

# Original Tunes by Big Dave and the Wailin' Bayesians

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## The Grad-Student Blues\*

'Woke up this 'mornin';  
'caught the 61C.  
Bussed into campus;  
chasin' that PhD.  
Made it late for the seminar,  
but not for the beer.  
5-th time this month you know people  
in this, my 11<sup>th</sup> year.

I got the blues;  
'got them grad-student blues.  
You know it beats workin' now people,  
but man, I got the blues!

Now when I was in my first year,  
I just tried to survive.  
'Memorized the 1-tree model,  
and all that micro jive.  
But now I gotta write,  
and I gotta think.  
'Barely got time for hygiene now people,  
and man does that stink!

I got the blues;  
'got them grad-student blues.  
You know it beats workin' now people,  
but man, I got the blues!

Slipped past the comprehensives,  
and the paper hurdles too.  
Now I'm on the job market,  
'talkin' with Big-Time U.  
Dazzled 'em with some theory,  
'got nothin' else to say.  
Startin' in August, I get to do this stuff for  
pay.

I got the blues;  
'got them soon-to-be professor blues.  
You know it almost feels like workin' now  
people,  
but man, I got the blues!

Showed up on campus,  
for my first gig.  
Now I'm shootin' for tenure;  
time for another swig.  
Gotta keep on grindin';  
'keep on crankin' it out.  
You know it gets to me sometimes people,  
and when it does I shout:

I got the blues;  
'got them academic blues.  
You know all this time I could'a been  
workin' now people,  
and man, I got the blues!

\*To the tune "I'm A Man"

## Ode to Della\*

There's an office 'round the corner;  
That's where that Della stays.  
Unless she's in the lunch room;  
Or on one of them paid holidays.  
But if she don't get started workin',  
My NSF grant will be delayed.

Wait a minute somethin's wrong here,  
Where's my Stock 164?  
Wait a minute somethin's wrong here,  
Where's my Stock 164?  
I've got a bad bad feelin',  
Josephine Hatley's gonna show me the door.

Guess I might as well go out for a coffee;  
It's JF's turn to by.  
The grant it went out tardy,  
And the idea will never fly.  
As for Della, we're gonna miss her:  
God knows, I know the reason why.

\*To the tune of "Red House"

## Love in Vain\*

Well I started my Dissertation,  
And I was thinkin' Nobel Prize.  
Yes I started my dissertation,  
And I was thinkin' Nobel Prize.  
And my baby said she loved me;  
Up above were clear, blue skies.

Well I ran my first regression,  
And some caveats appeared.  
The data, they were noisy;  
My hypothesis, it got smeared.  
And my baby, she got cranky;  
My only friend was beer.

Well I finished my Dissertation,  
And I got myself a job.  
Well I finished my Dissertation,  
Now I'm a starving academic slob.  
And my baby up and left me;  
For some prissy med-school snob.

All my love was in vain.

\*To the tune of "Love in Vain"

## On the Cover of the AER\*

I'm a research academic,  
At the finest school in the land.  
My students they all love me,  
And I front a jammin' rock & roll band.  
Chicks they really dig me,  
Even though I drive a beat-up car.  
But I know I can't make it,  
Can't try to even fake it,  
'till I publish in the AER.

Chorus:

AER...

'Gonna get me name right on the cover,  
R...

'Gonna buy 5 copies for my mother,  
R...

'Gonna see my smilin' face,  
On the cover of the AER.

I've got a big, fat research budget,  
And a couple of fine RAs.  
I got a high-powered bank of computers,  
And they're cranking out night and day.  
If I could just make one big breakthrough,  
I'd be lookin' at a healthy raise.  
So I just gotta do it,  
'Gotta get a paper to it,  
Then will come the happy days.

Chorus

If I make it I'll be so damn famous,  
The offers they'll come rollin' in.  
I'll fly all over the country,  
Givin' seminars and packin' 'em in.  
Fellowships and salutations,  
Maybe even some fancy prize.  
So I'll keep on workin'  
And you'll never see me shirkin'  
'Till I get into the AER

\*To the tune of "Cover of the Rolling Stone"

“Walkin’ the Dog Blues”

Suzie Mac, dressed in black  
Silver Buttons, down her back  
Makes me cry  
And I know why  
She wants a dog, my oh my

Walk the Dog  
‘Don’t want to walk no dog  
I just ain’t gonna do it  
I sho’ don’t want to walk no dog!

