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The Lament of the Computer Widow

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(Holly Tannen)

John Anderson, my jo, John
I wonder what you mean
To sit awake so late the noo
At that Macintosh machine
You'll bleerit a yer een, John
Oh why do you do so?
Come sooner tae your bed at e'en
John Anderson, my jo

John Anderson, my jo, John
When that you first began
You had as good a tail-tree
As any other man
But noo its waxen wan, John
And wrinkles to and fro-
I blame it on that Macintosh
John Anderson, my jo,

And oh, its a fine thing
To have twelve megabytes
But its a muckle finer thing
To see yer hurdies fyke
To see yer hurdies fyke, John
And strike the rising blow
Tis then I like yer system tools
John Anderson, my jo

I'm backit like the salmon
I'm breestit like the swan
My wame it is a dovecote
My middle you may span
From topknot tae my tail, John
I'm like the new-fa'en snow
And you can't say that o' your Macintosh
John Anderson, my jo

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