The Songs of B. B. Twing

♪	***"The Night They Pared Old Apple Down"***
♪	***"A Yuppie Again"***
♪	***"Synapse is Sick"***
♪	***"Sixteen Lines"***
♪	***"Let's Hack!"***
♪	***"The Rocket Ass Blues"***
♪	***"Spread-Sheet Blues"***

♪	**_"I Heard it Through Our Grapevine"_**
♪	**_"Management is Picking Their List"_**
♪	**_"The Work Song of the Limey Bird"_**

The Night They Pared Old Apple Down
by B. B. Twing

To the Tune of "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down" by the Band
Also Performed by Joan Baez

Stephen Jobs is is my name and Apple's my claim to fame.
'Til John Sculley I hired and started a corporate game.
'Twas the summer of '85.
The market dwindled, we were barely alive.
And then, that scum, he made his move;
He took away our fruit juice and masseus!

 The night they pared old Apple down
And all the stocks were stinging!
The night they pared old Apple down
I heard old Wozniak singing – he said:
Nyah-nyah nyah-nyah-nyah-nyah nyah!
Nyah-nyah nyah-nyah nyah-nyah-nyah-nyah-nyah nyah!

Apple III, well it was a bomb, and they pinned the blame on
me.
So I started the Macintosh group, hoping to set us free.
But I blew it, I forgot a hard disk!
And the XT, much business did whisk.
Sculley hit me when I was down:
He treated me just like a circus clown!

The night they pared old Apple down
And all the stocks were stinging!
The night they pared old Apple down
I heard old Wozniak singing – he said:
Nyah-nyah nyah-nyah-nyah-nyah nyah!
Nyah-nyah nyah-nyah nyah-nyah-nyah-nyah-nyah nyah!

 Like J. Paul Getty before me, I am a millionaire.
And like Mark Leslie before me, a CEO they can spare.
Who needs this computer shit?
Let the whole world blow itself to bits!
I've spent my time in the Silicon Mire,
With a hundred and fifty million, I can retire.

The night they pared old Apple down
And all the stocks were stinging!
The night they pared old Apple down
I heard old Wozniak singing – he said:
Nyah-nyah nyah-nyah-nyah-nyah nyah!
Nyah-nyah nyah-nyah nyah-nyah-nyah-nyah-nyah nyah!

A Yuppie Again

by B. B. Twing

To the Tune of "Together Again" by Buck Owens

A Yuppie again!
I'm back with my friends.
I've missed all the Porsches
And Mercedes Benzs.
They've given me leave
From Agnews this week.
And nothing else matters.
I'm a Yuppie again.

A Yuppie again!
I, me, mine and my friends'.
Hop into the hot tub,
But don't get the bends.
Wine coolers will flow
In Cupertino.
I'm back in the moolah.
I'm a Yuppie again.

(Musical Interlude)

A Yuppie again!
And working 'til ten.
This start-up's a shoe-in.
My life savings I'll spend
On stocks that will soar.
Twenty, thirty, or more.
I'm living the good life
As a Yuppie again.

A Yuppie life's fine.
I'll snort one more line.
A little won't matter ...
... wait, I think I'm dyin'!
But, God, don't You see?
I was cool as could be.
Now I'm hot forever,

But a Yuppie again!
Yes, I'm hot forever,
But a Yuppie again!

Synapse is Sick

by B. B. Twing

To the Tune of "Seventy-Six Trombones" by Meredith Wilson
(Yet Another Iowan Who Done Good)

"Synapse is sick, not dead," said the Venture guy.
"With a-hundred-and-ten more bucks, it will mend.
We must pile on dough and dough so the place can finally go -
Oh, for sure, we'll know by this week-end."

"Synapse is sick, not dead," said the IRS,
"It's a-hundred-and-ten percent chance to merge
With the wonderful star-wars folks at our Federal Data Corp.
By the end of this month, you'll hear word."

So they waited and they waited at old Buckeye Court.
Wondering, wondering what would be their fate.
Twiddling thumbs, they each sat behind small green tubes -
Each green tube having big lips displayed.

