# Petter's Computer Science Songbook

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# About this book

This songbook is a collection of songs related to computers, computer science and the Internet, which I've collected during the last few years. I've tried to collect the songs I would like to be singing when I meet my fellow computer professionals.

Most of them have appeared on some USENET newsgroup, but the exact source have been lost in the mist of time.

Lots of songs were found at [1] and [2].

Please contact me if you have comments, questions, suggestions or information on who wrote one of the songs.

The latest version of this songbook is available from [3].

Thanks to Ole Aamot, Morten A. Middelthon, Stein Vraale, Jørgen Wahlberg and Mari Wang for helping me finding songs, and Håkon Wium Lie for helping me format the songbook in HTML and providing a way to generate the PDF book from the HTML source. The songbook is typeset using Prince.

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1. http://www.poppyfields.net/filks/
2. http://www.netspace.org/~dmacks/internet-songbook/
3. http://www.hungry.com/~pere/cs-songbook/

# Chapter 1: Programming

## Write in C

*Unknown*
*Unknown*
*Music: "Let it Be", The Beatles*

When I find my code in tons of trouble,
Friends and colleagues come to me,
Speaking words of wisdom:
"Write in C."

As the deadline fast approaches,
And bugs are all that I can see,
Somewhere, someone whispers
"Write in C."

Write in C, write in C,
Write in C, write in C.
LISP is dead and buried,
Write in C.

I used to write a lot of FORTRAN,
for science it worked flawlessly.
Try using it for graphics!
Write in C.

If you've just spent nearly 30 hours
Debugging some assembly,
Soon you will be glad to
Write in C.

Write in C, write in C,
Write In C, yeah, write in C.
Only wimps use BASIC.
Write in C.

Write in C, write in C,
Write in C, oh, write in C.
Pascal won't quite cut it.
Write in C.

*Guitar Solo*

Write in C, write in C,
Write in C, yeah, write in C.
Don't even mention COBOL.
Write in C.

And when the screen is fuzzy,
And the editor is bugging me.
I'm sick of ones and zeroes.
Write in C.

A thousand people people swear that T.P.
Seven is the one for me.
I hate the word PROCEDURE,
Write in C.

Write in C, write in C,
Write in C, yeah, write in C.
PL1 is 80's,
Write in C.

Write in C, write in C,
Write in C, yeah, write in C.
The government loves ADA,
Write in C.

## Lost Andre

*Unknown*
*Alan Cox*
*Motorhead, Lost Johnny*

You only a get a single block
The drives are very plain
Disconnect is well outside
The power of its brain
You can hear it clunking
You can see it far afar
Its a pale clone of scsi
Just a faded I/O star

And out there in the workroom
They're trying to make it scream
By sticking queued tags in a flash
And reprogramming the stream
Can you find the DMA
Can you add it soon
Lost Andre's out there
Baying at the moon

The time has come for you to choose
You'd better get it right
Pulling drives that suck a lot
Oh please now make them right
But you want to really get some
its surely can't be hard
There's always scsi lurking
When your servers underpowered

Underneath committees
The scsi vendors sing
Of how the IDE, it always hangs
When someone hacks the thing
Can you find the disk block
Can you make the tweak
Lost Andre's out there
Looking for a leak

That spec it looks so evil
And you know it never tries
And every time they make a hack
They have to compromise
And shall I find their CPRM
In a drive which no one buys
They make it big in tricks
At the price of broken drives

And here inside the server room
The UPS still screams
And we're shooting disks up
And returning maxtor things
Can you find the raid card
For god's sake make it quick
Lost Andre's out there
Trying to make it tick

## g-c-c

*Unknown*
*Alan Cox*
*Childrens rhyme*

g-c-c, g-c-c,
see how it runs, see how it runs,
it ran all over the swap device,
they freed all its ram with a kill -9,
did you ever see such a thrash in your life
as g-c-c

## We are the code crew

*Unknown*
*Alan Cox*
*We are the road crew*
*Motorhead*

Another bug, another race
Another oops, another trace
Another driver I can't face

Reading junk, feeling bad
Another night going mad
x-jack drivers are so bad

But I just love the code I read
Another beer is what I need
Another bug, my ram is freed
We are the code crew

Another driver left behind
Another hack, completely blind
Another bug that I can't find

Another deadlock fix or two
Another flaw in our ext2
Another driver to get through

Coding like a manaic
Coding gone to hell and back
Another oops a case to crack
We are the code crew

Another driver we can learn
Another flaw, another churn
Another pile of crap to burn

Another bugcheck on the way
Another author that I can't flay
Another word I learned to say

Another bloody bios post
Another fucking box is toast
Another set of scars to boast
We are the code crew

## Whole Lotta Bad C

*Unknown*
*Alan Cox*
*Whole Lotta Rosie AC/DC*

I wanna tell you a story,
about a bug I know,
when it comes to crashing,
oh it steals the show,
it aint exactly pretty, aint exactly small,
drivers/media/videodev you could say its got them all

Never had a bug, never had a bug like this,
killing all the things, killing all the things it does,
aint no fairy story, aint no kernel moan,
but you kdb it all a lot, oopsing on an intel clone

*You're a whole lot of program*
*A whole lotta program*
*Whole lotta bad c*
*Ah you're a whole lotta program*

Oh hacker you can do it
Debug for me all night long
Only one to chase
Only one to chase it up
All through the night time
And right around the clock
To my suprise
Oopses never stop

*You're a whole lot of program*
*A whole lotta program*
*Whole lotta bad C*
*Ah you're a whole lotta program*

## I Wish I Could Be Coding Every Day

*Unknown*
*Alan Cox*
*Sorry Roy Wood*
*[Are you ready porters .. ]*

When the hackers bring the code
Well they just might like to know
They've put a great big smile, on somebody's face
If you boot it on your vax
quickly coding up the traps
Don't you lock the bus
You know that neat debug tools are on the way

*Well I wish I could be coding, every day*
*When the vax starts pinging from the shell upon the cray*
*Oh I wish I could be coding, every day*
*Let the code flow out from hackers*

When we're searching in the code
For the bug that stops the load
Then your config files going to build my linux bin
Now the booting prompts appear
And you're loading from a peer
So we'll stare at the wire
Till the shell simply loads up all the way

*Well I wish I could be coding, every day*
*When the vax starts pinging from the shell upon the cray*
*Oh I wish I could be coding, every day*
*Let the code flow out from hackers*

When the hackers bring the code (When the hackers bring the code)
Well they just might like to know (Well they just might like to know)
They've put a great big smile, on somebody's face (They've put a great big smile, on somebody's face)
So if Linux boots that shell (So if Linux boots that shell)
Now running on vaxen well
I'll sign my name on the kernel in the code
Then I may decide to play

*Well I wish I could be coding, every day*
*When the vax starts pinging from the shell upon the cray*
*Oh I wish I could be coding, every day*
*Let the code flow out from hackers*

[Okay you lot- take it!]

