

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Ballad of Compensation

Ballad of Compensation
(David Diamond)

Remember all the lovely projects
That you didn't get to do?
All the bugs the other fellow
Left around to bother you?
How the card decks came back sorted,
All the times your patience frayed?
Say not the struggle naught availeth
For on Friday we get paid.

All the times you came at midnight
Just to find the system down?
Spent a quarter for a coffee
And it wasn't even brown?
While the tape drive tied your source tape
Up into a kind of braid?
Say not the struggle naught availeth,
For on Friday we get paid.

Do the operators blunder?
Does the library make you burn?
Was your input never input?
Did your output ne'er return?
Would your troubles stretch to China,
End to end, if they were laid?
Say not the struggle naught availeth,
For on Friday we get paid.

Prince, I thought I heard you murmur
That you're aimless and dismayed,
Saw you join the groaning mourners
In the corridors arrayed.
For your sickness there is physic,
By these words it is conveyed:
"Say not the struggle naught availeth,
For on Friday we get paid".

Note: Dave was casting around for a singable tune for this:
What A Friend We Have in Jesus works jes' fine. So, if you're
interested, does Babylon is Fallen, or Deutschland Uber Alles. RG