So the weeks and months and years and eons all have passed.
Still they wait, still they wait, hoping for good news.
Some are now in wheel chairs, and all of them have got white hair.
And they all sit around and sing the blues.

- Musical Interlude -

(Imagine you're back in high school marching band. There you are, out on the football field on this crisp October evening, forming a large "S" on the 50 yard line as the drummers mete out the cadence. Look into the stands. There's your aunt Edith. You know, the one who drinks too much beer. And there's uncle Glen wearing his "ZOOM" glasses. No wonder aunt Edith drinks too much beer. Can you smell the popcorn? As soon as half-time is over, you're going to go buy a bag, and a caramel apple. Listen to the cheerleaders. Give me an "S"! Give me a "Y"! Give me an "N"! Give me an "A"! Give me a "P"! Give me an "E"! What's that spell? What's that spell? What's that spell? No, it doesn't spell SYNAPSE. It spells SYNAPE, you idiot!)

- End Musical Interlude -

"Synapse is dead, not sick," was the final cry.
And a-hundred-and-ten ex-grunts shed a tear.
And we will all fill our space at the unemployment place,

And collect it, collect it, collect it, collect it,
Collect it for the next half-year.

Sixteen Lines

by B. B. Twing

To the Tune of "Sixteen Tons"

Ames Research says a man is made out of mud.
I say a man is muscle and blood:
Muscle and blood and skin and bones,
A back that's shot and a mind that's blown.

You code sixteen lines - all in hex.
Another test added and no bugs yet.
But, St. Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go.
I got a bug in CRT_SCROLL.

Well, these bugs in assembler are a-makin' me dance.
I BSRed when I should have BRAnched.
Then when I BRAnched, I pushed the regs
And cracked the stack like a soft boiled egg.

You code sixteen lines - all in hex.
Another test added and no bugs yet.
But, St. Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go.
I got a bug in CRT_SCROLL.

Well the bus errors that I'm getting are a-makin' me crawl.
This things gets bus errors for no reason at all.
It sees a bird sitting in a tree
And bus errors off to OH-FOX-DEE.

You code sixteen lines - all in hex.
Another test added and no bugs yet.
But, St. Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go.
I got a bug in CRT_SCROLL.

Let's Hack

by B. B. Twing

Well, the modem has been enabled,
And the fingers on the keys
Are waiting to hack the network
And bring it to its knees.

So let's hack!
Come on baby and hack!
Ah, let's hack!
Hack the network all night long!

Well, the dial simulator
Is beeping out a tune.
It's found its thousandth system
Since the 21st of June.

Hack, hack!
Come on baby and hack!
Let's hack!
Hack the system all night long!

Well I got into a system,
The FBI got wise.
And now to go on interviews
I wear a fake disguise.

I hacked!
Come on baby and hack!
Let's hack!
Hack the phone lines all night long!

Well, I died and went to heaven,
And at the Pearly Gates,
Saint Peter came and said to me,
"There's been a big mistake!"

"You hacked!
You should not have done so.

We'll let you by this time -
Up here you won't go hackin' no mo!
No mo! No mo! No mo!
No mo! No mo! No mo!
Ohhhhhhhh, yeahhhhhhhh!"

The Rocket Ass Blues

by B. B. Twing

Well I went to the company doctor.
He looked at me and cried,
"Boy you got these cinder holes
Coming out your sides!
Oh no!
You got the rocket ass blues!
O Lord, have mercy!
You got the rocket ass blues!"

I went to the job fair in secret
And landed me a job.
I'll build the whole department
And become an unbearable snob.
Oh no!
I got the rocket ass blues!
I don't know just how I got 'em.
I got the rocket ass blues!

Musical Interlude

Some people are prima donnas.
I leave them way behind.
They only see my vapor trails
And flames that leave them blind.
Oh yeah!
I got the rocket ass blues!
Watch out for my exhaust blast!
I got the rocket ass blues!

My friends all think I'm crazy.
My spouse thinks I'm insane.
They just don't know how good I am
At playing rocket games.
Oh yeah!
I got the rocket ass blues!
They give me rocket ass fever.
Those low down rocket ass blues!