*Well I wish I could be coding, every day (every day)*
*When the vax starts pinging from the shell upon the cray (oh oh)*
*Oh I wish I could be coding, every day*
*Let the code flow out from hackers*

Why don't you boot your vax on Linux ?

## Womble

*Unknown*
*Unknown*
*Alan Cox*
*[Mike Batt gets it this time]*

Kernel mode, user mode, cvs tree
The commiters of cvs patches are we,
Making good use of the code that we find,
Things that the community folks have in mind

Miguel deIcaza
He can remember they days mc wasn't behind the times
With his view for the world
Decode the core dumps and blame them on the gnome tree

Coder's aren't organised, work as a team
Coder's aren't tidy and coders aren't clean
Kernel mode, user mode, cvs tree
The commiters of cvs patches are we

People don't notice us, they'll never see
Under their noises a hacker may be
We edit by night and we sleep in by day
Writing up patches to send bugs away

We're so incredibly utterly devious
Making the most of everything
Even asm and strings
Pick up the patches make them into something new
is what we do!

Kernel mode, user mode, cvs tree
The commiters of cvs patches are we,
Making good use of the code that we find,
Things that the community folks have in mind

## Let there be hacks

*Unknown*
*Alan Cox*
*"Let there be rock", AC/DC*

In the beginning
Back in ninetieen ninety one
Man didn't know about no linux source code
And all thats fun
The dos man had no windows
The mac man had no tools
No one knew what they was gonna do
But the unix hacks had the news, they said

*Let there be shells, and there were shells*
*Let there be perl, and there was perl*
*Let there be gnus, and there were gnus*
*Let there be emacs, and there was emacs*
*Let there be hacks*

And so it came to pass
That linux source code was born
All across the land every hacking man
Was coding up a storm
And the Linus man got famous
And the business man got rich
And on every list there was a wannabe
With a clue free patch
There was fifteen million fingers
Learnin' how to code
And you could hear the keyboard clicking
And this is what they had to load

*Let there be shells, perl, gnus, 'n emacs an*
*Let there be hacks*

One night at a show called OLS
There was a linux kernel hacking band
And the hacking was good
And the hackers were proud
And then well Linus turned and he said to the crowd

*Let there be hacks*

## Here it is linux kernel

*Unknown*
*Unknown*
*"Merry X-Mas Everybody", Slade*

Are you posting up a driver there for all
Its the time that every hacker has a ball
Does it keep on breaking paging
Does it run slab poisoned eh ?
Do the reports keep you coding for the day

*So here it is, linux-kernel*
*Everybody's having fun*
*Look for the flaming now*
*It's only just begun*

Are you waiting for the flamers to arrive
Are you sure you got the room to keep archives
Does Al Viro always tell ya
That filesystems are the best
Then he's off and kernel hacking with the rest

*So here it is, linux-kernel*
*Everybody's having fun*
*Look for the flaming now*
*It's only just begun*

What will Jeff Merkey do
When he sees you now postin' novell support
Aa-Ah ah-ah

Are you pulling down a kernel when you call
Are you hoping that the code will start to rule
Do you walk on down the calltrace
With a debugger you have made
When they land up in your driver then you've been blamed

*So here it is, linux-kernel*
*Everybody's having fun*
*Look for the flaming now*
*It's only just begun*

*So here it is, linux-kernel*
*Everybody's having fun*
*Look for the flaming now*
*It's only just begun*

*So here it is, linux-kernel*
*Everybody's having fun*
*Look for the flaming now*
*It's only just begun*

*So here it is, linux-kernel*
*Everybody's having fun*
*Look for the flaming now*
*It's only just begun*

## Hardware for nothing

*Unknown*
*Unknown*
*"Money for nothing", Dire straits*

Look at them coders
that's the way you do it
You chat about hackin'
on the IRC.
That ain't workin'
That's the way you do it.
Hardware for nothin'
and your source for free.

Now that ain't workin'
That's the way you do it.
Lemme tell ya
them coders ain't dumb.
Maybe get a blister
on your typing fingers
maybe put on a little weight
around you bum

We gotta install operating systems
Custom kernel Deliveriiiiies.
We gotta solve these user problems
We gotta move these pentium Threeeeees

I want my
I want my
I want my IRC
...

## APL

*Unknown*
*Richard M. Stallman*
*This uses the tune of "Row, row, row your boat".*
*The Greek letter rho (ρ) is an important operator in the APL programming language.*

ρ, ρ, ρ of X.
Always equals 1.
ρ is dimension; ρ ρ, rank.
APL is fun!

## Something

*Unknown*
*Unknown*
*Tune: "Something" by The Beatles*

Something in the way it fails,
Defies the algorithm's logic!
Something in the way it coredumps...
I don't want to leave it now
I'll fix this problem somehow

Somewhere in the memory I know,
A pointer's got to be corrupted.
Stepping in the debugger will show me...
I don't want to leave it now
Too close to leave it now

You're asking me can this code go?
I don't know, I don't know...
What sequence causes it to blow?
I don't know, I don't know...

Something in the initializing code?
And all I have to do is think of it!
Something in the listing will show me...
I don't want to leave it now
I'll fix this tonight I vow!

## Debugging

*Unknown*
*Richard M. Stallman*
*This uses the tune of "Deck the halls with boughs of holly".*
*rms wrote this in the 1970s, when decks of punched cards and*
*thumping line printers were still widely used.*

Deck the cards that hold the data.
(Fa la la la la, la la, la, la.)
Hand them to the operator.
(Fa la la la la, la la, la, la.)
Hear the output printer thumping:
(Fa la la la la, la la, la, la.)
50 k of core are dumping.
(Fa la la la la, la la, la, la.)

