BILL LAUBENHEIMER'S SONGS

picture from Leprecon 32 website
May 5-7, 2006

edited by Lee Gold
lee.gold@ca.rr.com
leeway@labcats.org

Table of Contents

AT THE CON AGAIN
by Carole Parker and Bill Laubenheimer, June 2020
to the tune of "On The Road Again" by Willie Nelson

At the con again
I just can't wait to get to the con again
To join a circle makin' music with my friends
And I can't wait to get to the con again

At the con again
Goin' places that have filk and fen
Singin' songs that I wrote and want to sing again
And I can't wait to get to the con again

    At the con again
    Like a band of filkers, we do verses my way
    Jammin' with my friends
    Insisting that the room keep tunin' our way
    And our way is at the con again
    I just can't wait to get to the con again
    To join a circle makin' music with my friends
    And I can't wait to get to the con again

    (Instrumental)

    At the con again
    Like a band of filkers, we do verses my way
    Jammin' with my friends
    Insisting that the room keep tunin' our way
    And our way is at the con again
    I just can't wait to get to the con again
    To join a circle makin' music with my friends
    And I can't wait to get to the con again
        And I can't wait to get to the con again

AT THE ZOOM AGAIN
by Carole Parker and Bill Laubenheimer December 2020
to the tune of "On The Road Again" by Willie Nelson

At the Zoom again
I just can't wait to get to the Zoom again
To join a meeting hearin' music of my friends
And I can't wait to get to the Zoom again

At the Zoom again
Joinin' a room that has filk and fen
Singing songs that I wrote and want to sing again
And I can't wait to get to the Zoom again

At the Zoom again
With no band of filkers to do verses my way
Singin' for my friends
And hoping that another turn comes my way
And my way is at the Zoom again
      I just can't wait to get to the Zoom again

To join a meeting hearin' music of my friends
And I can't wait to get to the Zoom again
(And I can't wait to get to the Zoom again)

Instrumental

At the Zoom again
With no band of filkers to do verses my way
Singin' for my friends
And hoping that another turn comes my way

And my way is at the Zoom again
I just can't wait to get to the Zoom again
To join a meeting hearin' music of my friends
And I can't wait to get to the Zoom again
      And I can't wait to get to the Zoom again

BANGERS AND MASH
by Bill Laubenheimer
to the tune of "Flatten the Grass" by Cat Faber

Although there are plenty of foods I don't mind,
I won't eat potatoes, no matter what kind.
I went to a pub to get something to eat,
And I told the waitress to bring me a treat.
She said, "If on our best food you would dine,
The bangers and mash are especially fine."
They brought me a dish I would certainly hate --
Potatoes and sausages covered my plate.

       Bangers and mash, bangers and mash,
       I just can't stomach this horrible trash.
       Bangers and mash, bangers and mash,
       Why are you serving me bangers and mash?

I told her there was no way this mess would do,
And bade her exchange it for something else new.
She said, "Fish and chips might be something you'd prize."
The plate was half filled with a pile of french fries.
I asked, "Is there something else I could try?"
She said she would bring me a fine shepherd's pie.
The bottom was fine, with meat, gravy and peas,
The paste of vile tubers on top did not please.

    [Chorus]

The pasties, colcannon, and "bubble and squeak"
Ensured that my prospects for food remained bleak
Whatever I ordered, in each dish I found
That ugly brown lump that comes out of the ground.
Soon, I'd exhausted their whole bill of fare;
That glut of potatoes drove me to despair.
This British cuisine gives me such little cheer,
The next time I visit, I'll stick to the beer.

    [Chorus]

BID PARTY
by Bill Laubenheimer, Copyright 2002
to the tune of "Man of La Mancha", inspired by Bob Kanefsky's "Let the Man Sing" (in Xeno #21)
[Written during a bid party at ConJose. Some of the events actually happened; others are mild exaggerations, and some are complete fabrications.]

It's a bit after noon, we have rented a room
At a perfectly ruinous price.
At a quarter past four, there's a knock at the door
And a man brings six huge bags of ice,
So we fill up the bathtub, the sink and a cooler
With water and soda and beer,
And we lay out the crackers, the chips and the cookies.
Now where are the flyers? Oh dear!
  My fingers are blue and quite numb --
  Have pity, and let the guests come!

It's five minutes to eight, we will soon know our fate
As we anxiously wait for the crowd.
They come in from outside, there is nowhere to hide,
It appears to be getting quite loud.
And they fill up the entry, the bedroom, the bathroom,
The chairs and the couch and the bed;
Now this special occasion feels like an invasion --
You're sure we aren't over our head?
  They're starting to sit on the floor --
  Have pity, don't send many more!

It is twenty past ten as I go once again
To refill all the trays and the tub,
But the ravening horde just will not be ignored,
And I'm glad we brought plenty of grub:
There are medieval ladies and demons from Hades;
A vampire gives Frodo a fright;
There are Klingon attackers, elves, space scouts and hackers --
Oh, what a wonderful sight!
  Now everyone's finding a friend --
  Have pity, don't let the night end!

It is now three A.M., and the last diehard fen
Have just exited back to the hall,
And that putrid green stain will be hard to explain
When they notice it high on the wall:
We were standing for hours, banked thirty-five dollars,
And most of the goodies are gone;
The trash can's overflowing, so why are we going
To do it all over next con?
  Before we collapse in a heap,
  Have pity, and let the hosts sleep!

BOB'S SITREP
by Bill Laubenheimer
to the tune of "Secret Agent Man" by Steve Barri and P.F. Sloan

There's a civil servant who's in danger.
With every file he sees, his job gets stranger,
      And soon he'll have to race
      To one more alien place,
So our universe won't end tomorrow.

      Laundry I-T man, Laundry I-T man,
      They've given you a cubicle, and firewalled your brain.

Eldritch horrors threaten humankind.
A friendly face can hide a hostile mind
      Summoned from the quantum foam
      To make the Earth its home --
Hope our universe won't end tomorrow

      [Chorus]
       [Instrumental verse]
      [Chorus]

Cooped up in a London office one day,
And then dashing 'cross an airless planet next day
      To spoil an H-bomb's blast.
      Better think of something fast,
So our universe won't end tomorrow

      [Chorus x2]

==

BANNED BOOKS WEEK — verse
by Bill Laubenheimer
to the tune of "Macnamara's Band"

My name is Winston Smith, and I'm a member of the banned,
Rewriting history each day at government command.
But my country thinks reprogramming its people would be grand,
And that's why *Nineteen Eighty-Four*'s a member of the banned.

Background: *Nineteen Eighty-Four* was almost universally suppressed behind the Iron Curtain from its publication in 1949 through the advent of perestroika. It is still banned in North Korea (which continues to practice thought control and "re-education" on its people), and, although not officially banned in Cuba, is effectively unavailable there. It was also banned for a while in Ontario, Canada, and has been occasionally challenged at various school districts in the United States.

BUILDING JACOB'S LADDER

by Bill Laubenheimer and Carole Parker
to the tune of "Jacob's Ladder"

"A Time Exposure of a Jacob's Ladder": must credit hughmitton.com.
An electrical arc rises between two wires.

We are building Jacob's ladder (3X)
    'Cause it's really cool

First you get a big transformer (3X)
    'Cause it's really cool

Hook it to a pair of wires (3X)
    'Cause it's really cool

Make the wires a skinny "V" shape (3X)
    'Cause it's really cool

Have a small gap at the bottom (3X)
    'Cause it's really cool

Plug it in and keep your distance (3X)
    'Cause it's really cool

Watch the arc go higher, higher (3X)
    'Cause it's really cool

What's it for? There's just one reason (3X)
    'Cause it's really cool

Bill Laubenheimer writes: Just got back from a fun weekend at Conflikt. This year's songwriting contest featured the theme "Red", which one's entry was supposed to feature. What I wrote appears to have been good enough to warrant sharing, so here you go:

CREATIVE WRITING LESSON
by Bill Laubenheimer
to the tune of "The Marvelous Toy" by Tom Paxton

When I was a writer starting out, the postman brought to me
My manuscript from *Asimov's*; it filled me full of glee.
A horror to behold it was, its pages bleeding red,
And I flashed right back to a writing class that had filled me full of dread.

