

The Microcomputer Blues

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Vocals $\text{♩} = 120$

Piano

I've got the

Mi - cro - com - pu _____ ter Blues. I've got some
Mi - cro - com - pu _____ ter Blues. I've got some
Mi - cro - com - pu _____ ter Blahs. I've pro - grammed

da - ta that I'm go - in' to loose. I've got bites
cir - cuit - ry that's go - ing to fuse. I've got a re
sev - en days with - out an - y pause. I've got a book

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The tempo is marked as 120 quarter notes per minute. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The piece is in 4/4 time. The vocal line starts with a rest for two measures, then enters with the lyrics 'I've got the'. The piano accompaniment features a series of triplets in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are: 'I've got the Microcomputer Blues. I've got some Microcomputer Blues. I've programmed data that I'm going to lose. I've got bites circuitry that's going to fuse. I've got a re seven days without any pause. I've got a book'. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, triplets, and rests.

in my fing - er nails and dust in my shoes. I've got the
 ced - ing hair - line, 'cause I'm pay - ing my dues. I've got the
 on peeksandpokes, and now I'm re - writ - ing DOS. I've got the

Mi - cro - com - pu ter Blues. Oh, yeah! Well, I was
 Mic - ro - com - pu ter Blues. Oh, yeah! Well, it was
 Mic - ro - com - pu ter Blahs. Oh, yeah! You know, I'm

(Spoken)

just an ave - rage cit - i - zen with two kids and a wife. My house and
 just the oth - er Sat - ur - day I got up at five. I had a
 feel - ing kind of strange, my tone of voice is so mono - tonous. My

car pay-ment were long o-ver - due. And yet I
 dream a-bout a pro-gram to write. My
 eyes re-veal a cold, dis-tant stare. I was in

made a big de-ci-sion that has ru-ined my life. I went and
 wife was sleep-ing sound-ly on the liv-ing room couch, 'cause I had
 vit-ed by my boss to one of those swing-ing of-fice parties, and I

bought my-self a new Ap-ple II. The sales-man
 tossed and turned for most of the night. Well — I
 sim-ply said to him, "Syn-tax error!" And, late-ly

told me that com- pu - ters were the wave of the fu - ture. There was
 got my self some cof - fee, put it on the CR - T, and I sat
 when I ask a ques - tion, my right eye be - gins to blink, just like a

soft - ware for my ev - er - y want. Now I'm a
 down, and I be - gan to code. When my old
 curs - or on the vid - e - o screen. Amdwhen I

hack - er and a pir - ate and an on - line junk - ie, and my
 cat jumped up and knock that cup right off into the key - board, and the com -
 looked in - to the mir - ror as I shaved my - self to - day, my face was

fam- 'ly is pale _ and gaunt. Oh, no! I've got the Mi - cro - com - pu ____ ter Blues.
 put - er start - ed to ex - plode. Oh, no! I've got the
 turn - ing from pink _ to green. Oh, no! I've got the

I nev - er watch the sports, the weath - er or news. And my _ brain's _

_ de - gen - erat - ed to a 6 - 5 - 0 - 2. I've got the

Mi - cro - com - pu - ter Blues.

Well, I'm a high-tech clone, and half my cir - cuits are blown. I've got the

mid-night boot-er, low-down loot-er, Mi - cro - com - pu - ter Blues. Oh, yeah!