

Lyrics: ©1983 Stephen Savitzky. Some Rights Reserved¹.
 To the tune of “John Barleycorn” (traditional).

<p>C There were three men came into the West Their ^{G7}fortunes there to buy, C F C G7 C And these three men made a solemn vow F G C F G C John Silicon should die, G7 C John Silicon should die.</p> <p>They roasted him for a very long time, And made him glow bright red, And these three men swore a solemn oath John Silicon was dead, John Silicon was dead.</p> <p>They have melted him, Then they drew him out Till he grew both great and tall, As a perfect crystal hale and pure, He did amaze them all, He did amaze them all.</p> <p>They have hired men with their diamond saws to slice him and grind him flat, Then they've taken him to a great fab line Where they've served him worse than that,</p>	<p>They've served him worse than that. They have wheeled him here, and they've wheeled him there, They have masked him and etched him fine. And they have served him worse than that: They have doped him with arsine, They have doped him with arsine.</p> <p>Then they've taken lasers keen and bright To scribe him once and twice, Then they've bound him, and cracked him across the back To break him into dice, To break him into dice.</p> <p>They have sealed him into a tiny cell And bound him with chains of gold, And they have sorely tested him Until he could be sold, Until he could be sold.</p> <p>They have worked their will on John Silicon But he's brought them wealth and fame, For they build him into a plastic box And they call him video games, They call him video games.</p>
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 HyperSpace Express from Steve Savitzky's songbook