Chorus: And I cringed from the page, and cursed at their marks,
            And raged at their minds, but then,
            I didn't expect that I'd respect
            The editor's crimson pen.

But rejection letters had been my lot, so I thought I'd better look
And tally all the damage my beloved story took.
With carets, hooks, and curlicues adorning every page,
It seems it must have suffered a demented slasher's rage.

     [Chorus]

As I read bravely onward, my resolve became quite strong.
There was just one way I could truly say their comments were all wrong.
I fixed the typos, awkward phrasing, punctuation, too;
The it's-its and the to-toos were the next things I worked through.

     [Chorus]

I installed a new word order, and moved on without a pause
To the run-on phrases, passive voice, and a fine subjunctive clause.
Yes, I cleaned all the bloody spots, though it hurt my pride a lot,
And I held scant hope for the envelope as I dropped it through the slot.

     [Chorus]

Well, that's the last I ever saw of my precious manuscript.
Kept my fingers crossed that it not be lost on its long cross-country trip.
It seems it reached the publisher's desk, though I can't tell you how.
They did not reject -- no, they sent a check -- I'm a published author now.

     [Chorus]

FANTASY HOME
by Bill Laubenheimer
to the tune of "Wings", by Cat Faber

Surfing through channels for something to see,
I find a program on HGTV
Showing a mansion in White Sulphur Springs,
Where out in the back, there are wings.

Huge walk-in closets with ten ranks of shelves,
Soundproofed home theaters they have to themselves,
Four-poster king beds with cushy box springs,
And out in the back, there are wings.

> Cupboards are full of gourmet cookware,
> Library's large, but not one book there,
> Pillows hold softest down and feather,
> Sofas wear dark and gleaming leather --

Counters of granite and stainless-steel sinks,
Fixtures of gold, marble wet bar for drinks,
Where is the space to put all of these things?
Out in the back, there are wings.

> Sheer walls of glass and vaulted ceilings,
> Cavernous rooms that leave me reeling,
> This is a stately pleasure dome here,
> Why does it feel like no one's home here?

How could I live in a home so extreme?
How to afford it: a confidence scheme?
That is a castle more suited to kings;
Out in the back, there are wings.

> Fine formal gardens filled with fountains,
> Country estates on top of mountains,
> These houses were planned to excite me --
> Why do so few of them delight me?

Oh, how I wish there was some way to tell
Where I am now in this floor plan from hell!
Lost in a labyrinth, longing for string,
Out in the back, in the wings.

I wrote this in 2007, when BayCon was held at the San Mateo "Escher" Marriott (formerly the Dunfey). You may remember it -- the second floor of function space was connected to the third floor of lodging, and some of the "second floor" function rooms were on the second lodging floor and a real challenge to reach from the main function space. And yes, the lodging space had wings. The last verse I originally wrote started:

> Soon we arrive at the Baycon hotel.
> Where are we now in this floor plan from hell?

FASHION VICTIM
by Bill Laubenheimer
to the tune of "The Queen of Argyll" by Andy Stewart


```
          Am          Em            Am        Em
There's some clothing I should mention, which has come to my attention
          Am        Em        G           C
Where the pattern of its weaving has me thoroughly beguiled.
          Am        Em      Am          Em
Now my desire for its possession has turned into obsession,
        Am            Em          C    G   Am
And no words can speak my yearning for the sweater of argyle.
```


```
              Am          Em          Am            Em        (G)
     Chorus:  And once I had been shown it, boys, I swore that I would own it,
                Am      Em        G         C
              The pinnacle of fashion, the epitome of style.
                  Am      Em      Am                Em
              Seventh Avenue designers have declared there's nothing finer,
                  Am              Em        C    G   Am
              That no clothes can match the beauty of a sweater of argyle.
```


Every now and then I ponder why one day I chanced to wander
Through a part of my fair city known by those who set the style,
Being a place where those whose passions run to matters of high fashion,
But which paled beside my longing for the sweater of argyle.

     Chorus

Now, lads, I won't compel you, but I know that I should tell you
Why I seem to be unwell. You haven't lately seen me smile,
But my demeanor would be sunny were I not so short of money,
For my pocketbook's in danger from that sweater of argyle.

     Chorus x 2

FLYING CAR
by Bill Laubenheimer
to the tune of "Mercedes Benz" by Janis Joplin

      At a Saturday concert at Consonance, one of the guests (Carl Thiel?) mentioned that he had written a song about prayer despite not being religious himself. Shortly thereafter, this wound up on paper. I sang it in circle that evening.

Oh Ghu, won't you buy me my own flying car.
My friends think ground transport is way below par.
The highway to work is too bumpy and far,
So Ghu, won't you buy me my own flying car.

Oh Ghu, won't you buy me a new robot maid.
'Cause cyber-housecleaners don't have to be paid.
Its brooms, mops and vacuums don't make me afraid,
So Ghu, won't you buy me a new robot maid.

Oh Ghu, won't you buy me a trip to the Moon.
Please show me mercy, and grant me this boon.
My heartbeat's unsteady, I've got to go soon,
So Ghu, won't you buy me a trip to the Moon.

==

GO FOR LIFTOFF (as modified in #195)
by Carole Parker and Bill Laubenheimer
to the tune of "Michael Row Your Boat Ashore". Wikipedia says this song is an African-American spiritual first noted during the American Civil War at St. Helena Island, one of the Sea Islands of South Carolina.

NASA, send our ships to space
     Go for liftoff!
NASA, send our ships to space
     Go for liftoff!

Captain, trim the solar sail
     Go for liftoff!
Captain, trim the solar sail
     Go for liftoff!

Outer space is dark and cold
     Go for liftoff!
Chills the body but not the soul
     Go for liftoff!

Milky Way is starry and vast
     Go for liftoff!
Journey's long but we're going fast
     Go for liftoff!

Starship dream is ready to fly
     Go for liftoff!
Keep on singing, so our dream never die
     Go for liftoff!

THE GOLEM SONG
by Bill Laubenheimer
to the tune of "The Dreidel Song" (traditional children's song)

I have a little golem.
I made it out of clay,
And I know how to get it
To do just what I say.

       O golem, golem, golem,
       I made it out of clay.
       I've written on its forehead --
       It serves me all the day.

It has a stocky body
With legs so strong and stout.
When folks come in to harm us,
It drives them right back out.

       Chorus

The rabbi sternly warned me,
"This law you must not test.
Six days for you it labors,
The Sabbath it must rest."

       Chorus

One Sabbath I neglected
To wipe its forehead clean.
It would no longer heed me.
Its face grew vile and mean.

       O golem, golem, golem,
       I made you out of clay.
       I've written on your forehead --
       Please work for me today.

Its will I could not harness.
Its works I could not trust.
So I erased its forehead --
It crumbled into dust.

       O golem, golem, golem,
       I made it out of clay.
       When I erased its forehead,
       It turned to dust that day.

IN APPRECIATION
by Bill Laubenheimer
to the tune of "We Sail the Ocean Blue" from *HMS Pinafore*, by Sir Arthur Sullivan

      On the morning when a revival of *HMS Trek-A-Star* by Karen Anderson was to be staged at LACon IV, I finally had a bit of time to think about the people who had signed up to perform. Both in singing ability and dedication, they were quite the crew, and deserved the sincerest form of thanks a filker can offer others. This song, which I was able to premiere at the conclusion of the production, is the result.