Now I'm working 30 hours.

Get paid for twice as long.
And if you try to stop me,
I'll sing my rocket ass song.
Hey you!
Find a cage in a zoo!
You'll never be as good as I am...
I got the rocket ass blues!
Blues! Blues! Blues!
Those low down, depressing and very mind messing
Rocket ass blues!

Spread-Sheet Blues

by B. B. Twing

Well, my woman's gonna leave me,
Gonna walk right out that door.
I said, my woman's gonna leave me,
Gonna walk right out that door.
Well I showed her a budget spread-sheet,
And she don't love me no more.

Well, I calculated our budget,
It is a cryin' shame.
Oh yeah, I calculated our budget,
It is a cryin' shame.
Now the debits and the credits,
Just don't work out quite the same.

Oh no! Projection after projection,
This is a hopeless mess.
Well, projection after projection,
This is a hopeless mess.
If I can get this thing to balance,
I'm gonna run for Con-gress.

Well, I'm packin' up the software,
I'll take it back to the store.
Yes, I'm packin' up the software,
I'll take it back to the store.
Old Toys-R-Us can have it,
I do not want it no more.

And now my woman's come back to me,
Come back and gave me a kiss.
Yes my woman came back to me,
And she gave me a kiss.
And now as far as our budget -
Well, ignorance, it is bliss.

Bee yatta dee yatta dee yatta dee yatta dee yat - doo wah!

I Heard it Through Our Grapevine

by B. B. Twing

To the Tune of "I Heard it Through the Grapevine"

We-ell it's not a rumor anymore,
Someone's been shoppin' at our 'puter store
Wi-ith the bridge finance we all do crave.
No friends, we won't be going to our grave.

You see, I found out yesterday,
When Elliott gave it all away.
Oh yeah, I heard it through our grapevine
That we won't stand in unemployment lines.
Oh yes, I heard it through our grapevine
And we all can just stop losing our minds.
Honey, Honey, yeah!

We-ell the Merc'ry News said we would sink.
Now we'll show them that they're the ones who stink.
O-oh how they tried to make us look like fools,
All the while pushing the High Tech Zoo.

You see, I found out yesterday,
When Elliott gave it all away.
Oh yeah, I heard it through our grapevine
That we won't stand in unemployment lines.
Oh yes, I heard it through our grapevine
And we all can just stop losing our minds.
Honey, Honey, yeah!

We-ell my mom worked for Big Apple when
World War II was taking all the men.
Bu-ut Big Apple is okay by me -
I-I'll be working there through World War III.

You see, I found out yesterday,
When Elliott gave it all away.
Oh yeah, I heard it through our grapevine
That we won't stand in unemployment lines.

Oh yes, I heard it through our grapevine
And we all can just stop losing our minds.
Honey, Honey, yeah!

Management is Picking Their List

by B. B. Twing

To the Tune of "Santa Claus is Coming to Town"

Oh, you better not gripe.
You better not cry.
You better not shout.
I'm telling you why:
Management is picking their list.

Get ready to move.
It will not be long.
The Baker-Hughes Boys
Are singing this song:
Management is picking their list.

Does it matter who's important?
Does it matter who does work?
Does it matter if you've been here years?
In their eyes you're just a jerk.

Oh, you better not gripe.
You better not cry.
You better not shout.
I'm telling you why:
Management is picking their list.

The Work Song of the Limey Bird

by B. B. Twing

Back to the cubicle
Red, white, and blue geek!
If you don't, then I'll whistle.
If you do, then I'll sleep.
Hoo hoo!
Hoo hoo!
I'm a prim and proper gent.
Hoo hoo!
Hoo hoo!
All jesting gets me bent.

Now away to your cubicle,
Let me hear no more talk
Of freedom,
Of liberty --
Let me stand here and gawk.
Hoo hoo!
Hoo hoo!
The limey bird sings.
Hoo hoo!
Hoo hoo!
The limey bird's wings
Will take you away
To his nest on the heights.
Hoo hoo!
Hoo hoo!
Limey bird says, "Good night!"