

# White Collar Holler

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

**Chorus:** *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

[Chorus]

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

[Chorus]

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

[Chorus]

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