Nearly forty years ago, filkers sang at a convention,
Of a well-known TV show that was ripe for their attention.
     Then at LACon IV*, they'd attempt it once more,   (* pronounced "L-A-Con Four")
     For the show was still loved by fen.
     And they searched high and low for a filker who'd go
     To a place shunned by wiser men.

     Hey, Bill! Hey, Bill!
          The music now is good.
     Hey, Bill! Hey, Bill!
          Direct it if you would.
     So my work had now--
          Had now just begun --

And we held a casting call, for on singers we depended.
Trufen answered one and all, and rehearsals they attended.
     And the principals before us,
     And the energetic chorus
     Show there is nothing past the ken
     Of enterprising fen!

<div align="center">*******</div>

OK, that's what I sang. In this form, it's a record of a tiny bit of fannish history -- but it's written to be sung at a specific place and time. Much of it can be freed from that ("my work" --> "his work", "we" --> "they"), but I haven't figured out if there's any satisfactory solution to "the principals before us" that can be made to rhyme with "chorus". If I come up with one, I'll let you know, and you can decide whether to print the specific or generic version.

Special thanks again to Barry Gold for stepping in at the very last minute and saving the show as Stackstraw.

KITCHEN [CLASSIFIED]
by Bill Laubenheimer
to the tune of "Lunch Lady" by Tim Griffin

Chairman, O Chairman, what food must I use today?
What are tonight's theme ingredients, please?
You lift the cloak -- I see haggis in front of me,
Lutefisk, durian, Limburger cheese.

Gordon, sweet Gordon, what menu's in store today?
Where shall I stand as you scream in my face?
My entrée catches fire, you say I must retire,
I hang my head and slink off in disgrace.

Padma, dear Padma, just what do I make today?
What must I gather, prepare, cook, and plate?
"Restaurant tank holds live fish, make us a stir-fry dish
In thirty minutes, and please don't be late."

Alton Brown, Alton Brown, what can I buy today?
What fiendish sabotage must we survive?
"Someone won't go too far if they chop beef tartare
Using a dagger instead of their knives."

Ted Allen, Ted Allen, what must I cook today?
What's in my mystery basket of stuff?
Brussels sprouts, chicken hearts, cocktail sauce, lemon tarts:
Tastes to make judges start crying, [*spoken*] "Enough!"

****

Each verse references a currently showing cooking reality show, its host, and a characteristic theme or element of the show. In order:
>Iron Chef
>Hell's Kitchen
>Top Chef
>Cutthroat Kitchen
>Chopped

THE LATEST WEST-COAST FILKER
by Bill Laubenheimer (instigated by Carole Parker)
to the tune of "The Last Saskatchewan Pirate" by The Arrogant Worms
      (The phrases in braces in the last line are intended as seasonal. The one to be done depends on whether FKO or OVFF is next on the schedule.)

I used to be a writer, and I made a living fair
From references and user guides for sundry high-tech ware.
But times were hard, and though I tried, I lost my job one day --
The VPs shipped it overseas and told me "That's our way."

I scoured the Net for writing jobs, the answer always no,
There were some slots for editors, the pay was much too low.
Job websites sent programmer reqs, I could not work out why,
I cashed my unemployment checks until the well ran dry
Then I thought, I'm losing heart, I can't let this go on,
I need to find some filkers at my local S-F con:

Chorus   'Cause it's a heave-ho! heigh-ho! filker's life for me,
            Stealing tunes and twisting words to fit the melody.
            And it's a ho-hey! heigh-hey! Fanboys, run and hide,
            When you see the dandelion that the filkers wear with pride.

You'd think that local fandom would be aware of me,
But just the other con, a careless fan I chanced to see.
As he was whistling gaily, I filked him on the spot,
Lampooned his books, his games, his clothes, and hair he hasn't got.

An overpass near Portland spans a mighty stream,
Fanboys scurry under it, too scared to even scream,
'Cause they know Banjo Carole could be lurking awfully close,
To capture them and sing them hours of off-key fanfic ose,
        (Chorus)

Well, Lawyer Ray he sued us 'cause he thought we played too loose,
He lost five times in court -- he didn't understand Fair Use,
But his clients lost their taste for paying thousands every day,
And now he's drumming with us and we call him Bodhran Ray.

A guitar and a songbook, and a pleasant place to play,
I won't bow to Michael Jackson or the R-I-Double-A,
From Rusty- down to CopperCon, the terrors of the West
If you bring a song into the room, we'll filk our very best
        (Chorus)

The filker life's appealing, but you won't just find it here,
I've found in Germany there's bands that you've just got to hear.
They roam the Rhine from Dusseldorf, through Bingen to Cologne,
Taking songs from many countries, to filk them for their own.

Well now the hour is getting late, the con's about to end.
My filking's done for now, but I am glad to call you friends.
I'll be back next filk con, but now I've got to go.
I hear there's lots of singing done {at FilkOntario} / {in central O-hi-o}
        (Chorus twice)

LEARNING DYNAMICS

by Bill Laubenheimer
to the tune of "Norwegian Wood" by John Lennon and Paul McCartney
      Yaoi, aka Boys' Love, is a Japanese genre of fictional media focusing on homoerotic male sexual (and often romantic) relationships. (Wikipedia)

I once took a class, or should I say, it once took me.
I learned some new skills, isn't that good, Norwegian Wood?

      She asked me to read her dynamics, I gave them a look.
      They seemed to have promise -- I signed up and left with a book.

I sat in a chair, practicing rules, learning new tools.
I read until two, and then I knew what I would do.

      I browsed in the morning for fanfic and yaoi and slash,
      But Sturgeon guessed low, for much more than nine-tenths was just trash.

I quit in disgust; my cash was blown. If I'd just known!
So I lit a fire, isn't that good, Evelyn Wood?

===

WORRIED FAN BLUES

by William Laubenheimer
to the tune of "Worried Man Blues," bluegrass traditional
Search for "Worried Man Blues"; there are a goodly number of versions out there.

It takes a worried fan to run an SF con [3x]
I'm worried now, but I won't be worried long.

I went to the staff meeting, dozed off while I was there [3x]
They woke me up, and said I was con chair

I turned on my computer, and what did I see [3x]
Three thousand urgent emails, each addressed to me.

Twenty-nine frantic gophers, roaming through the halls [3x]
With walkie-talkies, calling out my name.

If anyone should ask you, would you please chair our con [3x]
Tell him "No way" -- that's why I wrote this song.

LEFTOVERS
by Bill Laubenheimer
to the tune of "Little Fuzzy Animals"

When I take a page of lyrics that are waiting for some sounds,
As I walk about, I listen to the music that's around.
Then I match the words with tunes I've heard, but by the time I quit,
I have little strains of melody that just...don't...fit.
        Little strains of melody, notes that won't let go of me,
        Little strains of melody that just...don't...fit.

When I hear a piece of music that needs words to find its voice,
I explore that file of stuff I keep and, from it, make my choice.
After I ransack that towering stack, the outcome of my plan,
Is some little scraps of lyric verse that just...don't...scan.
        Little scraps of lyric verse, clinging to me like a curse,
        Little scraps of lyric verse that just..don't...scan.

After my creative efforts have fit music to the words,
And I realize it's much too plain -- I desperately need chords;
After every chord has been explored, I add some to my song,
And get little bits of harmony that just...sound...wrong.
        Little bits of harmony, playing in some distant key,
        Little bits of harmony that just...sound...wrong.

When I've got a song all written, and I pull out my guitar,
I rehearse each chord, I sing each verse, I practice every bar,
And I find at hand progressions grand, but much to my dismay,
I've scored little bits of tablature I just...can't...play.
        Little bits of tablature, fingerings I've got to cure,
        Little bits of tablature I just...can't...play.

