

# Clifford T. Ward, Computer

Shakespeare said my often rumination  
Wraps me in a most humorous sadness  
Well here we are, the age of information  
Talkin' to myself  
I don't have a computer  
But I still got my sense of humour  
It keeps me guessin';  
An' leaves me room to make a fool of myself.

Today I met my old friend Yellow Hammer  
An' I asked for a few bars of 'a little bit of bread and no cheese';  
Well he just looked at me and shrugged his shoulders  
An' flew up in the trees  
'I've bin programmed'; he said  
'They fixed me a computer';  
An' I can give you anythin' you like; anythin';  
except the one you like.

Our Sandra's joined the middle class  
An' left me on me own  
She says I think too much, an' it's not healthy  
An' I should go out an' get a computer  
Then everything would be alright  
An' she'd have me back home again  
Ah, Sandra.

Jesus where are you? Can't you see I need some help?  
This world I'm in's gone crazy  
Can't you see I need your help?  
I don't wanna computer, I don't wanna computer  
They can't make me have a computer, can they?  
All I want, All I want ...