



Cube Dweller's Virtual Christmas Songbook



www.cube-dweller.com

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Check out www.cube-dweller.com for more funny music about technology and the modern workplace.

How Come There Is No Manual?

(Tune: *Oh Come Emmanuel*)

How come, how come there is no manual?
This software is a private little hell
The installation wizard won't run
It crashes every time before it's done
No choice! No choice!
No manual
I'm never gonna get it working well

I really could have used a manual
To troubleshoot that missing DLL
At least I'd like a way to restore
My system to the way it was before
Dismay! Dismay!
I've wasted half a day
I'd love to make those rotten bastards pay

Music Traditional
Lyrics © 2001 Douglas Hamilton

Bring a Disc, Jeanette Isabella

(Tune: *Bring a Torch, Jeanette Isabella*)

Bring a blank disc, Jeanette Isabella
Bring a disk and we'll burn a CD
We have spent the whole evening downloading
Every song in the Top 100
Hush, Hush
Mask all those Napster Packets
Hush, Hush
Don't tell the RIAA

Change your ways because Napster is fading
We've all shifted to Morpheus now
Record labels are losing the battle
Ten more will spring up soon as they squash one
Hush, hush
Don't let the Net Admin catch you
Free Stuff
Download it while you can

Music Traditional
Lyrics © 2001 Douglas Hamilton

Not Merry

(Tune: *God Bless You Merry Gentlemen*)

Please come to my e-commerce site and add stuff to your cart
Our company's in trouble though our site's state of the art
We're thinking that our business plan was maybe not so smart

And come New Year's we may not be around
Not to be found
404...nevermore to be found

The VCs have lost patience and the markets are askew
They're giving us just one last chance to show some revenue
If customers don't come in droves our coffers to renew

After New Year's we may not be around
Not to be found
404...nevermore to be found

We signed restrictive confidentiality releases
We worked our butts off
Confident we'd soon be rich as Croesus
Now it's looking bleak
Our dreams have shattered into pieces

And come New Year's we may not be around
Not to be found
404...nevermore to be found

Music Traditional
Lyrics © 2001 Douglas Hamilton

Blue Screen

(Tune: *We Three Kings*)

Darn it all...another blue screen
How it makes me want to scream
System frozen
Wish I'd chosen
Linux as my OS

How they taunt me when I crash
Same old message they rehash
Windows was not shut down properly
Would you like to run checkdisk?

Windows rot's begun to set in
Nothing works, my patience wears thin
Multiple versions of DLLs, who can tell
Which one is gonna win

Programs fail to execute
Cause spontaneous reboot
Blue screen taunts me, how it haunts me
Once again, a three-finger salute

Music Traditional
Lyrics © 2001 Douglas Hamilton

Jingle Bell, AOL

(Tune: *Jingle Bells*)

Jingle Bells, AOL's sent another disc
How I wish they'd stop it but they really will insist
Don't they know I've always thrown them straight into the bin
Guess they don't 'cause they don't stop, much to my chagrin

They're everywhere you turn, even grocery stores
I never could discern who they're aiming for
Shotgun marketing, saturation style
Once they sign you up they've got you captive for awhile

--HEY--

Jingle Bells, AOL's got you in their grip
Internet with training wheels, hardly worth the trip
Jingle Bell, AOL, you can't hope to impress
With those telltale letters in your email address

Music Traditional
Lyrics © 2001 Douglas Hamilton

MIPS to the World

(Tune: *Joy to the World*)

Joy to the world, FedEx has come
(our system for to bring)
With dual Athlon processors
Both running at two gigahertz
 (just slightly overclocked)
 My, oh my they do get hot
We can heat our apartment with our new PC

We rule the world with our PC
(we render it ourselves)
Twenty million polygons
Hardware acceleration
 Virtual reality
 And seismic-feedback keys
Real life seems quite lame next to our new PC

It's everything we could ever want
(at least until next year)
A million times more powerful
Than mainframes seven years ago
 So we play Commander Keen
 On a thirty-two inch screen
On a system that's overkill for missions to the moon

Music Traditional
Lyrics © 2001 Douglas Hamilton

Virtual Christmas

Virtual Christmas, virtual tree
No need to be there...physically
Spirit of giving...virtually
We'll have a real e-Christmas this year
Virtual shopping...Santa dot com
No more schlepping hither and yon
Where would we be without Amazon?
God rest you merry gentlemen let nothing you dismay
With Next Day Air your presents should arrive by Christmas day
If not the means of tracing them is just a click away
'Cause it's a virtual Christmas this year

He's making that list, he's checkin' it twice
He knows if your screen name's naughty or nice
Delete all those bookmarks...that's my advice
Keep your mind on Christmas this year
We're surfen' this Christmas and all through the house
Not a creature is stirring...except for the mouse
Have a look at our phone bill if you have any doubts
Jingle bells, AOL's sent another disk
It's been a virtual Christmas this year

Won't need to travel, and that suits me fine
We'll get the whole family together online
Happily tapping out Old Lang Syne
ICQ for Christmas this year
Of course there's a downside...when put to the test
The video streams were jerky, at best
So sad to see services network congest
It streamed upon a modem clear
No ethernet could we afford
The midnight, candlelight services
Took six hours to download
Oh, Christmas tree
E, Christmas tree
E you were never meant to be