Now you have to start debugging,
(Fa la la la la, la la, la, la.)
Through the dump for errors culling.
(Fa la la la la, la la, la, la.)
If you cannot understand 'em,
(Fa la la la la, la la, la, la.)
Just change anything at random.
(Fa la la la la, la la, la, la.)

When it seems your program's mended,
(Fa la la la la, la la, la, la.)
And you think your task has ended,
(Fa la la la la, la la, la, la.)
Ware rejoicing prematurely:
(Fa la la la la, la la, la, la.)
There will be more errors surely.
(Fa la la la la, la la, la, la.)

## Eternal Flame

*Bob Kanefsky*
*Tune: God Lives on Terra by Julia Ecklar*
*This parody was sung by Julia Ecklar on Roundworm. Parody of "God Lives on Terra", words and music by Julia Ecklar For more information and other parodies, see www.songworm.com*
*Parody lyrics copyright 1996-07-29 by Bob Kanefsky.*

I was taught assembler
in my second year of school.
It's kinda like construction work –
with a toothpick for a tool.
So when I made my senior year,
I threw my code away,
And learned the way to program
that I still prefer today.

Now, some folks on the Internet
put their faith in C++.
They swear that it's so powerful,
it's what God used for us.
And maybe it lets mortals dredge
their objects from the C.
But I think that explains
why only God can make a tree.

For God wrote in Lisp code
When he filled the leaves with green.
The fractal flowers and recursive roots:
The most lovely hack I've seen.
And when I ponder snowflakes,
never finding two the same,
I know God likes a language
with its own four-letter name.

Now, I've used a SUN under Unix,
so I've seen what C can hold.
I've surfed for Perls, found what Fortran's for,
Got that Java stuff down cold.
Though the chance that I'd write COBOL code
is a SNOBOL's chance in Hell.
And I basically hate hieroglyphs,
so I won't use APL.

Now, God must know all these languages,
and a few I haven't named.
But the Lord made sure, when each sparrow falls,
that its flesh will be reclaimed.
And the Lord could not count grains of sand
with a 32-bit word.
Who knows where we would go to
if Lisp weren't what he preferred?

And God wrote in Lisp code
Every creature great and small.
Don't search the disk drive for man.c,
When the listing's on the wall.
And when I watch the lightning burn
Unbelievers to a crisp,
I know God had six days to work,
So he wrote it all in Lisp.

Yes, God had a deadline.
So he wrote it all in Lisp.

## The Bug Came Back

*Unknown*
*Joel Polowin*
*This uses the tune of "The Can Came Back" by Harry S. Miller.*

The program wasn't complex, and it wasn't very long,
Though it seemed a bit erratic, its results were seldom wrong.
But that little error nagged us, so we stayed up late one night -
Found a missing comma, and we thought that fixed it right -

*But the bug came back, the very next day*
*The bug came back, we thought it was a gonner*
*But the bug came back, it just wouldn't stay away.*

We put away our documents, rewrote the code from scratch
To find out where the new and older versions didn't match.
A subtle shift of logic showed where we had gone astray;
We felt a bit embarrassed, but at least it ran okay -

chorus

We wrote in other languages, from FORTH to APL
And ev'ry one ran ev'ry time - just sometimes not too well.
Translation to assembler didn't give us any clue;
The COBOL version crashed on ev'ry system it went through -

chorus

We gave it to the hacker squad - the folks who code for fun -
And asked them if they couldn't get the stupid thing to run.
But less than one week later, they no longer wished to play -
Three paranoids... one suicide... and six who ran away...

chorus

We got a summer student in to check the code by hand,
With paper, pen and calculator, run through each command,
But suddenly the lights went out – the air went thin and queer –
A sudden FLASH! of lightning – and the student... disappeared..?

chorus

We set up an experiment that Schrodinger inspired:
A box; a cat; some poison; a computer system wired
Such that IF the program failed, the little moggy would be gassed.
A quasar was - almost - the only remnant of the blast...

*But the cat came back the very next day*
*The bug came back, we thought they were a gonner*
*But they both came back, they just wouldn't stay away*

## Binary Tree

*Unknown*
*Joachim Breitner*
*Fool's Garden, Lemon Tree*

I'm waiting here for some one to search
It's just no problem to find every wanted branch
I'm wasting your RAM
I am such a bad case
I want you to come
And start using that space
And nothing ever matches when I'm searching

I'm searching around in my root
I'm searching real fast
I'm searching real good
I'm one big fat memory hog
I'm feeling balanced, I'm faster than log
And nothing ever matches so I'm searching

I search my left
I search my right
Make me search it and I search recursively
Since all I really am is just another bin'ry tree.
I'm crawling my nodes up and down
I'm crawling crawling crawling crawling crawling around
And all I really am is just another bin'ry tree.

*(Sing: dubdadidadab...)*

I'm sitting here
I miss the data
I'd like to have more, growing big later
But theres a lot to care before "insert"
You need the spot
Where the thing fits right in.
And nothing ever matches so I'm searching

Balancation is real good for me
Balancation: I'm now faster 'cause I'm a bin'ry tree.

I'm sitting here
I miss the data
I'd like to have more, growing big later
But theres a lot to care before "insert"
You need the spot
Where the thing fits right in.
And nothing ever matches so I'm searching

Balancation is real good for me
Balancation: I'm now faster 'cause I'm a bin'ry tree.

I'm starting to search at the top node of me
User anyhow I'll find it in this tree
And everything will be there and you'll find it

You'll find it left
You'll find it right
Make me search it and I search recursively
Since all I really am is just a balanced bin'ry tree.
I'm crawling my nodes up and down
I'm crawling crawling crawling crawling crawling around
And all I really am is just a balanced bin'ry tree.
And I'm searching searching

I search my left
I search my right
Make me search it and I search recursively
Since all I really am Since all I really am Since all I really am
is just a balanced bin'ry tree.

