

## When I was a Boy

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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 bawd 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.