Now my friend Jim  
You all know him  
Plagued by his dogs,  
His eyes do swim  
He wants me sad,  
Ain’t he bad?  
I heard him singin’  
Now I tell him:

Walk your dogs  
Yeah Jimmy, walk your dogs  
You know you gotta do it  
I want to see you walk your dogs!

Now I saw Jim  
The other day  
Walkin’ his doggies  
He sure looked gay  
So hey there Jim  
Why pick on me?  
Get another doggie  
That’ll make it three!

Another dog  
Get yourself another dog  
You know you’ve gotta do it  
Get yourself another dog!

“Locomotive JF”\*

In the bustling hallway  
Storms Locomotive JF  
Up in arms about something  
Skim latte on his breath  
‘Seems the toys he bought on EBAY  
Got returned by Colette  
But God, this is an outrage  
‘Cause he needed that one last piece  
To complete his set

Just outside Duffy’s classroom  
JF lets out a shout  
This is looking serious  
‘Could be a full-blown pout  
Now you hear his molars scraping  
Sweat breaking on his brow  
What now? No toy to play with  
So he goes back on line  
To check out the Dow

Fifteen minutes later  
JF lets out a yelp  
‘Seems his check on the market  
Has given him no help  
Down another full month’s paycheck  
He can’t retire yet  
So his mind strays back to his plaything  
And the pain, oh the pain  
Of his shattered set

\*To the tune of Jethro Tull’s “Locomotive Breath”

“Donna Won’t ‘Llow”

Donna won’t ‘llow no guitar playin’ round here.  
Donna won’t ‘llow no guitar playin’ round here.  
Now we don’t care what Donna ‘won’t allow,  
We’re gonna play the guitar anyhow.  
Donna won’t ‘llow no guitar playin’ round here.

## **The Dog-Piss Blues**

I feel bad, I feel terrible  
Downhearted as I can be;  
I feel bad, I feel terrible  
Downhearted as I can be;  
It's 6 o'clock in the mornin'  
And my little doggie's gotta pee

'Bought him for my daughter  
And it filled her heart with joy;  
'Bought him for my daughter  
And it filled her heart with joy;  
Three days later and she dumped him  
For some little Tomagochi Toy

(but the dog's still here, and so are my blues: give to me Thanos!)

You know it's cold outside people  
And my feet are frozen in the snow;  
Gnawed-up bones in the kitchen  
On one, I stubbed my toe;  
And I ain't getting' inside soon now ya'll  
'cus that doggie just won't go.

## **I Put an F on You**

(to the tune of CCR's "I Put a Spell on You")

I put an F on you:  
Dude, you're mine!  
You ain't graduatin' soon  
I ain't lyin'.

Ain't gonna take none of your  
Late homework.  
Dude, you weren't sick;  
You just won't work.  
I put an F on you:  
Dude you're mine!

I got an email from you:  
Dude, you're lyin'.  
Your goldfish is sick – you can't take the final,  
Your cat's dyin'.

You've got excuses  
Whenever something's due;  
But Dude, you ain't studyin':  
You think  $1 + 3$  is 2.  
I put an F on you:  
Dude you're mine!

## **DAMNED FREELANCE WRITER**

We got kicked outta da 'partment  
By a crazy freelance writer  
To practice for the dinner  
We didn't have much time  
Frank Zappa and the Mothers  
Had way more chops than we do  
Runnin' outta degrees of freedom  
We're the Annihilator Operators

Chorus:

Damned Freelance Writer  
Fightin' with her guy  
Damned Freelance Writer

We've got to tell you Momma  
You're much cuter with your fangs filed down  
Tuck your tail back into your pants  
And put your pitchfork down  
Set aside your crayon  
And get yourself a real job  
With you charming personality  
We're thinking junkyard dog

## **Wish You Knew Beer\***

So, so you think you can tell  
Pabst from Urquel  
Coors Light from Cool-Aid  
Can you tell an Oatmeal  
From an India Pale  
A Stroh's from an Ale  
Do you think you can tell?

Did they get you to trade  
Your Stout for a Lite?  
Three Grolshes for cheese  
Or crap from Milwaukee?  
Cold Guinness for change?  
Did you exchange  
A perfect pint of Budvar  
For some Mike's Hard Lemonade?

