

# Guilty Pleasures

## Coffee, Computers, and Song

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D Dsus2D  
 Now the wife has gone out for the evening;  
 G A D  
 The kid's fast asleep in her bed;  
 G D  
 I head for the back room, turn out the lights,  
 A7 D  
 New ideas racing into my head.  
 D5 D G  
 And I know that I ought to be stronger,  
 D A7  
 And I know that it just ain't right,  
 D G  
 But my guilty pleasures are calling  
 D A7 D  
 And it's gonna be a long dark night!

G(D ↑ 5)  
 I have guilty pleasures and  
 D5  
 back-room treasures  
 D A7 D  
 To keep me happy all night long  
 G  
 The devil take wine,  
 D  
 loose women and crime  
 A7 D  
 Give me coffee, computers and song!

*inst. break*  
 G(D ↑ 5) G5 G D5 D A7 D G D5 D A7 D

Now some men fancy loose women  
 that they pick up in sleazy old bars;  
 Some find escape in the juice of the grape,  
 Some go racing in stolen fast cars.  
 But just give me a tape of old folksongs,  
 Black coffee as strong as it gets,  
 A hot CPU and a program or two  
 And a fast line onto the nets.

There's a two-meg stack of fresh net-news,  
 Some mail that I ought to reply  
 The last chunk came in this evening  
 Of a game I've been meaning to try.  
 Then maybe a round of debugging  
 There's always something else wrong,  
 If I don't fall asleep at the keyboard,  
 I might just write a new song.

Well the wife went to bed around midnight;  
 The kid'll be up before dawn.  
 I might crash at my desk about lunch-time,  
 But for now I'll just keep hackin' on.  
 Now some men fall for fast women,  
 for other the bottle's a curse;  
 For me it's hot coffee and hacking,  
 And I can't tell you which one is worse.

G(D ↑ 5) A(D ↑ 7) D(A\* ↑ 6)

This song actually *was* written in realtime somewhere between midnight and 3am.  
 Whistle works well on this one.

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