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 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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 HyperSpace Express from Steve Savitzky’s songbook