Now leftover scraps of paper decorate my clothes and hair,
And the wreckage of my writing work lies scattered everywhere.
I'm confronted with this horror, as I gaze upon the stack:
There is stuff I need to keep, and that I must...put...back.
        Too much stuff I need to keep, stack it up so I can sleep,
        Stuff I need to keep, and that I must...put...back.

LEG-O-LAMB
by Bill Laubenheimer
to the tune of "Legolas", by Mary Crowell

I — like to see it in the buffet line.
Cooked — like I like it, it is rare and fine.
Standing — tall, I crave it all.
Got — a thing for a sheep, pile it up in a heap,
O — Leg-o-lamb.

The — carving server wields a wicked blade.
With — such a tool are perfect slices made.
Like — a fool, I start to drool
'Cause — it tastes really swell with a bit of mint jelly,
Leg-o-lamb.

> INTERLUDE:
> But — shortly I'm returning
> To — satisfy my yearning
> And — I grab another plate.
> There's — just one luscious thing
> When — I'm bored with onion rings,
> It's — Leg-o-lamb.

Those — extra pounds will settle on my hips,
But — I still love the taste upon my lips.
Yes, — I do. You would, too.
'Cause — it's juicy and lean, if you know what I mean,
O Leg-o-lamb.

There's those who'll rave about their fav'rite fare,
I'm just unhappy when mine isn't there.
Shrimp and crab
Taste awfully drab.
So I'll sit here and eat all the tastiest meat,
O Leg-o-lamb.

> INTERLUDE:
> This — guy I know likes pheasant,
> And — though I think it's pleasant,
> He — can have his scrawny bird.
> Be — it fowl, game, or fish,
> There — is no other dish
> Like — Leg-o-lamb.

I — like to see it in the buffet line.
Cooked — like I like it, it is rare and fine.
Standing — tall, I crave it all.
Got — a thing for a sheep, pile it up in a heap,
O — Leg-o-lamb.

A LUCY POEM
by William Laubenheimer
inspired by Wordworth's Lucy Poems and a more contemporary figure

She knelt upon the untrodden grass,
Imploring me to kick
She pledged to me, "This winsome lass
Won't pull her usual trick."

A football on a verdant field
Supported by her hand!
To its temptation I must yield --
I spring from where I stand.

I swung my leg, and all must know
What Lucy next would do;
Now I lie on my back, and, oh,
How much my dreams I rue!

===

A NORSE IS A NORSE
Bill Laubenheimer
to the tune (of course, of course) of the "Mr. Ed" theme song.

A Norse is a Norse, of course, of course
And no one sacks towns like a Norse, of course
That is, of course, because the Norse
Is the famous Erik the Red.

Go right to the source, and find the Norse.
He's roaming the seas with his Viking force.
He's always following Odin's course --
Watch for Erik the Red.

      Vandals pillage and loot and sack
      To pass the time of day,
      But Erik the Red will not attack
      Unless he has something to slay.

Go right to the source, confront the Norse.
He'll pillage your village and kill your horse.
You've never been sacked by a raging Norse?
Well, listen for this!

    HERE COMES ERIK THE RED!

===

WON'T YOU GET ME?
by Carole Parker & Bill Laubenheimer, March 2021
to the tune of "Mercedes Benz" by Janis Joplin, Bob Neuwirth, and Michael McClure
© 1970 Strong Arm Music, 1930 Ivy, Denver CO 80220

O NASA, won't you get me a ride on a ship?
My friends all have Teslas; I must make this trip
A nerd all my lifetime; I want to be hip
O NASA, won't you get me a ride on a ship?

O NASA, won't you get me a yes to my plea?
Those little green aliens are looking for me
Earth's gravity holds me - I want to fall free
O NASA, won't you get me a yes to my plea?

O NASA, won't you get me a flight off the ground,
To sit in the capsule and hear the countdown?
I'll leave as a nerd, and I'll come back renowned.
O NASA, won't you get me a flight off the ground?

PLUSH CTHULHU
by Bill Laubenheimer
to the tune of "Rubber Duckie" by Jeffrey A. Moss

Plush Cthulhu, you're the one –
You make bedtime so much fun.
Plush Cthulhu, I want to be one with you.
     (Blblblblblbl!)

Plush Cthulhu, heed my goal:
Rise with R'lyeh, eat my soul!
Plush Cthulhu, you are driving me mad, it's true!

CHORUS: If I should lose my nerve or I
               Find my fervor is flaggin',
               You send me horrible dreams with
               Tentacles green and waggin'
                    (Ia! Ia! Cthulhu fthagn!) *

               Plush Cthulhu, hear my plea,
               Be the Elder God for me,
               Plush Cthulhu, I want to be one with you!

**

       CHORUS

       Plush Cthulhu, hear my plea,
       Be the Elder God for me,
       Plush Cthulhu, I want to be one with –
               Plush Cthulhu, I have so much fun with -
                    Plush Cthulhu, I want to be one with you!

* Pronounce "fthagn" to rhyme with "flaggin'" and "waggin'". It will be no further from the actual High Enochian than whatever you consider the usual pronunciation.

**   After the first appearance of the chorus: in the source song, Kermit engages in fantasy bathtub play with the rubber duckie. In *this* song, fantasize in a manner appropriate for a Cthulhu cultist — such as joining other followers to rampage through the town in an orgy of death and destruction while the inhabitants flee in mortal terror, locating Fluffy for purposes of ritual sacrifice, sharing a bedtime story from that book Uncle Abdul gave you on your last birthday; etc. Let your imagination go crazy as filk performer acts out fantasy play with the toy.

    Author's Note: I'm not sure whether these examples are triggery or too rough for publication.
    Editor's Note: I think they're fine. — LG

POINTLESS?
by Bill Laubenheimer
to the tune of "Boundless?" by Blake Hodgetts

Cramped in the meeting room, trapped like a rat,
I squirm in my seat
Wond'ring "How long until I can get something to eat?"
Straining my eyes, I peer through the gloom
Filling the half-darkened room
To decipher the words that in front of me loom,
And failing, slump back in defeat.

[Chorus]   Hear me oh, hear me oh
                There are one hundred seventy-four slides to go. (2x)

I'm at a conference where I came to learn
The skills of my trade
At the behest of the firm where my salary's paid,
This is where I'm expected to seek
To hear the panelists speak.
It costs three times what I earn in a week
The point of their power has been made.

    [Chorus]

Uncounted times I have heard him recite
Each word on the screen.
Never once deigning to tell us just what they might mean.
So many things I never will know:
Why the code must be just so?
Can I raise my seat? It's a few inches low,
Or just why those lines are bright green.

    [Chorus]

My mind is wandering, I'm hopelessly lost,
The speaker's a bore.
Someone in back soon drifts off and commences to snore.
Only one fact I'm able to glean,
It's almost too small to be seen:
Some text at the far bottom right of the screen
Reads "Twenty of one-ninety-four"

    [Chorus]

RAGNAROK
by William Laubenheimer
to the tune of "Camelot", from *Camelot*, by Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe

It's true! It's true! The eddas make it clear.
When Fimbulwinter comes, the end draws near.

When giant wolves devour the moon and sun here,
And Hela's legions Odin's efforts mock,
While Loki joins with Fenris to have fun here,
It's Ragnarok.

The warriors and giants will assemble,
Awakened by the crowing of a cock.
And when they meet, the very earth will tremble –
It's Ragnarok.

Ragnarok! Ragnarok!
I know it sounds a bit bizarre,
But it's Ragnarok, Ragnarok –
That's how conditions are.

When Heimdall sounds his horn to call the Aesir,
And Jormungand arises from the sea,
There soon will come a shock
All Asgard cannot block,
There's just one thing that it could ever be –
It's Ragnarok.

Ragnarok! Ragnarok!
I know it doesn't look too great,
But it's Ragnarok, Ragnarok--
This is the World Tree's fate.

