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

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

So he has bought a little mo*dem*
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 shavèd 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* shoul*der*
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.