

Lyrics ©1983, 1984 Stephen Savitzky. Some Rights Reserved<sup>1</sup>.  
 To the tune of “Sam Hall” (traditional).

“Sam Hall” tells the story of a chimneysweep in the last century who moonlighted as a thief, and his defiant remarks on the way to the gallows. These days we have a different kind of spare-time criminal, who is more likely to be making his defiant remarks while on his way to the Bahamas.

C F C G7  
 Oh my name is Hacker Paul, Hacker Paul, Hacker Paul.  
 C F C  
 Oh my name is Hacker Paul, Hacker Paul.  
 C  
 Oh my name is Hacker Paul,  
 C G7  
 I despise you one and all,  
 C F C G7  
 You’re a bunch of users all, damn your eyes, damn your eyes.  
 C F C  
 You’re a bunch of users all, damn your eyes.  
 Oh I robbed the city bank (etc.)  
 So you’ll know just who’s to thank  
 When your statement comes out blank, damn your eyes (etc.)  
 Oh I never used a gun (etc.)  
 A computer’s much more fun,  
 And they can’t tell what you’ve done, damn their eyes (etc.)  
 Now I work for Uncle Sam (etc.)  
 And my taxes are a sham  
 I’ve pulled off another scam, damn your eyes (etc.)  
 Now I’ve robbed the IRS (etc.)  
 For a billion, more or less,  
 And their computer can’t confess, bless its eyes (etc.)

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