

White Collar Holler

Stan Rogers

Well, I rise up in the morning at a quarter to eight
Some woman, who's my wife, tells me not to be late
I kiss the kids good-bye, I can't re-member their names
And week after week, well it's always the same

Chorus

And it's ho boys, can't you code it, ugh, and program it right
Nothin' ever happens in this life of mine
I'm hauling up the data on the Xerox line

Then it's code in the data, give the keyboard a punch
Then cross-corre-late and a break for some lunch
Correlate, tabulate, process and screen
Program, printout, re-gress to the mean

Chorus

Then it's home again, eat again, watch some T. V.
Make love to my woman at ten-fifty-three
I dream the same dream when I'm sleeping at night
I'm flyin' over the hills, just like an eagle in flight

Chorus

Some-day I'm gonna give up all the buttons and things
I'll punch that time clock till it can't ring
Burn up my necktie and set myself free
'Cause no-one's gonna fold, bend, or mutilate me

Chorus