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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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Hyperƒspace Expreƒ from Steve Savitzky’s songbook