# Chapter 1: System administration

## No Backup

*Lill Berg Nordheim*
*Unknown*
*"Yesterday", The Beatles*

Yesterday,
all those backups seemed a waste of pay
Now my database has gone away
Oh I believe in yesterday

Suddenly,
there's not half the files there used to be,
there's a millstone hanging over me
The system crashed so suddenly

I pushed something wrong
What it was I could not say
Now all my data's gone
and I long for yesterday-ay-ay-ay

Yesterday,
the need for backups seemed so far away
I knew my data was all here to stay
Now I believe in yesterday

## She's Always a Goddess

*Unknown*
*2001 Illiad*
*Music: "She's Always a Woman"*

She can `kill -9` with a smile
As she munches her fries
She can crack your account
And delete all your files
Though she only appeals
To the shy ones like me
She can code like a pro
And she's always a goddess to me

She can root all your boxes
Faster than you'd believe
You can ask for an ack
But you'll never receive
She'll take code you give her
As long as it's *free*
She tinks I'm a dweeb
But she's always a goddess to me

Ohhhh. She takes care of her servers
She can play quake if she wants
She's ahead of her game
Ohhhh. She never gets stressed out
And she never gets caught
She just passes on blame

## Fifty Ways to Bug Your Users

*Unknown*
*Joachim Breitner*
*Paus Simon, 50 Ways to leave your lover*

"It's boring all inside my head" I said to me
The answer is easy if you are immorally
I'd like to watch them in their struggle to work here
There must be fifty ways to bug your users

I said it's really not my habit to intrude
Furthermore, I hope my mean tricks won't be bad or miscontrued
But I'll do it again at the risk of being sued
There must be fifty ways to bug your users
Fifty ways to bug your users

*Just just pull out the plug, Zack*
*Pour out a can, Stan*
*You don't need to back up, Chap*
*Just having some fun*
*Overclocked bus, Gus*
*You don't need to restart, Mart*
*Just drop of the net, Pete*
*And for me it's fun*

*Just just pull out the plug, Zack*
*Pour out a can, Stan*
*You don't need to back up, Chap*
*Just having some fun*
*Overclocked bus, Gus*
*You don't need to restart, Mart*
*Just drop of the net, Pete*
*And for me it's fun*

Some admins hate it to see users in such pain
I wish there was something I could do to see it once again
My boss don't appreciate that and I always explain
About the fifty ways

He said "Why do I not just fire you tonight
And I believe in the morning we'll begin to see the light"
And then I told him and he realized I would go with a fight
Since there are Fifty ways to hurt your users
Fifty ways to hurt your users

*Just just pull out the plug, Zack*
*Pour out a can, Stan*
*You don't need to back up, Chap*
*Just having some fun*
*Overclocked bus, Gus*
*You don't need to restart, Mart*
*Just drop of the net, Pete*
*And for me it's fun*

*Just just pull out the plug, Zack*
*Pour out a can, Stan*
*You don't need to back up, Chap*
*Just having some fun*
*Overclocked bus, Gus*
*You don't need to restart, Mart*
*Just drop of the net, Pete*
*And for me it's fun*

# Chapter 1: Security

## The “I got 0wN3d last night” song

*Unknown*
*Unknown*
*Beldon <beldon@scamail.com>*
*[Apologies to Sam Cooke (and Art Garfunkel)]*

Don’t know much about TCP
Even less ICMP
Don’t know how to make a subnet class
Even script kiddies would kick my ass
But if an OS that can be bought
Will install securely by default
What a wonderful thing that would be

Don’t know much about LAND attack
Don’t know how to spoof an IP stack
Don’t know much about the port I’m on
Can’t decide to leave a daemon on
If I install OpenBSD
And it does most of my work for me
What a wonderful thing that will be

Now I don’t claim to be a sys admin
But now broadband’s in my town
And I have to put something between me
And the people who know how to bring me down

Don’t know much about DDoS
And my shell programming is a mess
Don’t know how to build a firewall
Don’t know much about nothin’ at all
But if I can shield my root account
Without emptying my bank account
What a wonderful thing that would be.

# Chapter 1: Misc

## The webdesigner song

*Unknown*
*Alan Cox*
*Chicken song*
*Grant Naylor*

Its the time of year, now that .coms are in the air
When those new web gifts, have become internet aware
Make another link for moronic web displays
That nauseate-ate-ate in a million different ways

From the depth of spain to the southern coast of france
No matter where you hide, you just can't escape our spams

*Rack a compaq in mid-air, stick a penguin on your nodes*
*Buy from microsoft and then debug all their code*
*Make your old code free then upload your latest tree*
*Write the web content and install your asp*

Soon your sites alive, learn to stream realvideo
Climb over a mac, and encode in indeo
Eat a new cookie while your business disappears
Redesign your plan, drink lots and lots of beers

The web page is vibrating, the colour is loud and grating
Its truely nauseating, lets use that blink again

*Rack a compaq in mid-air, stick a penguin on your nodes*
*Buy from microsoft and then debug all their code*
*And there's no escape, in the news or in the star*
*You would see this site if you holidayed on mars*

Soon your sites alive, learn to stream realvideo
Climb over a mac, and encode in indeo
Now you've done it once, you brain will spring a leak
And through you hate your site, you'll be tweaking it for weeks

*Rack a compaq in mid-air, stick a penguin on your nodes*
*Buy from microsoft and then debug all their code*
*Make your old code free then upload your latest tree*
*Write the web content and install your php*

## Got Them Dot Zero Blues

*Unknown*
*Unknown*
*by WillSeattle / Will in Seattle (at work)*

Woke up this morning
Crawled out of bed
Couldn't wait to get that Red Hat distro you said

Told you to worry
Told you to wait
But no you want to mirror it from outside the state

*I got the blues*
*Got them old dot zero blues*
*Cause I done installed that distro*
*And it blew up on my shoes*

Wish I had DSL
Wish I had fat pipes
But on a 56K modem
The download's such a fright

It's all installed now
Servers up and cool
But I come back three weeks later
And look just like a fool

Got burned by Compaq
Got burned by Dell
Got burned by Microsoft
Now I'm in Red Hat dot zero hell

Now don't you worry
This one's ok
It won't drop under loads now
Cause if it does we'll make you pay!

