

©Frank Hayes. All Rights Reserved

When I was a boy our Nintendo
 Was carved from an old Apple tree
 And we used garden hose to connect it
 To our steam-powered color tv.
 But it still beat that ancient Atari
 'Cuz I almost went blind, don'tcha know,
 Playing Breakout and Pong on a video game
 Hooked up to the radio.

And we walked twenty miles to the school-
 house
 Barefoot, uphill both ways,
 Through blizzards in summer and winter
 Back in the good old days.
 Back when Fortran was not even Three-
 tran
 And the PC was only a toy
 And we did our computing by gaslight
 When I was a boy.

When I was a boy all our networks
 Were for hauling in fish from the sea-
 Our baud rate was eight bits an hour (and
 she was worth it!),
 And our IP address was just 3.
 And you kids who complain that the World
 Wide Web
 Is too slow oughtta cut out your bitchin',
 'Cuz when I was a boy every packet
 Was delivered by carrier pigeon

And we walked twenty miles to the school-
 house
 Barefoot, uphill both ways,
 Through blizzards in summer and winter
 Back in the good old days.
 Back when Fortran was not even Two-tran
 And the mainframe was only a toy
 And we did our computing by torchlight
 When I was a boy.

When I was a boy our IS shop
 Built relational tables from wood,
 And we wrapped our data in oilcloth
 To preserve it the best that we could.
 And we carried our bits in a bucket,
 And our mainframe weighed 900 tons,
 And we programmed in ones and in zeros
 And sometimes we ran out of ones.

And we walked twenty miles to the school-
 house
 Barefoot, uphill both ways,
 Through blizzards in summer and winter
 Back in the good old days.
 Back when Fortran was not even One-tran
 And the abacus? Only a toy!
 And we did our computing in primordial
 darkness
 When I was a boy.