

The LoadBuild Man
Sung to the tune 'Piano Man' by Billy Joel

It's 3 am on a Saturday,
The regular crowd stumbles in.
There's an old tester sitting next to me,
With drool running down off his chin.
He said, "Son, can you write me a patch of code,
I'm not really sure what I want.
But it's short, and it's sweet,
Please do it toute de suite,
'Cause I need it by yesterday."

CHORUS: Build us a load, you're the loadbuilder,
And make sure you get it just right.
Yes we're all in the mood for an increment,
And we'll keep them coming all night.

Well Laurie at the terminal is a friend of mine,
She bumps up my priority.
And she's quick with a fix,
Or to load up a switch,
But there's some place that she'd rather be.

She says, "Brad, I believe this is killing me,"
As she paces around the place.
"Well I'm sure that I could be an MSS,
if I could get outa this place."

Well Jim is a die-hard masochist,
Who rarely has time for his wife.
And he's talking with Mary,
Who's still doing Data,
And probably will be for life.

And the manager's practising politics,
While the loadbuilders continue to bitch.
Yes they're sharing a job they call loadbuilding,
But it's better than living in a ditch.

CHORUS: Build us a load, you're the loadbuilder,
And make sure you get it just right.
Yes we're all in the mood for an increment,
And we'll keep them coming all night.
It's a pretty good crowd, for a Saturday,
And the manager gives me a shout.
'Cuz he knows that it's me they've been coming to see,
To bitch, and complain, and chew out.

And the printers sound like a carnival
And the switches still fill me with fear.
And they sit in my chair,
And keep getting in my hair,
And say, "Man, it's 4am, you're still here!"

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And make sure you get it just right.
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