## My ogg files

*Unknown*
*Alan Cox*
*To the tune of "My Bonnie"*

My ogg files lie over the network
My ogg files lie over T3
My ogg files lie over the network
please icecast my ogg files to me

*Icecast*
*Icecast*
*Oh icecast my ogg files to me to me*
*Icecast*
*Icecast*
*Icecast my ogg files to me*

## What a wonderful world

*Unknown*
*Unknown*
*Sung to "What a wonderful world" by Lous Armstrong*

I see cheap cpus
and software that's great
and my modem connects...
at true 28.2
and I think to myself...
...what a wonderful world...

I see people on the net..
who are nice and not "leet"
and hardware that never...
becomes obsolete
and I think to myself...
... what a wonderful world...

The colours of the iMac...
so pretty on my desk
(these are colors that are testful
not ones that are grotesque)
I see routers shakin' hands
sayin' "who the heck are you?"
but they're really saying
"let the data flow through"

Blue screens of death...
don't exist to betray
and I decide for myself...
where I want to go today
and I think to myself
what a wonderful world
yes. I think to my self
what a wonderful world...

## 10 Little Spammers

*Unknown*
*William A. Levinson*
*Words: William A. Levinson*

Ten little spammers all went online;
One spammed n.a.n.a. and then there were nine.

Nine little spamhauses spewed at full rate;
An ISP nuked one and then there were eight.

Eight little spammers thought they were in Heaven;
Someone did a traceroute and then there were seven.

Seven little spambots addresses did pick;
One picked a Netscum and then there were six.

Six little spammers playing 'round a hive;
Angry wasps stung one and then there were five.

Five little spammers spewed some more;
Someone did an InterNIC whois, and then there were four.

Four little spammers all running free;
Cloaking didn't work and then there were three.

Three little spammers, didn't have a clue;
One spewed to Usenet and then there were two.

Two little spammers, thought they'd have some fun;
Antispammers caught one and then there was one.

One little spammer was firewalled and left all alone;
He could only spam himself and then there were none.

# Berkeley California

*Unknown*
*David Barr, Ken Hornstein, Greg Nagy*
*Tune is "Hotel California" by the Eagles*
*Written by David Barr and Ken Hornstein and a little help from Greg Nagy. This is original, written in light of the AT&T-BSDI lawsuit, and the recent trend with Sun towards System V and away from Good Ol' BSD.*

In a dark dim machine room
Cool A/C in my hair
Warm smell of silicon
Rising up through the air
Up ahead in the distance
I saw a Solarian(tm) light
My kernel grew heavy, and my disk grew slim
I had to halt(8) for the night
The backup spun in the tape drive
I heard a terminal bell
And I was thinking to myself
This could be BSD or USL
Then they started a lawsuit
And they showed me the way
There were salesmen down the corridor
I thought I heard them say

*Welcome to Berkeley California*
*Such a lovely place*
*Such a lovely place (backgrounded)*
*Such a lovely trace(1)*
*Plenty of jobs at Berkeley California*
*Any time of year*
*Any time of year (backgrounded)*
*You can find one here*
*You can find one here*

Their code was definately twisted
But they've got the stock market trends
They've got a lot of pretty, pretty lawyers
That they call friends
How they dance in the courtroom
See BSDI sweat
Some sue to remember
Some sue to forget
So I called up Kernighan
Please bring me ctime(3)
He said
We haven't had that tm_year since 1969
And still those functions are calling from far away
Wake up Jobs in the middle of the night
Just to hear them say

*Welcome to Berkeley California*
*Such a lovely Place*
*Such a lovely Place (backgrounded)*
*Such a lovely trace(1)*
*They're livin' it up suing Berkeley California*
*What a nice surprise*
*What a nice surprise (backgrounded)*
*Bring your alibies*

Windows NT a dreaming
Pink OS on ice
And they said
We are all just prisoners here
Of a marketing device
And in the judges's chambers
They gathered for the feast
They diff(1)'d the source code listings
But they can't kill -9 the beast
Last thing I remember
I was restore(8)'ing | more(1)
I had to find the soft link back to the path I was before sleep(3) said the pagedaemon
We are programmed to recv(2)
You can swap out any time you like
But you can never leave(1)

[ substitute whirring of disk and tape drives for guitar solo ]

## Unix Man

*Unknown*
*Unknown*
*Tune: Nowhere Man*

He's a real UNIX Man
Sitting in his UNIX LAN
Making all his UNIX plans
For nobody.

Knows the blocksize from du(1)
Cares not where /dev/null goes to
Isn't he a bit like you
And me?

UNIX Man, please listen(2)
My lpd(8) is missin'
UNIX Man
The wo-o-o-orld is at(1) your command.

He's as wise as he can be
Uses lex and yacc and C
UNIX Man, can you help me At all?

UNIX Man, don't worry
Test with time(1), don't hurry
UNIX Man
The new kernel boots, just like you had planned.

He's a real UNIX Man
Sitting in his UNIX LAN
Making all his UNIX plans For nobody ...
Making all his UNIX plans For nobody.

## Eleanor Rigby

*Unknown*
*Unknown*
*Tune: "Elinor Rigby" by The Beatles*

Eleanor Rigby
Sits at the keyboard
And waits for a line on the screen
Lives in a dream
Waits for a signal
Finding some code
That will make the machine do some more.
What is it for?

*All the lonely users, where do they all come from?*
*All the lonely users, why does it take so long?*

Guru MacKenzie
Typing the lines of a program that no one will run;
Isn't it fun?
Look at him working,
Munching some chips as he waits for the code to compile;
It takes a while...

*All the lonely users, where do they all come from?*
*All the lonely users, why does it take so long?*

Eleanor Rigby
Crashes the system and loses 6 hours of work;
Feels like a jerk.
Guru MacKenzie
Wiping the crumbs off the keys as he types in the code;
Nothing will load.

*All the lonely users, where do they all come from?*
*All the lonely users, why does it take so long?*

# The Day SunOS Died

*Unknown*
*Unknown*
*Words: N.R. "Norm" Lunde, with apologies to Don McLean*

Remember when those guys out West
With their longish hair and paisley vests
Were starting up, straight out of UCB?

They used those Motorola chips
Which at the time were really hip
And looked upon the world through VME.

