

## The Mad Hacker of Sunnyvale

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To the tune of “The Blind Harper of Lochmaben” (trad.)

G D7 G C G  
Oh do you know a silly mad hacker  
D7 G C G D7 D6 D6 D  
Who lives in the town of Sunnyvale

C C G  
And how he went to IBM  
D7 G C  
To tap their electronic mail.

But first he went to old Ma Bell  
Even as fast as he could go  
“This hack” gouth he “will never work  
Without a modem for my phone.”

So he has bought a little *modem*  
And hooked it to his telephone  
And his own computer would answer calls  
Whenever he was away from home.

And he has bought a little key-pad  
That could make the tones both low and high  
To talk to the modem on his phone  
And he’s hidden it inside his tie.

Then he has studied PL/1  
And cut his hair and shaved too  
And he’s put on a three-piece suit  
And gone off to an interview.

And when he got to IBM  
He said “I can program PL/1  
So show me what your system’s like  
And I will tell you what I’ve done.”

The interviewer he turned ’round  
To the console sitting by his side  
The hacker looked over *his* shoulder  
To catch the password that he typed.

And after the demo it was done  
They both got up to their feet  
The interviewer said “It’s time  
I got us both a bite to eat.”

And when they got to the restaurant  
The hacker gave a little groan;  
He said “I have to call my wife—  
Please wait here while I use the phone.”

He called and used his little key-pad  
To send the password down the line  
And then went back and ate his lunch  
And drank the restaurant’s best wine.

He thanked the man from IBM  
And said “I’ll keep your job in mind.”  
And then drove home to his own computer  
Without a stop to look behind.

So now he’s reading Big Blue’s mail  
And knows what their next move will be.  
He writes expensive market surveys  
And sells them to AT&T.

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