

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 ...