Their first attempt ran like a pig
But is was the start of something big;
They called the next one the Sun-2
And though they only sold a few
It soon gave birth unto the new
Sun-3 which was their pride
And now they're singing

*"Bye, bye, SunOS 4.1.3!*
*ATT System V has replaced BSD.*
*You can cling to the standards of the industry*
*But only if you pay the right fee –*
*Only if you pay the right fee..."*

The hardware wasn't all they sold.
Their Berkeley port was solid gold
And interfaced with system V, no less!

They implemented all the stuff
That Berkeley thought would be enough
Then added RPC and NFS.

It was a lot of code to cram
Into just four megs of RAM.
The later revs were really cool
With added values like SunTools
But then they took us all for fools
By peddling Solaris...
And they were singing,

*"Bye, bye, SunOS 4.1.3!*
*ATT System V has replaced BSD.*
*You can cling to the standards of the industry*
*But only if you pay the right fee –*
*Only if you pay the right fee..."*

They took a RISC and kindled SPARC.
The difference was like light and dark.
The Sun-4s were the fastest and the best.

The user base was having fun
Installing SunOS 4.1
But what was coming no one could have guessed.

The installed base was sound.
The software did abound.
While all the hackers laughed and played
Already plans were being made
To make the dubious "upgrade"
To Sun's new Solaris...
And Sun was singing,

*"Bye, bye, SunOS 4.1.3!*
*ATT System V has replaced BSD.*
*You can cling to the standards of the industry*
*But only if you pay the right fee –*
*Only if you pay the right fee..."*

The cartridge tapes were first to go
And CDROM's a must, you know
And floppy drives will soon go out the door.

I tried to call and ask them why
But they took away my tty
and left my modem lying on the floor.

While they were on a roll
They moved the damned control.
The Ethernet's now twisted pair.
Which no one uses anywhere.
ISDN is still more rare–
The bandwidth's even less!
But still they're singing

*"Bye, bye, SunOS 4.1.3!*
*ATT System V has replaced BSD.*
*You can cling to the standards of the industry*
*But only if you pay the right fee –*
*Only if you pay the right fee..."*

The worst of all is what they've done
To software that we used to run
Like dbx and even /bin/cc.

Compilers now have license locks
Wrapped up in OpenWindows crocks
We even have to pay for gcc!

The applications broke;
/usr/local went up in smoke.
The features we've depended on
Before too long will all be gone
But Sun, I'm sure, will carry on
Be peddling Solaris,
Forever singing,

*"Bye, bye, SunOS 4.1.3!*
*ATT System V has replaced BSD.*
*You can cling to the standards of the industry*
*But only if you pay the right fee –*
*Only if you pay the right fee..."*

## Boot It!

*Unknown*
*Richard M. Stallman*
*This filk uses the tune of "Beat it".*

When your computer doesn't do what you type,
And half the screen is covered with a big white stripe,
The vendor won't pay any mind to your gripe,
So boot it. Just boot it.

When you discover that a process won't die,
If kill -9 won't work there's nothing else to try.
Your jobs are dead meat, so kiss 'em goodbye
And boot it. 50 hours of work,
Just boot it, boot it.
And if you can't boot it, shoot it!

When you reboot it, work will be lost.
It doesn't matter what this will cost.
Just boot it. Just boot it.
Just boot it. Just boot it.

When all the characters are coming out weird,
And won't come back right even when the screen is cleared.
You can't fix such things by tugging your beard
So boot it. Just boot it.

If your computer still is running Windows,
And every time it crashes your frustration grows.
When the system's not free, you will always be hosed.
Just boot it. Put a GNU system on,
And boot it, boot it.
Or put it in your horn, and toot it!

It doesn't matter what was to blame.
Till you reboot it, your machine's lame.
Just boot it. Just boot it.
Just boot it. Just boot it.

It doesn't matter what you did wrong.
Till you reboot it, your machine's gone.
Just boot it. Just boot it.
Just boot it. Just boot it.

## The C Days of Y2K

*Unknown*
*Unknown*
*as performed at LISA 1999 / Seattle, Washington*

On the first day of Y2K, my server said to me:
It's January, 1970.

On the second day of Y2K, my server said to me:
/var is full, and it's January, 1970.

On the third day of Y2K, my server said to me:
stale file handle, /var is full, and it's January, 1970.

On the fourth day of Y2K, my server said to me:
hme is down, stale file handle, /var is full, and it's January, 1970.

On the fifth day of Y2K, my server said to me:
no route to host... hme is down, stale file handle, /var is full, and it's January, 1970.

On the sixth day of Y2K, my server said to me:
bad magic number, no route to host... hme is down, stale file
handle, /var is full, and it's January, 1970.

On the seventh day of Y2K, my server said to me:
can't open socket, bad magic number, no route to host... hme
is down, stale file handle, /var is full, and it's January, 1970.

On the eighth day of Y2K, my server said to me:
panic! double panic!, can't open socket, bad magic number, no
route to host... hme is down, stale file handle, /var is full, and it's January, 1970.

On the ninth day of Y2K, my server said to me:
can't fork process, panic! double panic!, can't open socket,
bad magic number, no route to host... hme is down, stale file
handle, /var is full, and it's January, 1970.

On the A day of Y2K, my server said to me:
out of ttys, can't fork process, panic! double panic!, can't open socket, bad magic number, no route to host... hme is
down, stale file handle, /var is full, and it's January, 1970.

On the B day of Y2K, my server said to me:
enter system password, out of ttys, can't fork process, panic!
double panic!, can't open socket, bad magic number, no route
to host... hme is down, stale file handle, /var is full, and it's January, 1970.

On the C day of Y2K, my server said to me:
ok
enter system password, out of ttys, can't fork process, panic!
double panic!, can't open socket, bad magic number, no route
to host... hme is down, stale file handle, /var is full, and it's January, 1970.

## What if Dr. Seuss wrote technical manuals?

*Unknown*
*Unknown*
*Words: Unknown*

If a packet hit a pocket on a socket on a port,
And the bus is interrupted as a very last resort,
And the address of the memory makes your floppy disk abort,
Then the socket packet pocket has an error to report.

If your cursor finds a menu item followed by a dash,
And the double-clicking icon puts your window in the trash,
Then your situation's hopeless,
and your system's gonna crash.

If the label on the cable on the table at your house,
Says the network is connected to the button on your mouse,
But your packets want to tunnel on another protocol,
That's repeatedly rejected by the printer down the hall.