How I wish, how I wish you knew beer.  
We're just two drunk souls  
Swillin' from a fish bowl,  
Beer after beer.  
Fallin' onto the same old ground,  
But have we found  
We're out of beer,  
Wish you knew beer!

\*To the tune of Pink Floyd's "Wish You Were Here"

## **Potpourii\***

There is a social science,  
They call the Econ  
And it's been the ruin  
Of many a poor boy,  
And God, I know I'm one!

\*To the tune of "House of the Rising Sun" by the Animals

## Dissertation \*

You say you got a dissertation  
Well, you know what you give is what you get  
You think you're set for graduation  
Well, you know I wouldn't say that yet  
If you give the paper as it stands now  
You won't get a job from anyone anyhow  
Don't you know its gonna be all right

You say you got a real solution  
Well, you know we all want to see the proof  
An economic contribution  
Well, you know that may not be the truth  
I saw an article the other day  
It looks like it solved your problem a better way  
Don't you know its gonna be all right

You say you got a dissertation  
Well, you know we all want you to graduate  
An interesting observation  
Well, you know I think you better wait  
I found an error on your second last page  
it seems you're paying workers a negative wage  
Don't you know its gonna be all right

\*To the tune of "Revolution"

## Just Pay Me Some More\*

When I get done and get out of here  
many years from now  
will I still be penniless all the year  
scraping up change for a bottle of beer?

If we didn't pay that activity fee  
I might not be so poor  
will you please heed me, or at last feed me  
Just pay me some more!

Don't be such a scrooge

And if you say the word  
I wouldn't be so screwed

I grade your papers, I write your code  
(When) you don't have the time  
I run your regressions by the candle light  
I clean up all your data till it's shiny and bright

I'd mow your lawn, I'd dig up your weeds to make a few bucks more  
don't you feel for me, sad little poor me  
Just pay me some more

Every summer we must worry 'fwe can pay our rent on time  
cause our checks don't clear  
We must pimp and slave  
Living in luxury,  
is our chair Big Dave

Send me a debit, increase my line  
a couple grand will do

could you pay for everything at lunch today  
I'm sincerely wasting away  
Give me an advance, throw me a bone  
\*(delayed/swung) I'll still need some more  
Please won't you heed me, or at least feed me  
Just pay me some more

\*To the tune of "When I'm 64"

## **Honkey Tonk Fat Cat**

I squandered your sweet nest egg on some gambles  
You paid me, and I took you for a ride  
You'll work until your 90, but don't thank me  
'Cause I'm climbin' in my jet to take a ride.

Chorus:

I'm a corporate fat cat  
and you, my friend, why you, are just a fool

I met a nominee, he named Obama  
He tried to stop my bank from its steep slide  
He got himself all jammed up in the Congress  
'Cause they just can't seem to break from sup-ply side

Chorus:

I'm a corporate fat cat  
Gimme, Gimme, Gimme, more federal jewel

I paid myself a whopping year-end bonus  
Now I've got some fine liquidity  
I'll buy some bling and take a long vacation  
It's the least I can do, for the economy

Chorus:

I'm a corporate fat cat  
Gimme, Gimme, Gimme, your taxpayer jewel

**Paula et al.**

Wadda ya do when you lose funding  
And your studies got you down?  
You go to see, if TA slots are free  
And she'll keep you here in town.

Amy, you've got me on my knees  
Amy, beggin' Amy please  
Amy won't you see what you can do?

Tried to get some research money  
When NSF turned my grant down.  
Like a fool, I went instead to you  
And you turned my request down.

Paula, you've got me on my knees  
Paula, beggin' Paula please  
Paula please don't make the budget constraint bind.

Tried to get a slot to teach in.  
Starting early is a pain.  
And please don't say, I've got to teach Friday  
Or schlep across campus in the rain.

Nettie, you've got me on my knees  
Nettie, beggin' Nettie please  
Nettie won't you fill my course request?

## **Not Fade Away**

I'm gonna tell ya how it's gonna be  
You're gonna gimme my Ph.D.  
Workin' workin' all through the day  
Gotta get me a job, can't afford no pay  
And love is love and not fade away

I'm gonna tell ya how it's gonna go  
Gonna get me a job right there in JOE  
Workin' workin' all through the years  
Gotta get me a job, so to 'fford some beers  
And love is love and not fade away