Back in the good old days.
  Back when fortran was not even fortran IV
  And Unix was only a fad *For serious computing you need VMS*
  And we entered our programs on paper tape
  When I was a lad.

When I was a lad our IS shop
Used mechanical sorters and such
And we numbered our decks with a drum-card
To protect them, though not very much
Back when space travel was science fiction
And a mainframe weighed fifty-five tons
And we programmed in ones and in zeros *with a hand-punch!*
And filled up the chad-box with ones.

   And we walked seven miles to the schoolhouse –
   It really was uphill both ways –
   Through weather in summer and winter,
   Back in the good old days.
   Back when fortran was not even fortran II
   And the mainframe—Ha! Only a fad *we'll only ever sell six of 'em*
   And we entered our programs on plugboards
   When I was a lad.

     OK, the chronology is screwed up, it was only three miles, and I never actually programmed a plugboard (but our IS shop did). Everything else is true. Note that "vacuum" in the second line has three syllables.
     "Only six computers will ever be sold in the commercial market" has been attributed to Howard Aiken of IBM. (reference[2])
     Also note that I'm about 10 years older than Frank Hayes, so I don't *have* to exaggerate.

---

[2]<http://www.wired.com/news/technology/0,1282,44489,00.html>

Am
There was magic in the water
      Em   Am
And in fire and wind and stone.
          C
There was magic in the greenwood
      G   Am   Em
And in blood and flesh and bone.
       Dm
There was magic in the twilight
        Am   G
And the darkness and the day
      C   G   Am
Then Man forged bitter Iron
      Em   Am
And the magic died away.

The stallion in the stable,
The mare that pulls the plow,
Who calls them beasts of fable?
Where is their magic now?
The Pegasus is fallen,
He has no wings to fly;
The Night-mare's power ended
On the day the magic died.

The lizard in the desert
In the shadow of the dunes,
The snake down in his tunnel
With his back still marked with runes,
Are the last remaining relics
Of the rulers of their day,
But who will know the Dragons
When their magic's gone away?

The goat upon the mountain,
Seeks for grass amid the stone.
The narwhale in the ocean
Bears a tusk of twisted bone.
The Unicorn was captured,
And the narwhale stole his horn,
And his magic died forever
On the day cold Iron was born.

Lyrics ©2015 Steve Savitzky;
TTTO: ''Where the Heart Is'' by Naomi Rivkis

```
       Am          Dm            Am
My grandmother came from Odessa
Am           Dm                 Am
Left on the wings of a wild winter storm.
       Am          Dm       Am
She swam the Atlantic in winter
          Am          Dm          F          Am
To a place where her eggs would be sheltered and warm.
```

```
       Am                  Dm                      Am
She pushed through the crowd at the beachhead to lay them
Am             Dm                    Am
Crawled back to sea with a satisfied smile;
               Dm                        Am
She said as she swam through the warm Caribbean,
            Am          Dm    F          Am
"Now this is my home, well at least for a while."
```

```
          Dm            Am            Dm            Am
And she told her new friends with a laugh in her eyes,
          Am          Dm                    Am
Said, "I followed my heart, and the heart never lies.
       Dm            Am            Dm            Am
And where the wind takes me no turtle can tell,
          Am          Dm                    Am
But I'm always at home in the seas where I dwell,
          Am          Dm    F          Am
Because home is wherever I carry my shell."
```

```
       Am          Dm            Am
I was born within sight of Manhattan,
                    Dm                    Am
Knew the scent of the Hudson too deeply to speak
                 Dm          Am
You swam Puget Sound with the salmon
                 Dm          F          Am
And I loved you before I had known you a week.
```

```
        Am              Dm          Am
I'd swum round Cape Horn on my way to Alaska
              Dm                  Am
We met off Vancouver as I paddled through;
              Dm                        Am
You smiled as you showed me your islands and beaches
        Dm              F                        Am
But your eyes held the question my Grandma's friends knew.
```

```
        Dm          Am        Dm          Am
    But I said, "I love travel as much as your eyes,
          Am          Dm                  Am
    So I'll follow my heart and the heart never lies.
          Dm            Am        Dm        Am
    And where the wind takes me no turtle can tell,
          Am          Dm                    Am
    But I'm always at home in the seas where I dwell,
          Am            Dm      F        Am
    Because home is wherever I carry my shell."
```

```
      Am          Dm          Am
The water kept rising unnoticed,
              Dm              Am
A little bit warmer and wilder each year
              Dm            Am
Came a time when we couldn't deny it:
                  Dm              F          Am
That the beach we called home would too soon disappear.
```

```
      Am          Dm          Am
So we'll spend a few decades and visit our children,
                  Dm                    Am
They're swimming the seas from New Zealand to Nome.
              Dm                        Am
We will leave with the tide, let the waves take us windward,
          Dm        F                    Am
But whereever we wander we'll always be home.
```

```
          Dm              Am          Dm          Am
    And we've spread our descendents, as wide as the skies,
          Am          Dm                    Am
    And we've followed our hearts, for the heart never lies.
          Dm            Am        Dm          Am
    Where the wind takes us next year no turtle can tell,
          Am          Dm                    Am
    But we'll still be at home come high water or hell,
          Am            Dm      F          Am
    Because home is wherever you carry your shell.
```