If your screen is all distorted by the side effects of gauss,
so your icons in the window are a wavy as a souse,
then you may as well reboot and go out with a bang,
Cause sure as I'm the poet, the sucker's gonna hang.

If the copy of your floppy's getting sloppy on the disk,
And the microcode instructions cause unnecessary risk,
Then you have to flash your memory and you'll want to RAM your ROM,
Quickly turn off the computer and be sure to tell your MOM.

## The GNU Imagine

*Unknown*
*Unknown*
*Words: Unknown*

Imagine there're no firms, it's easy if you try
No Windows around us, above us only sky
Imagine all the people coding for today, ah-ah

Imagine there's no money, it isn't hard to do
Nothing to hide or lie for, and no copyright too
Imagine all the people coding code in peace, you-oo

*You may say I'm a hacker*
*But I'm not the only one*
*I hope someday you'll join us*
*And the world will code as one*

Imagine no possessions, I wonder if you can
No lack for hardware, a brotherhood of man
Imagine all the people sharing all the sources, you-oo

*You may say I'm a hacker*
*But I'm not the only one*
*I hope someday you'll join us*
*And the world will code as one*

## It is free

*Unknown*
*Unknown*
*Music: "Let it Be", The Beatles*

When I find myself in front of Windows,
Father Torvalds comes to me,
Speaking words of Linux, 'It is free!'.
And when hackers crack my system
through some strange NT obscurity,
he gives me the source-code, 'It is free!'.

*It is free, it is free, it is free, it is free.*
*Linux is the answer, and it's free.*

When the broken systems crashes
and blue screens of death I see.
There is one true rescue, and it's free.
For though there may be doubts first
it will sure bring life to your PC
'Cause Linux is the answer, and it is free.

*It is free, it is free, it is free, it is free.*
*You even get the source-code, it is free.*

In the darkest night, when hacking,
Xfree stares right back at me,
Now I've installed Linux, I feel free.
No longer mad with my computer,
No more does it crash on me
Now I've installed Linux, it is free.

*It is free, it is free, it is free, it is free.*
*Open-sourced true power, it is free.*

## I/O

*Unknown*
*Music: "Hi Ho" by the seven dwarves*

I/O, I/O,
We watch the data flow,
We never know where it will go,
I/O, I/O, I/O,

... To IBM we go.
Command reject and then recheck, ...

... This teletype's too slow.
If you need more speed, get a CRT ...

... it's fun to hack, you know.
It's nice to be, under DDT ...

... It's off the bus we go.
No better place than an interface ...

... To hack the VAX we go.
We'll first dump core, and then run more ...

... To hack the VAX we go.
We use EMACS, since we're true hacks ...

... To hack the VAX we go.
We run cc, Then adb ...

.. To hack the VAX we go.
We eat our lunch, ss programs munch ..

.. To hack the VAX we go.
Programs we try, then run vi ..

... To hack the VAX we go.
Lets adb UUCP ...

... To hack the VAX we go.
We'll patch the stack, and then jump back ...

... To hack the VAX we go.
We'll have a Coke, and trap alloc() ...

... To hack the VAX we go.
We'll user-load new microcode ...

... To hack the VAX we go.
This code's a kludge, its much too huge ...

... To hack the VAX we go.
Kill peon's procs, they're eating ops ...

... To hack the VAX we go.
I/O, I/O!

## Not a boolean

*Unknown*
*Unknown*
*Music: "Blowing in the wind"*

How many code must a man type in
Before you can call him a man?
How many C must a compiler process
Before it can sleep in the RAM?
How many times must MS-DOS crash
Before it is forever banned?

*The answer, my friend*
*is not a boolean*
*The answer is not a boolean*

How many times must a man read his source
Before he can see what is wrong?
How many memory must his system have
Before he can use 'unsigned long'?
How many errors will it take till he knows
That there's still some work to be done?

chorus

How many years can a program exist
Before it's erased from drive C:\backslash
How many years must known bugs exist
Before you get an update for free?
How many times can a drive move its head
And pretend there's no data to read?

chorus

## Nodepekerlistevisa for Pascal

*Unknown*
*Geir Sporaland*
*Words: Geir Sporaland, Music: "Pepperkakebakevisa" av*
*Torbjørn Egner*

Når en listepekernode
peker bort, så peker hodet
på en port som peker videre hvis lærer'n får det til.
Og mens snørr og tårer renner
og lærer'n skjærer tenner
tar han frem en neve pekere og sender dem til Nil.
[Nil er det samme som ingenting]
[Lærer: Ja, jeg veit det!]

Og mens pekerne blir flere,
og vi strever mer og mere,
og q^.neste^.forrige^.neste^.node hopper over p
tryller lærer'n frem en node
med et firedobbelt hode [et firedobbelt hode?]
og så rører han alt sammen ned i roten på et tre.
[Et tre er det samme som en binær liste]
[Lærer: Jøss, det visste jeg ikke!]

Og med listehodets neste
er det første vi må teste
om den største postens nodepekerliste er blitt full.
Men så skjærer seg det meste,
det kan hende selv den beste,
at maskinen løper løpsk og hele greia blir no' tull.
[Og lærer'n er et null]

Peker k og peker l
forsvinner begge med et smell
idet vår datalærer kaster dem i gulvet med et brak.
Og da gjenstår kun en liste-
peker^.nodepeker^.siste,
og den stabler vi omhyggelig på toppen av en stakk.
[En stakk er det samme som en stabel.]
[Lærer: Ja, en stabel tallerkner pleier nå jeg si]

## Addicted To vi

*Unknown*
*Tune: Unknown, with apologies to Robert Palmer*

You press the keys with no effect,
Your mode is not correct.
The screen blurs, your fingers shake;
You forgot to press escape.
Can't insert, can't delete,
Cursor keys won't repeat.
You try to quit, but can't leave,
An extra "bang" is all you need.

*You think it's neat to type an "a" or an "i"–*
*Oh yeah?*
*You won't look at emacs, no you'd just rather die*
*You know you're gonna have to face it;*
*You're addicted to vi!*

You edit files one at a time;
That doesn't seem too out of line?
You don't think of keys to bind–
A meta key would blow your mind.
H, J, K, L? You're not annoyed?
Expressions must be a Joy!
Just press "f", or is it "t"?
Maybe "n", or just "g"?

