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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.

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From the Songbook of Steve Savitzky Hyperspace Express