When gods and demons fiercely join in combat,
And each has slain their mortal enemy,
There soon will come a shock
All Asgard cannot block,
There's just one thing that it could ever be –
It's Ragnarok.

As you admire the universe's glory
While perched upon your tiny ball of rock,
Remember, please, the outcome of the story
Of Ragnarok.

Good listeners, pay heed to this narration,
And tell it true to those who put no stock
In tales of universal devastation
Like Ragnarok.

RAPUNZEL FOR BEGINNERS
Words and Music by Bill Laubenheimer

I looked at my program for Loncon,
And on Friday, my interest was stirred,
For they said they were playing Rapunzel that day,
A sport of which I'd never heard.

I didn't get in to the session,
For the room, when I got there, was full,
But I am still willing to see if it's thrilling,
Or whether it's dreadfully dull.

> CHORUS: So, just what are the rules for Rapunzel?
> I'm sorry, I haven't a clue.
> If I can't find the rules for Rapunzel,
> I'll have no idea what to do --
> I'll have no idea what to do.

I've yet to get hold of a rule book,
Although I have searched far and wide,
And there's nothing I've found on the size of the grounds,
Or how many folks to a side.

Pray, what is the aim of the contest?
Do you play it outside or indoors?
Can they tell who's the winner before I have dinner,
And how does one tally a score?

> Chorus

Just what does one use for equipment?
Do you play it with cards or with dice?
With a stick, glove, or ball, or with nothing at all --
A couple of hints would be nice.

Is there any need for officials?
Does a sanctioning body exist?
Are statistics recorded? Gold medals awarded?
Are there any questions I've missed?

> Chorus

THE READER — additional verses (see #88)
by Bill Laubenheimer
to the tune of the original song by Blake Hodgetts

Here are the (slightly revised) verses I sang at Consonance. I really enjoyed the enthusiastic response from the audience. Xenofilkia was key in my understanding that Blake was inviting efforts like this. The muse has already coaxed another bridge out of me, but I suspect I'd better lay off for a while, and let some other folks have a shot at writing some verses.

Once a young dishwasher in Spanish Harlem
Learned math by himself, wrote a formula down.
Grabbed by the government, hooked up with physicists,
Out-Einsteined Einstein, then slipped out of town.
Gave his knowledge up; the price was too steep.
Escaped with his friend, now his wife, child and he can all sleep,
   And Julio Gomez takes me,
   And Julio Gomez takes me,
   Until the dawn shall wake me and carry me home.

Aliens landed on Earth, and their leader
Approached the U.N., and made this odd request:
We'll give you all this advanced new technology,
We'll teach you more stuff, just send us your best.
Years hence, a translator got a close look
And found that their plan was an alien recipe book,
   And to serve man shall take me,
   And to serve man shall bake me,
   Until the dawn shall wake me and carry me home.

       I've drunk at Callahan's Crosstime Saloon,
       Quaffed beer and gin with van Rijn on the Moon,
       Raised a glass at the White Hart --
       I'll be going back soon.

There's a downed satellite lost near the pole of
A planet where no human being can go.
Native explorers adventure through unknown lands,
Led from above to the payload below,
Where they strike a deal, assuring their race
Will learn Terran science and fly from their home into space,
   And that grave mission takes me,
   Mission of gravity takes me,
   Until the dawn shall wake me and carry me home.

I heard a voice from a lonely computer.
I found him some friends who had stories to tell.
Soon Adam Selene challenged Authority,
Hacked the comm net, and we planned to rebel.
Loonies joined the cause, he led us in strife,
We won independence from Earth, but it cost him his life,
    And a harsh mistress takes me,
    Moon, the harsh mistress takes me,
    Until the dawn shall wake me and carry me home.

            I've flown with Kinnison, Shaeffer and Wu.
            I've made First Contact with starfarers, too,
            Fought with the Dorsai and clashed with
            DuQuesne and his crew --

                        ****

Sources:
First verse, "Gomez", by C. M. Kornbluth
Second verse, "To Serve Man", by Damon Knight
Third verse, *Mission of Gravity*, by Hal Clement
Fourth verse, *The Moon is a Harsh Mistress*, by Robert A. Heinlein
First bridge, the Callahan's stories by Spider Robinson, the Polesotechnic League stories by Poul Andersen,
        and *Tales from the White Hart* by Arthur C. Clarke
Second bridge, the Lensman and Skylark sagas by E. E. Smith, the Known Space stories by Larry Niven,
        "First Contact" by Murray Leinster, the Dorsai stories by Gordon Dickson.

===

SERVERS (A SYSOPS SHANTY)
by Bill Laubenheimer (at the 2021 FKO Penguin Songwriting Competition,
which asked contestants to write a penguin shanty)
to the tune of "Meetings" by Eric Distad (https://thefaithfulsidekicks.bandcamp.com/track/meetings
is the Bandcamp track, which can be listened to without charge)

sudo rm -rf is UNIX/Linux command language. It's the command that deletes the entire file
system for those operating systems without asking for any confirmation:

"**sudo**": run the following command as superuser. It's customarily pronounced "pseudo",
because its effect is to allow a user to run under a pseudonym.

"**rm**": command to remove one or more files or directories.

"**-rf**": informs "rm" that it is to remove all the designated files without asking for confirmation,
then proceed to all subdirectories and do the same thing there, removing any directories that are
emptied after the removal on the way. Thus, operate silently on the entire directory structure under the
specified directory.

"**/**": The topmost directory of the file system. This is the one directory on the system that is not
a subdirectory of any other directories. Every file on the system is in / or a directory in the directory
structure under /.

A brand new update dropped last night
    sudo rm -rf /
With the OS I soon must fight.
    Time to boot the server.
If I try fifty times I might
    sudo rm -rf /
Get all the servers working right.
    Time to boot the server.

Bandwidth does a sharp decline (*sudo...*)
Everybody starts to whine (*Time...*)
This is why it isn't fine (*sudo...*)
Our meetings have all moved online (*Time...*)

C-suite's mad and boundless greed (*sudo...*)
Drives our quest for greater speed, (*Time...*)
But the processors we need (*sudo...*)
Are still stuck at Port Said. (*Time...*)

    CHORUS:
    Servers, servers by the rack
    There's twelve across, ten front to back.
    Each one runs a Linux stack
    Pray to Tux we don't get hacked.

Frantic call from the CEO. (*sudo...*)
To his office I must go. (*Time...*)
I said, "Tell me what you know." (*sudo...*)
He said, "Fortnite's running slow." (*Time...*)

Bloated input/output streams (*sudo...*)
Broke our load-balancing schemes. (*Time...*)
Our response is slow, it seems, (*sudo...*)
'Cause our site hosts viral memes. (*Time...*)

Database completely wrecked (*sudo...*)
Because of just one small defect: (*Time...*)
A junior coder never checked (*sudo...*)
For SQL someone might inject. (*Time...*)

      CHORUS

My toolbox holds a bunch of screws. (*sudo...*)
It's got a rubber chicken, too, (*Time...*)
And a plushie penguin from the zoo, (*sudo...*)
For times when nothing else will do (*Time...*)

Graveyard on-call has begun (*sudo...*)
Not my idea of a night of fun (*Time...*)
Oops! I guess I'd better run (*sudo...*)
'Cause my pager's set to stun. (*Time...*)

My pay is low, my stress is high, (*sudo...*)
But I'm still here, and this is why: (*Time...*)
"Fix it yourself!" is what I'll cry, (*sudo...*)
If you insult the SysOps guy. (*Time...*)

      CHORUS x2

==

SERVICERS OF THE MACHINE
by Bill Laubenheimer
to the tune of "Acolytes of the Machine" by Mary Crowell

Over a landscape where rolling hills lie,
Thunder resounds from a cloudless blue sky.
Iron and ivory, nickel and brass
Form a machine that appears on the grass.

