The White Collar Holler

Stan Rogers

Well, I rise up every morning at a quarter to eight Some woman who's my wife tells me not to be late I kiss the kids goodbye, I can't remember their names And week after week, it's always the same

And it's Ho, boys, can't you code it, and program it right Nothing ever happens in the 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-correlate and break for some lunch Correlate, tabulate, process and screen Program, printout, regress to the mean

Then it's home again, eat again, watch some TV
Make love to my woman at ten-fifty-three
I dream the same dream when I'm sleeping at night
I'm soaring over hills like an eagle in flight

Someday 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.