Roll In It

Gimme gimme gimme gimme more more more (×4)

CER, they sure fell for our line
Industrial affiliates weren't too far behind
But they're small change compared to you, my love
You've got the kind of loot we're dreaming of

We don't care what you make us do
We're gonna sell ourselves wholesale to you
We wanna be just like CMU
We wanna roll in it

Can't you feel our bodies ache and yearn
To earn the kind of bucks that Dijkstra earns
And never mind the social implications
When it comes to cash, ain't no deliberation

We don't care what you make us do ...

Hey, check out that robot, if you please
It can crush a commie satellite with ease
It withstands sustained nuclear barrages
And in the lab it even gives massages

Berkeley, Stanford, MIT
They all sold out, so why don't we?
We wanna take off our BVDs
And roll in it

Hey, talk about your strategy and tactics
Ain't nothing like constructive mathematics
And if you're hot on natural deduction
You can verify your weapons of destruction

Berkeley, Stanford, MIT ...

Gimme gimme gimme gimme more more more (×4)

Hey Mr. Schultz, you can tell this to the Gipper
We got stuff going on, gonna make him split his zipper
When he sees all that we've got goin' down
He's gonna move the Pentagon to Collegetown

We don't care what you make us do ...

Berkeley, Stanford, MIT ...

Light of Day

I wanna know of love's eternal bliss
I wanna feel the passion that I've missed
Must be something I've been doing wrong
Apathy is getting pretty strong

Not like the movies, not like on TV
Real exciting things never happen to me
Guys are too good looking to be true
Women can't be real, cause they're not like you

In the light of day
In the cold clear light of day

I'm so sick of your dirty two-bit shots
Where it's at is always where I'm not
There's a place for me, but it ain't with you
I'd go home to mom, but she hates me too

The Bagwan's cake, o mane padme hum
All I ever wanted was a little crumb
Fancy having 90 Lincolns too
I'd be glad with one or maybe two

In the light of day
In the cold clear light of day

Dance all night till the sun comes up
Sleep the day away
I don't care if I don't wake up
Just more bills to pay
In the light of day

Down on the beach, there's a rumbling in the sky
All alone and no tears left to cry
Clouds roll in and the demons start to speak

I'll be back to normal in a week

Come the light of day
Come the cold clear light of day
The cold clear light of day
The cold clear light of day

Ivory Tower

Professor, you've been babbling for an hour
Immune from life outside your ivory tower
Your arguments are slick and error-free
They may make sense to you but not to me
Your theorems cannot feed a hungry mouth
Your lemmas can't erase mistrust and doubt
Your corollaries are so squeaky-clean
Has anybody asked you what they mean?

Ignorance was surely bliss
There must be more to science than this
No longer shall I be impressed
No longer is my soul possessed

I came for wisdom and philosophy
Instead I found deferred reality
Relevance is nowhere to be found
Common sense is six feet underground
Politicians lead us to the sea
Fanatics kill each other off with glee
If war broke out, I would not be surprised
Perhaps the syllabus should be revised

Maybe I'll return someday
Then I could while the hours away
Chronicling my thoughts and deeds
In journals no one ever reads

I Wanna Be Promoted

Twenty, twenty, twenty-four hours a day
I wanna be promoted
You gave me a job, now don't take it away
I wanna be promoted
I wrote 100 papers, they're spilling out the drawer
I built a walking robot, it's walking out the door
I've served on 12 committees, but still you ask for more
Please please please please please

Bam bam bam bam bam bam bam bam
I wanna be promoted
Bam bam bam bam bam bam bam bam
I wanna be promoted

Twenty, twenty, twenty-four hours a day
I wanna be promoted
I wanna leave Fairview Heights someday
I wanna be promoted
I write my students' theses without acknowledgment
I bring in major funding, but I can't pay the rent
My lab is nonexistent, my office is a tent
Why why why why why

Bam bam bam bam bam bam bam bam ...

