# The Mushroom Farm

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To the tune of "The Fireship" (traditional)

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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.
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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.

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