Down from the framework, a strange form alights,
Stands up and struggles, and sets it upright;
Leaves the machine behind, battered and bent.
We haul it in and begin its descent.

      CHORUS: We can repair it,
                 Better than new.
                 That's not the only thing we can do,
                 If you just knew!

Food for carnivorous folk such as we
Grows ever scarcer on land and in sea.
Our sources of food disappear one by one:
If we remain here, our time here is done.

The stranger looks healthy – he clearly eats meat.
Wherever he comes from, there'll be lots to eat.
He must return to his land we've not seen,
So we can ride on this Brilliant Machine.

      CHORUS

Down in our cavern, we work in the dark:
Straighten the slats, torque the rods to their marks,
Tighten the linkages, wipe the dials clean –
Praise for the servicers of the Machine!

Charge the capacitors, sand smooth the deck.
We've set to right everything that was wrecked.
Fixed, cleaned, and polished, we raise it once more
Back to the surface, and open the door.

      FINAL CHORUS: We have repaired it
                   Better than new.
                   That's not the only thing it can do,
                   If you just knew!

Inside the framework, a few of us hide.
Stealthy and silent, we're hitching a ride,
Leaving this place for a different scene,
Staking our future on this Fine Machine.
     Praise for the servicers of the Machine!
       Praise for the servicers of the Machine!
         Praise for the servicers of the Machine!

SHIP AND STONE

by Bill Laubenheimer — inspired by "Falling Down on New Jersey" by Mitchell Burnside-Clapp and "Ship of Stone" by Don Simpson
to the tune of "Ship of Stone" by Don Simpson

At the OVFF Pegasus nominees concert, the Best Classic Filk nominees included eventual winner "Falling Down on New Jersey" by Mitchell Burnside-Clapp and "Ship of Stone" by Don Simpson. "Ship of Stone" was immediately followed by "Falling Down on New Jersey". The twisted part of my mind that notices such things immediately thought, "Do those two belong together?" After a little bit of work, this happened.

I tried hard to do only what I needed to, to turn a close encounter between two deserving Pegasus nominees into a collision. I wouldn't want to have an unknowing reader think I did anything more than that. I'd want that reader to look up and enjoy both sources, and appreciate the joke more.

Once there was a chunk of stone
That wandered through uncharted space,
And from Earth flew a hardened crew
To that dark and distant place.
     And though we didn't care how far we'd go,
     As we headed back, we came to know
     That our fuel line's torn and our tanks empty,
     So we thought it wise to apologize
     To the waiting folks in New Jersey.

Were we just a solo ship,
No Earth lives would be lost,
But you won't avoid our asteroid --
It's eleven miles across.
     So when the Hoboken folks have heard,
     And the Princeton profs, just send them word,
     Seven thirty-two is when they'll see
     Why we thought it wise to apologize
     To the luckless folks in New Jersey.

All you people on the ground,
Who think they might be spared --
It would not be kind did we not remind
You that E is m-c squared.
     Ten quintillion joules of energy
     Cannot be argued with, you see,
     So the Garden State will soon agree
     That we thought it wise to apologize
     To the frightened folks in New Jersey.

Once there was a chunk of stone
Doomed to a solitary fate,
But in Newark, Troy, and Perth Amboy,
All soon will feel its weight
     And it saddens us, but we must report
     That our delta V's a fraction short
     To go north and flatten N Y C,
     So we thought it wise to apologize
     To the panicked folks in New Jersey.

SUNDAY MORNING -- FILKERS TAKE WARNING
by Bill Laubenheimer
to the tune of "307 Ale" by Tom Smith

There's many songs you'll sing, me lads, and lots of them are nice.
There's "Bouncing Potatoes", "Domino Death", and good old "Sailor's Ad-*virtue*"
There's Eng and Smith and Mar and Hayes and others ose and light,
But unless I'm wrong, the strangest song is "Filker's Noisome Blight."

    "Filker's Noisome Blight," me lads, "Filker's Noisome Blight."
    The strangest song that any filker ever thought to write.
    It'll break your brain, you'll quake in fear, it'll leave you ghostly white.
    There's nothing that you'll ever hear like "Filker's Noisome Blight," me lads,
        "Filker's Noisome Blight."

It started out at Conflikt III one hazy winter day,
When a couple of the local filkers started in to play.
They'd wound up in the con suite with a couple hours to kill,
So they pulled out all their instruments and sought out one more thrill.
    CHORUS

They hummed a tune, threw in some chords, and set it all in D,
But they didn't see the pentagram next door in 403.
Dimensions far apart were joined, the melody grew odd,
Which they found too late unlocked a gate and called an Elder God.
    CHORUS

Its face bore writhing tentacles, its skin was sickly green,
And what it did to those poor filkers, frankly, was unclean.
It spewed some slime and took its time to eat their souls that day,
Then it disappeared, but left behind the sheets from which they'd played.
    CHORUS

There's many songs you'll sing, me lads, but this one's something new:
A melody that spells your doom if you should sing it through.
A song escaped from hellish realms through markings on the floor,
So if you find a lead sheet, you had better know the score!

    (final chorus)
    "Filker's Noisome Blight," me lads, "Filker's Noisome Blight,"
    The strangest song that any filker ever thought to write.
        It'll break your brain, you'll quake in fear, it'll leave you ghostly white.
        The lyrics aren't sane, the music is queer,
        And you'll soon find out your end is near,
    The last song that you'll ever hear
    Is "Filker's Noisome Blight!"

THE SUNKEN LAND OF R'LYEH (as modified in Xeno #153)
by Bill Laubenheimer
to the tune of "The Mary Ellen Carter" by Stan Rogers

It went down centuries ago, 'neath foamy, storm-tossed waves.
Where formless shadows lure unwary souls to unmarked graves.
Besieged by Nyaralathotep's host, there was no place to flee,
So the land of R'lyeh sank beneath the sea.
As the elder gods that dwelt there to their angled temples crept,
Their thoughts were shared no more with men who heard them while they slept,
And as those dreams began to fade, an oath they did proclaim
That the sunken land of R'lyeh'd rise again.

They bound their sons unto that oath, as did those sons as well.
Down through the generations, their service was compelled,
For to raise Cthulhu's chamber high, and end his rest below,
We'd need to learn things we weren't meant to know.
We would once more share the Old Ones' dreams, and death itself would die.
So says the Necronomicon, on which we can rely.
And till the night the stars are right, our faith we will retain
To make the sunken land of R'lyeh rise again.

 Rise again, rise again,
 That its name reawaken the terror in men
 All those who love Cthulhu and are praying for the end
 Will help the sunken land of R'lyeh rise again.

For years we've pondered ancient texts with all the will we've had,
Although the words contained therein have driven us quite mad,
For Cthulhu needs to hear our prayers, but our minds are very slow,
And they haven't got the strength to reach below.
So we've raised a dark stone monolith, and circled it around,
We've chanted words of power, and defiled a sacred ground.
Tomorrow, midnight, we convene, and with dark rites profane,
We'll make the sunken land of R'lyeh rise again.

 Chorus

For we couldn't leave it there, you see, with Cthulhu trapped in dreams.
To gain the Old Ones' powers is the purpose of our schemes,
And the laughing, mocking idiots who scorn us as we pray -
They won't be laughing in another day.
And late this night, once our high priest has dealt the final blow,
And basins 'round the altar hold your blood that used to flow,
To end our rite we will consume your arm and heart and brain,
And make the sunken land of R'lyeh rise again.

 Rise again, rise again -
 Then your mind will be broken and sanity will end,
 So make another sacrifice: a cat, a goat, a friend -
 Help the sunken land of R'lyeh rise again.

