

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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