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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” quoth 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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