TECHNICAL WRITER
by Bill Laubenheimer
to the tune of "Paperback Writer" by Lennon & McCartney

Dear Sir or Madam, won't you use my app
Took me years to write, it's still in shrink-wrap
Based on a program by a man named Gates
And I need a sale
'Cause I want to get a technical writer --
        Technical writer!

It's a kludgy program by a kludgy man
With a hacked-up GUI you can't understand
The manual's translated from the ancient Greek
By an engineer
'Cause I thought he was a technical writer --
        Technical writer!

        Technical writer! (Writer, writer)

It's a thousand megs, give or take a few
All the screens are red, and the text is blue
I can add more functions if you like the tools
Put in online help,
But I've got to find a technical writer --
        Technical writer!

If you really like it, you can have the code
You could pick up millions out on Sand Hill Road
If it doesn't suit you, uninstall it here
But I need a break
'Cause I didn't get a technical writer --
        Technical writer!

[obvious fadeout]

TEDDY BEARS' BALLGAME

by Bill Laubenheimer

to the tune of "Teddy Bears' Picnic" by John W. Bratton

about "Joy in Mudville", a Hoka story by Poul Anderson and Gordon Dickson. The Hoka stories tell the adventures of the supremely imaginative, teddy-bear-shaped Hokas -- and the unfortunate humans saddled with the responsibility of helping them become full-fledged members of the Interbeing League. "Joy in Mudville" appears in *Hoka!* and recounts a baseball game played by the Hoka.

"He dusted himself off while glancing over the field. It was spotted with small round forms, tubby, golden-furred, ursine-faced, the Hoka natives of the planet Toka. They were all in uniform, the outfit of long red underwear, shortsleeved shirts, loose abbreviated trousers, and peaked caps which had been traditional for baseball since it was invented back on Earth. Even if most of the races throughout the known Galaxy which now played the game were not even remotely human, they all wore some variation of the costume. Alexander Jones often wondered if his kind might not, in the long run, go down in history less as the originators of space travel and the present leaders of the Interbeing League than as the creators of baseball."

If you go out to the park today
There's gonna be quite a crowd
If you go out to the park today
It's gonna get rather loud
For every bear that ever there was
Will want to be in the stands, because
Today's the day the teddy bears have their ballgame.

> *[Chorus -- optional this time]*
> Baseball time for teddy bears
> The Toka Teddies will be ready to take the field today
> When they come out from their lairs,
> They'll beat whatever team stands in their way
> We know they have what it takes
> To beat the Sarenn Snakes
> When playing them here or there
> And when they've won, we'll throw a huge party
> And have a big parade
> 'Cause they're the champion Teddy Bears!

If you go out to the park today
The Teddies will rule the yard
It's lovely out at the park today
But getting in will be hard
For every bear that ever there was
Will want to be in the stands because
Today's the day the teddy bears have their ballgame.
    [Chorus]

Every teddy bear on the team
Is sure of a win today
They'll hit and field and run up the score
When Sarenn's Snakes come to play,
They will not flop, they'll come out on top
And all day long the cheering won't stop
Cause it's the day the teddy bears win their ballgame.
    [Chorus]

WELSH RABBIT
by Bill Laubenheimer
to the tune of "White Rabbit" by Grace Slick

Too much makes it soupy,
Too little makes it seize,
And if you don't add some liquid,
It is never going to please --
Go ask Alice for her recipes.

And when you go making rabbit
And you use too mild a cheese,
Or if you find your toast is getting soggy,
Or you add too much grease,
Call Alice, she's at Chez Panisse.

     I don't know just what mushroom –
     I'm sure it must be something queer –
     Was brewed up to make that kombucha
     Which you used instead of beer.
     Go ask Alice, but she's not here.

When Tony Bourdain's led you
Off to an unknown place
With quaint buildings and pleasant people
And the white, round rovers that chase,
You don't need to wait for grace –
     Feed your face, feed your face.

==

(WHEN I GROW UP) I WANT TO BE BOB KANEFSKY

Copyright 2006 by Bill Laubenheimer
to the tune of "I Want to be Peter Lorre", Copyright 1988 by Tom Smith

The bane of my existence is the filkers that I hear,
Though it's not their fault their skills are something I am nowhere near.
I know I can't compare with Heather's Celtic flair --
Joey Shoji, Maya and Jeff, and Kathy Mar make me sound tone-deaf.
Savitzky's lyric crafting is a talent I salute,
And Leslie's fired with passion, Callie's brilliant on the flute,
But the object of my dream is a gentleman supreme,
Whose vocal gifts are seldom lauded -- though his way with words is much applauded:

When I grow up, I want to be Bob Kanefsky,
I want to bleach your black unicorn snowy white.
I want to make you curse, as I tinker with each verse --
And if that isn't fun, unleash a pun that'll make you reel in fright!
Who wants to be a golden-throated singer?
Who wants to strum guitar chords all night long?
It may be all the rage, but I won't go up on stage,
I want to grow up to be Bob Kanefsky and steal the tune from your song!

When I grow up, I want to be Bob Kanefsky,
I'll tell Bogle where old Moggy met his doom,
Then I'll pick on James T. Kirk, just because he's such a jerk,
And between a red-shirted guy and The Star, who would you put in a tomb?
I want to feed some Klingons tribble gumbo,
Then I'll make Calvin's nightmares come alive,
And if I need a thrill, I'll put Jordin through the mill,
I want to be Bob Kanefsky and find some fools to feed my drive! [cackle...]
        (I could have filked that, too!)

When I grow up, I want to be Bob Kanefsky,
I'll ride the routes of CalTrain and VTA,
Working on some song that I can do up wrong,
To quiet my need with an act of greed and parody you today.
I want to whistle music from old filk songs,
As I wield wicked wit on every word,
I long to learn his tricks -- do Centauri men have six?
        I want to grow up to be Bob Kanefsky,
        I'll have more fun than if I had Hef's key,
I'll be the best Bob Kanefsky you've ever heard!
        Yeah!

Bill Laubenheimer writes that this song refers to the following Kanefsky songs in order:

1: White Unicorn	5: Tribble Gumbo
2: Dear Departed	6: Something's Under The Bed
3: Nobody's Moggy Lands	7: Acts of Parody
4: Shirt of Gold	8: Six Transit Genitalia Centauri

Special bonus reference: Fool to Feed the Drive (not a Kanefsky song, by design)

YOUR FANDOM HERE
by Bill Laubenheimer
to the tune of "Your State's Name Here" by Lou and Peter Berryman
        "BOF session" = "birds of a feather session": see
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Birds_of_a_feather_%28computing%29

Sometimes when I go to bookstores near me,
I get fond recollections from things that I see.
A memory returns that once gave me great cheer –
An obsession I share: [*your fandom here*].

It's been far too long – I so want to hear
The lively discussions of [*your fandom here*].
I'm gonna go back, although I don't know when.
There's no fandom quite like [*your fandom again*].

        CHORUS: Oh [*your fandom here*], oh [*again*], what a show!
                We have such fun sharing [*small facts we all know*],
                And the odds there will be new installments this year,
                At the frequent BOF sessions for [*your fandom here*].

My buddies would come to try something new,
And write fanfic starring [*your fandom's whole crew*].
My girlfriend would type on her laptop for weeks
While browsing [*the sites where the story lines leak*].

The slash that she shared was graphic and rude,
And too many scenes featured stars in the nude.
Why those two would hook up is not very clear,
Like [*low-visibility weather right here*].

        CHORUS

I'd love to wake up where [*your fandom's fans*] came
So we could spend time with [*your fandom's Big Names*].
And dozens of tables hold photos and gear
Bearing pictures and phrases from [*your fandom here*].

I'll proudly state it's a thing I hold dear –
[*Your fandom here, your fandom here*].
It's them I will worship; it's there I'll grow old,
Buying Blu-Rays and toys with my scant pile of gold.

