

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Software Engineer's Song

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An programmer told me before he died,
His wife could never be satisfied.

So he built a bloody great wheel,
Affixed to a piston made of steel.

Two balls of brass he filled with cream,
And ran the thing from a computer screen.

He programmed the thing to thrust and thrust,
And in his software he placed great trust.

He lay his wife down on the bed,
And tied her ankles above her head.

He placed his device in the place to f***,
And patted her thigh and wished her luck.

And then he ran the .exe (ex-ee) file,
And left her there with a bloody great smile.

In and out went the piston rod,
His wife she gasped and yelled "Oh God!"

In and out went the thrusting beam,
His wife let out a blood-curdling scream.

The fuses blew and the lights went dim,
And still the contraption shafted her quim.

From the capacitors smoke did rise,
His wife yelled "stop!" and crossed her eyes.

The programmer swore and yelled "Goddam,"
There was no exit code in the bloody program.

Stuck in a while loop which he couldn't break,
She yelled for her husband to hit "ESCAPE".

While most of his code it couldn't be faulted,
He hadn't devised the code to abort it.

And now we come to the tragic bit,
From ass to tit his wife was split.

He'd written no routines for error detection,
The program couldn't handle exceptions.

And it made no difference which key he hit,
The whole bloody keyboard got covered in s***.

The moral of this tale of terror,
Is write some code to handle errors.

If you write a program to shag and bash,
Then bung in a way to make it crash.

EC
OCT98