# Someone's Computer

**Tom Paxton**

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I don't know what happened
The telephone rang and I answered
The man on the telephone told me my bill was past due
I told the man this wasn't even my 'phone
When over the line there came such a weird tone
Now I'm speaking to you from deep down inside someone's compute
r
They don't let me eat much
They basically feed me on numbers
I'm sorting out zip-codes and counting the cars in Beloit
I'm helping young Johnny learn geometry
But the devil he cares about rescuing me
Though he probably knows that I'm trapped deep inside his compu
ter
I'm not alone – there's a bunch of down here together
Clean-livin' folks who were trying to get by somehow
None of knows what the Sam Hill we did to deserve this
Each of us heard a mysterious tone and then powww...
I hate adding numbers
So guess what I'm doing forever
I'm running a mailing list dunning some dead-beats for Sears
I'd love to play Packman or Star Wars
But no, we're too serious here – we're all business
So I'm a Yuppie forever deep down inside someone's computer
Now that I think of it, lots of my friends have gone missing
Do you suppose that it got 'em the way it got me
Hard-working guys who were hard put to add on their fingers
Slaving their lives away, running somebody's PC
Well I'm not gonna panic
I'm carefully taking my bearings
And one of these days when I'm ready I'm making my move
'Til then keep on watching your monitor screen
If you see some poor devil in blue, red and green
It's just me I'm still trapped here deep down insid
e someone's computer...puter...puter...puter...
It's just me I'm still trapped here deep down inside someone's
computer
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