



# 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 <sup>1</sup> and <sup>2</sup>.

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 <sup>3</sup>. 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.

Petter Reinholdtsen <pere@hungry.com>.

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 maniac  
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 committers 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 committers 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 committers 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 nineteen ninety one  
Man didn't know about no linux source code  
And all that's 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  
It's 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 flammers 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 Threeeeeees

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 ( $\rho$ ) is an important operator in the APL  
programming language.*

$\rho$ ,  $\rho$ ,  $\rho$  of X.  
Always equals 1.  
 $\rho$  is dimension;  $\rho \rho$ , 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](http://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 Iliad  
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 spamhouses 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 it 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<sup>^</sup>.neste<sup>^</sup>.forrige<sup>^</sup>.neste<sup>^</sup>.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<sup>^</sup>.nodepeker<sup>^</sup>.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 no 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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