Twenty, twenty, twenty-four hours a day
I wanna be promoted
I can't see what's standing in the way
I wanna be promoted
I'm editor of TOPLAS, I'm program chair of STOC,
Last week I gave a series of 12 distinguished talks
I've written seven volumes on synchronizing clocks
Tick tick tick tick tick

Bam bam bam bam bam bam bam bam ...

Twenty, twenty, twenty-four hours a day
I wanna be promoted
Gimme a break, and please let me stay
I wanna be promoted
I go to lunch each weekday with all the senior folks
I eat that dreadful garbage and try hard not to choke
And afterwards at coffee, I laugh at Juris' jokes
Yawn yawn yawn yawn yawn

Bam bam bam bam bam bam bam bam ...

Twenty, twenty, twenty-four hours a day
I wanna be promoted
My soul is in torment, that's all I can say
I wanna be promoted
My future's in the balance, and tenure is the key
If I don't get promoted, what will become of me?
I'll have to wait on tables, or work at Odyssey
No no no no no

Bam bam bam bam bam bam bam bam ...

VLSI

Byzantine generals leave me cold as ice (oh yeah)
I could kiss it all off, you wouldn't have to ask me twice (oh no)
And temporal logic's such a bore, it makes me cry (oh yeah)
Just pushing symbols on the page, lord, don't ask me why (oh no)
I wanna turn back the clock tonight
I wanna leave this place behind
Come on, baby, let me tell you what's on my mind

Why don't we VLSI like we used to do (oh yeah)
River routin' with you baby was such a groove (oh yeah)
Splittin' signals in a CMOS grid,
You know it makes me feel so fine
It sends shivers runnin' up and down my spine

Now I ain't one to dump no shit on someone else's dream (oh no)
But zero-knowledge proofs are just the worst idea I ever seen (oh yeah)
And voronoi diagrams are not my cup of tea (oh no)
And you know what you can do with all those oracles to separate the poly-fucking-nomial hierarchy, baby
It's a desert of abstraction out there
It stretches far as the eye can see
Come on, baby, take me back to reality

Why don't we VLSI like we used to do (oh yeah)
All I wanna do is run my wires through your gorgeous grooves (oh yeah)
I wanna layout all night long
I wanna wrap till the morning light
Come on, baby, let's fabricate tonight

Come on, baby, let's fabricate tonight

Why don't we VLSI like we used to do (oh yeah) (×2)

Categories Über Alles

$$\begin{array}{ccc} \forall x_1 & \longrightarrow & \exists x_2 \\ \downarrow & & \downarrow \\ \exists y_1 & \longrightarrow & \forall y_2 \end{array}$$

I'm Professor S. MacLane
All of you must know my name
Mathematics will never be the same
Set theory has gone away
Categories rule the day
School children never weary
Of Reading, Writing, and Category Theory (×2)
Categories über alles ...

Transformations heed my will
100% natural
All hail the fully abstract
Elements are just a hack
Come quietly to the fold
Theorems with meat are boring and old
Diagrams are here to stay
Make them commute or you will pay (×2)
Categories über alles ...

Now it is 1989
Your morphisms are all in line
But there's a knock at your office door
Functors that you can't ignore
Out of your job till you pass an exam
On the glory of the diagram
Forget the primes, remember this fact:
They're just a sequence, not even exact
Die for algebraic homology
So what if it's content-free
You little snot, you will crack
If you mess with Saunders Mac (×2)
Categories über alles ...

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Evariste

Pen dry, hand aching
Red sky, dawn breaking
Candle low, fever high
Today I'm going to die
Evariste

Sweet song in my ear
That no one else could hear
Got it down, but there's no time
No time to make it rhyme
Evariste

Blood pound, adrenalin run
Turn round, face to the sun
Raise arm, point gun
So much left undone
Evariste

All words and music by Dexter Kozen

except
I want to be Promoted. Music: Ramones Lyrics: Dexter Kozen
Categories Über Alles Music: Dead Kennedy's
Lyrics: Martin Abadi, Dexter Kozen, Mark Manasse, Greg Nelson