

Coffee, Computers, and Song

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D Dsus2D
 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.

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 HyperSpace Express from Steve Savitzky's songbook