

## I Wanna Be a Webmaster

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C            G C            G        F  
 Oh give me a home page where web browsers roam  
 C   F   C                    G   C   G  
 And the spiders and search engines play  
 C                    G   C            G   F  
 Where my words can be seen upon everyone's screen  
           C                    G   C   G   C  
 And I'll be the Cool Site of the Day.

C                    F   C   G   C        F            C  
 Oh I wanna be a webmaster, I wanna use HTTP  
           F\*                            G        C        F        C   G   C   G  
 In the World Wide Web there'll be no one as wonderful as me  
           C\*                    F        C        G   C        F        C  
 My page will be the Cool Site of the day you just can bet  
           F        C        G   C        G        C  
 At WWW-dot-myDotSite-dot-net

C                    G   C            F            C  
 Well, I found a site provider and I wrote HTML  
           C                    C\*                    F            G  
 And I made a thousand links to sites that I can't even spell.  
           C        F        C                    F        C        G        C  
 With a CGI hit counter that has four whole lines of code,  
           C                    F                    F        G        C        G        C  
 And a three-D rendered background that takes half an hour to load.  
*refrain — the week*

Well I bought myself a Macintosh and Windows 95  
 Page Mill and Netscape Server and a 4.2-Gig drive;  
 My programs all have objects and my processors have RISCs  
 And my software's backed up on about five hundred floppy disks.  
*refrain — the month*

Now I have a Cisco router and a satellite link dish  
 And a realtime Ricoh camera taking pictures of my fish  
 And an RC autogyro I'll be taking for a whirl  
 Just as soon as I can figure out how to program it in PERL.  
*refrain — the year*

I'll be raking in the Digicash and Cyberbucks galore  
 When a World Wide Web of customers comes browsing to my door  
 I'll sell them cups of Java and instant iced N-T  
 In recycled plastic mugs that have a photograph of me.  
*refrain — all time*

Oh give me a home where the web browsers roam  
 I'll be staking my cyberspace claim  
 To a place in the sun for fast money and fun  
 And my own 15 minutes of fame.

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