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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 DA
 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*

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 HyperSpace Express 199011 from Steve Savitzky's songbook