1997 Pegasus Award[2] winner: Best Science Song.[3]
Here is where the mild-mannered hacker takes off his disguise and stands revealed as a wizard of great power—because, you see, there *is* a world where magic really works...

Am   C
Beside the world we live in
  G   C   Em
Apart from day and night
                Am
Is a world ablaze with wonder
  Em   Am
Of magic and delight

Like a magic crystal mirror,
My computer lets me know
Of the other world within it
Where my body cannot go.

  Dm
You can only see the shadows
    Am   G Am
Of electrons on a screen
      Dm   Am
From the world inside the crystal
      Em   Am
That no human eye has seen.

The computer is a gateway
To a world where magic rules
Where the only law is logic
Webs of words the only tools

Where we play with words and symbols
And creation is the game
For our symbols have the power
To become the things they name.

refrain

Now you who do not know this world
Its dangers or its joys
You take the things we build there
And you use them as your toys.

You trust them with your fortunes,
Or let them guard your lives.
From the chaos of creation
Just their final form survives.

refrain

instrumental break: verse+refrain

Call us hackers, call us wizards,
With derision or respect,
Still our souls are marked by something
That your labels can't affect.

Though our words are touched by strangeness
There is little we can say.
You would only hear the echo
Of a music far away.

refrain

---

[2]<http://www.ovff.org/pegasus/year/1997.html>
[3]<http://www.ovff.org/pegasus/songs/world-inside-the-crystal.html>

To the tune of *Out of the Clear Blue Sky* by Dr. J. Robinson

Am   G
Once in a darkened office cube
   F   E
A hacker peered into his tube
      Am   G
And saw a vision of despair
   F   G
Of bugs and crashes everywhere
  C   G
Followed by chaos and woe
  F   E   Am
From arithmetic overflow.
    Am   C
The hacker put a message on the Net
     Dm   E
That said "you folks had better not forget:
That soon"

    Am
   The century is ending at last
    Am
   And when it does your systems will crash
     G
   When date fields overflow it will be long ago
    Am
   No way to be a hero
   G   Em E7 Am
   And only printed paper will survive Year Zero

The CIO of one large bank
Said "customers have me to thank
For noticing that EBCDIC
In two-byte fields has 16 bits.
We'll update all our files in place
And not use up a bit more space."
The hacker said "I'm not completely sold–
I think I'll take my balance out in gold.
Because..."

A unix wizard said, "You know

We solved that problem long ago
Our date and time are binary
Seconds since 1970,
We'll recompile in time enough
Don't bother me with mainframe stuff."
The hacker said "I don't think you should wait–
You only have till 2038.
Meanwhile..."

A tycoon with huge market share
Said "Trust me, I control software
And I can say just what all fields
Contain and what a function yields;
So you can just sit back and wait—
It's fixed in Windows 98."
The hacker said "I'm sure you'll have it done
In time for Christmas in 2001."

At last the year changed, on the dot
From 99 to double-ought.
Just as the hacker had expected
For clocks cannot be write-protected.
On New Years' morning people woke to groan,
"Oh dreadful day—if only we had known
But now

   The century has ended at last
   And when it did our systems all crashed
   Our date fields overflow; now our programs
won't go.
   No way to be a hero
   And only printed paper has survived Year
Zero."

Yes calendars on paper have survived... the programmers and hackers have survived... VMS and Unix have survived... the beta release of Windows Zero is expected on January 1st, 1970...

Those fortunate people who have not encountered the Extended Binary Coded Decimal Interchange Code will want to know that "EBCDIC" is pronounced "ebb-suh-dick."