

Lyrics ©1984 Stephen Savitzky. Some Rights Reserved<sup>1</sup>.  
 To the tune of “Old Time Religion” (traditional)

<p><sup>C</sup>          Give me that Old Time Computing</p> <p><sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>          Give me that Old Time Computing</p> <p><sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup>          Give me that Old Time Computing,  <sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>          It's good enough for me.</p> <p><sup>C</sup>          Oh the slide-rule's age is hoary  <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>          It has passed its hour of glory  <sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup>          But lives on in song and story  <sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>          And it's good enough for me.</p> <p>Oh the decimal system lingers          Used for counting on your fingers          Good for children and filk singers          And it's good enough for me.</p> <p>Charles Babbage got things started          But he's long dead and departed          Left poor Ada brokenhearted          But he's good enough for me.</p> <p>The machine designed by Turing          Has a history quite stirring          And it slowly keeps on whirring          And it's good enough for me.</p> <p>Oh we all adore Grace Hopper          After COBOL you can't stop her          There is no-one who can top her          And she's good enough for me.</p> <p>Herman Hollerith is cursed de-          signed the punch card and what's worst he's          Buried face down nine edge first he's          Buried deep enough for me.</p>	<p>Dear old FORTRAN's still among us          Just keeps spreading like a fungus          But for crunching jobs humungus          It's still good enough for me.</p> <p>Algol 60 had recursion          And though some say it's subversion          We've rejected the new version          60's good enough for me</p> <p>LISP has deeply-nested EXPR's          CONSES CADDAR's and FEXPR's          So it's only used by experts          But it's good enough for me.</p> <p>Old computers dwarfed their makers          With their tubes and circuit breakers          And they sprawled about for acres          But they're good enough for me.</p> <p>Oh the IBM six-fifty          Had a memory quite nifty          On a drum revolving swiftly          It was good enough for me.</p> <p>Oh the sixteen-twenty's famous          Couldn't add so who could blame us          When we called it ignoramus          It was good enough for me.</p> <p>Well the B Fifty-Five Hundred          Thought in Polish and we wondered          Whether Burroughs might have blundered          But it's good enough for me.</p> <p>Though computers seem like magic          We can think of other adjec-          tives that border on the tragic          And that's quite enough for me.</p>
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 HyperSpace Express from Steve Savitzky's songbook