*Oh–You think it's neat to type an "a" or an "i"–*
*Oh yeah?*
*You won't look at emacs, no you'd just rather die*
*You know you're gonna have to face it;*
*You're addicted to vi!*
*Might as well face it,*
*You're addicted to vi!*

You press the keys without effect,
Your life is now a wreck.
What a waste! Such a shame!
And all you have is vi to blame.

*Oh–You think it's neat to type an "a" or an "i"–*
*Oh yeah?*
*You won't look at emacs, no you'd just rather die*
*You know you're gonna have to face it;*
*You're addicted to vi!*
*Might as well face it,*
*You're addicted to vi!*

## Ain’t no chatting

*Unknown*
*Joachim Breitner*
*Bill Withers, Ain’t no sunshine*

Ain’t no chatting when it’s down
I’m not on when it turns off
Ain’t not chatting when it’s down
And it’s always down so long
Anytime it goes off line

Wonder this time why it’s down
Wonder if they’ll get it fixed
Ain’t no chatting when it’s down
And the net just can’t reach home
Anytime it goes off line

And I wait, I wait, I wait, I wait, I wait,
I wait, I wait, I wait, I wait, I wait, I wait,
I wait, I wait, I wait, I wait, I wait, I wait,
I wait, I wait, I wait, I wait, I wait, I wait,
I wait, I wait, I wait

(Hey, I ought to call them on the phone)
Since I’m not chatting when it’s down
Ain’t no chatting when it’s down
Only fan noise all the day
Ain’t no chatting when it’s down
And the net just can’t reach home
Anytime it goes off line
Anytime it goes off line
Anytime it goes off line
Anytime it goes off line
Anytime it goes off line

## Another year at university

*Unknown*
*Joachim Breitner*
*Phil Collins, Another day in paradise*

She looks up from her math exam sheet
"Oh, I can’t help me!
I have expectations to meet,
No solutions come to me!"

My neighbor, doesn’t look up
He’s prepared, I can see that
Starts to whistle as he’s done with the test
Seems quite happy he’s made it

*Oh think twice, it’s another year for you at university*
*Oh think twice, it’s just another year for you, you at university*

*Think about it!*

Still no help with her math exam sheet
You can see she’s been crying
She was learning for a month without sleep
She forgot but she’s trying.

*Oh think twice, it’s another year for you at university*
*Oh think twice, it’s just another year for you, you at university*

*Think about it!*

"Oh lord, is there nothing left that I can recall
Oh lord, there must be some hint you can say"

You can tell from the lines on her test
They are blank, nothing on there
Probably her mind had not had enough rest
When she stuffed the math in there

*Oh think twice, it’s another year for you at university*
*Oh think twice, it’s just another year for you, you at university*

*Just think about it!*
*Think about it!*

*It’s another year for you at university*
*It’s another year for you at university*

## College Teacher

*Unknown*
*Joachim Breitner*
*Tina Turner, Private Dancer*

Well the kids come in these places
And the kids are all the same
You don't look at their faces
And you don't ask their names
You don't think of them as human
You don't think of them at all
You keep your mind on your research
Keeping your eye on the board

*I'm your college teacher*
*A teacher for livetime*
*Teaching is what I have to do*
*I'm your college teacher*
*A teacher for livetime*
*Any any old matter will do*

I want to make a great invention
I want my papers be cited
Hold my own chair and some postgrads
Yeah I guess I'm a reasearcher
All the kids come in these places
And the kids are all the same
You don't look at their faces
And you don't ask their names

*Chorus (twice)*

A student's final year's project – oh please no more
Let me ask you just one question
Tell me do you think I care about the students in here

*Chorus (twice and fade out)*

## I'll be blogging it

*Unknown*
*Joachim Breitner*
*The police, Every Breath You Take*

Every food I take
Every noise I make
Every car I break
Every lie I stake
I'll be blogging it

Every single day
Every word I say
Every game I play
Every cent I pay
Ill be blogging it

*Oh can't you read*
*What's on my feed*
*How my weblog grows*
*As the net time flows*

Every meme I take
Every cake I bake
Every noise I make
Every track back fake
I'll be blogging it

Since I blog I never live without a trace
I type at night I will win the weblog race
I look real nice but just on my planet face
I feel so hyped and as long as that's the case
I keep blogging today today please...

*Oh can't you read*
*What's on my feed*
*How my weblog grows*
*As the net time flows*

Every food I take
Every lawn I rake
Every cake I bake
Every car I break
I'll be blogging it

Every swim I lake
Every song I make
I'll be blogging it

I'll be blogging it
I'll be blogging it
I'll be blogging it
I'll be blogging it

# e-Mail

*Unknown*
*Joachim Breitner*
*Uriah Heep, Free Me*

e-mail, e-mail
Why don't just e-mail
e-mail to the world
Type it and e-mail
Why don't just e-mail
Type it and e-mail
e-mail to the world

Why should I worry
Where my cell phone I did put
It's not the only way
That I contact home
You talk so shrilly
I like to hear you not
So why should I pick up the phone

As far as I can tell
You write so well
I think always
At the end of the lett'r
You could have said it
And I would get it
Though mailing is
Always better

At first, stupid flamer
I'll never gonna miss your mail
But sooner or later
I'll put you on my kill file
And won't tell you 'bout it!

*e-mail*
*Type it and e-mail*
*Why don't just e-mail*
*e-mail to the world*
*It's easy: e-mail*
*Why don't just e-mail*
*Type it and e-mail*
*e-mail to the world*

We love to read the spam
We love to pass it on
Though you tried to
Filter all of it out
But with all my skill
Your folder will fill
So tomorrow it'll be floating out
All saying:

At first, stupid flamer
I'll never gonna miss your mail
But sooner or later
I'll put you on my spam list
And won't tell you, fool!

*e-mail*
*Type it and e-mail*
*Why don't just e-mail*
*e-mail to the world*
*Type it and e-mail*
*I'm on the net, fool,*
*e-mail*
*Why don't you e-mail*
*e-mail to the world*

Just try it: e-mail
Why don't just e-mail
Type it and e-mail
e-mail to the world

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