        CHORUS

THE WHEDONIST RETREAT
by Bill Laubenheimer

The boredom I was feeling was getting more than I could bear.
Not much happens here in Sunnydale since *Buffy* left the air.
I needed to get out of town, and shake off my lethargy --
Got in the car, stepped on the gas and headed for the sea.

> CHORUS:
> There's a quiet place where we gather, on the Santa Barbara coast
> Where we discuss the writings our adherents treasure most.
> No action movie thriller ever written could compete
> With the theologic arguments at the Whedonist retreat.

Now, Whedonism's a simple faith, and not at all absurd:
You only must accept the truth of Joss' every word.
You watch the series, buy the stuff, and add to his net worth,
And live your life as though his tales had happened here on Earth.

> [CHORUS]

As I pulled up, a hunky guy was asking a shapely blonde,
"So, when a Hellmouth opened up, why didn't S.H.I.E.L.D. respond?
A floppy-hatted tough guy countered, "What would either do,
"If instead of wriggly things from Hell, it was Reavers coming through?

> [CHORUS]

These story complications are his trademark, after all,
So it's no surprise that those who like them answer Whedon's call,
But do not let the tangled plots get you hopelessly beguiled --
It's when they try to film the stuff things start getting *really* wild!

> [CHORUS]

41

ON THE STRAINED NATURE OF INTERSTELLAR RELATIONSHIPS
by Bill Laubenheimer
to the tune of "Don't Fall in Love with a Mermaid", by Blake Hodgetts
    https://www.slipsong.com/songs/dontfallinlovelyr.html

Don't fall in love with the engineer,
Though techies may be all the rage.
Unless you're dilithium-powered,
His hyperdrive just won't engage.
        If you would join him off-planet,
        No transports of joy will you find;
        He'll just sit at home with a technical tome,
        While you're bored quite out of your mind.

Don't fall in love with the doctor,
Don't be entranced by his skill.
You think you're burning with passion,
He thinks you're seriously ill.
        After he's managed to cure you,
        Be thankful, get on with your life.
        He won't think of you, for he'll always be true
        To his home on Earth and his late wife.

[*#3 verse by Blake Hodgetts*]

Don't romance the science officer,
You'll just create a big scene.
Though red-blooded males can't resist you,
What flows through his vessels is green.
        And should you arouse his emotions,
        Flee quickly, wherever you are --
        For things will get rough before he's had enough,
        And you won't survive the pon farr.

Don't fall in love with the captain,
It won't work out for the best.
His glances may seem quite romantic,
But he's just admiring your chest.
        Though his high-flying phrases might get you
        Expecting a glorious trip,
        He'll just beam away at the end of the day,
        For you are no match for his ship.

Now if ever a starship should visit,
Refrain from romance with its crew.
Although they may seem quite exotic,
They have seen plenty like you.
        While they physically may seem quite similar,
        They're emotionally just not your kind.
        So a word to the wise, stick to free Enterprise --
        It hurts less when they leave you behind.

****

Bill 's Comments

        That song's on hold until "...Mermaid" goes out with Blake's name on it. I don't feel right putting out a parody or song reuse until the original is available and properly associated with its creator.

        There are some things that have to happen before I am ready to connect with Blake. When I do, I will see what he wants to do about his song's melody and verse (#3), and make sure we're both satisfied with the result. Until then, it'll just be on top of my stack of unpublished works, and that's fine by me.

        I still want to come up with an appropriate and suitably pithy title; "Don't Fall in Love with a Star Trek Crewman" is too long, and gives away the punchline too readily, to please me.

BLOW OUT
by Bill Laubenheimer   http://leech.cybernoid.gr/files/oldskool/computersongs-1.4.txt

Like to tell you the story today about my cpu,
It does a lot of different things that no one else can do,
Assembin' compilin' and all sorts of filin',
(But the) one main thing that results is a blow out every time,

   Chorus:
   Blow out, a blow out, the Vax had another blow out
   Blow out, a blow out, doin' a change mode.
   Blow out, a blow out, the Vax had another blow out
   Blow out, a blow out, was it due to the heavy load.

Late one night in the middle of the term while George soundly slept.
A CPU dropped a bit and promptly crashed the net.
A-machine wheezed, belched, and fu's let out a shout,
And just as you would expect, the Vax had another blow out!
   (Chorus)

The freshman panicked, the sophomores screamed, the juniors quietly wept.
What are we to do after the super users have left?"
The seniors said "Have no fear and get the phone book out,
We'll call George because, the Vax had another blow out."
   (Chorus)

They called George and woke him up and got him out of bed.
And when he heard their voices, he knew the Vax was dead.
"What is running that made the Vax bomb?
Did those stupid users finally run out of ROM?"
      (Chorus)

(They said) "The line has formed down the hall 'cause many programs are due
There is 263, 362, 363, 466, 467, 468, 695b, just to name a few.
We tried to fix it on our own, so we got the instructions out.
And here's what it says to do when the Vax has had a blow out."
      (Chorus)

The manual from DEC was to the point and very clear,
(It said) "No winding, no batteries, just kick it right here".
Well George, we tried it but it still refuses to run,
What are we supposed to do to get our assignments done?
      (Chorus)

(He said), "Dump the core and boot it once more, and tell the users not to pout
The only thing that happened is the Vax had another blow out"
(So they) dumped the core and booted it once more and the disks began to spin,
Everyone was cheering because they knew it'd run again.
They thanked George politely because they had no doubts,
The Vax had just recovered from one of many blow outs.
    (Chorus)

Now you've heard the story today about our CPU,
It did a lot of different things that no one else could do.
We're really gonna miss it when the when the memory finally dies,
But we'll know it'll have a grand blow out in the sky.
    (Chorus)

==

COBOL PROGRAMMER'S SWING
by Bill Laubenheimer, http://leech.cybernoid.gr/files/oldskool/computersongs-1.4.txt
to the tune of "Washington & Lee Swing"

A COBOL program never turns out right
Though you may labor far into the night
And though you work until your dying day
It never will be quite okay-ay-ay-ay-ay

And when you think that all the bugs are gone
The fact is you are likely very wrong
And when you finally have it going straight (going straight)
It's .... too .... late!!!

==

FORTRAN PROGRAMS
by Bill Laubenheimer
to the tune of "On, Wisconsin"

FORTRAN programs, FORTRAN programs
Run through the machine!
Count your errors, watch them mounting
Til you're turning green (rah! rah! rah!)

FORTRAN programs, FORTRAN programs
Never work okay
Till you find out they were
Due yes-ter-daaaay!

OLE MCMOWLE
by Bill Laubenheimer
to the tune of "Old McDonald"

Ole McMowle he had a lab —   P I A I/O
and in this lab he had some Intels — P I A I/O
        with a 8080 here and an 8080 there
        here 80, there 80, everywhere an 8080
Ole McMowle he had a lab — P I A I/O

And in this lab he had some SWTPCs — P I A I/O
and in this lab he had some MICBUGs — P I A I/P.
        with a MICBUG here and a MICBUG there
        here a MIC, there a BUG, everywhere a MICBUG
Ole McMowle he had a lab — P I A I/O

And in this lab he had some students — P I A I/O
with a grad student here and a grad student there
        here a grad there a grad,
        but everywhere an undergrad
Ole McMowle he had a lab — P I A I/O

And in this lab he had some ADMs — P I A I/O
with a green screen here and a white screen there
    here a green, there a white
    students typing day and night
Ole McMowle he had a lab — P I A I/O

And in this lab he had a printer — P I A I/O
with a page feed here and a page feed there
    page here page there
    paper paper everywhere
Ole McMowle he had a lab — P I A I/O

And in this lab you'll find McMowle — P I A I/Oing
with a DON'T TOUCH here and a DON'T TOUCH there
    on a micro here and a terminal there
    tying up equipment everywhere
Ole McMowle he had a lab — P I A I/O