

Shrink Wrap Blues

Copyright 1994 by Gary McGath

Oh, I got a new computer game called "Journey Through Hell,"
The catalogue convinced me that it had to be swell,
With weapons supernatural at your control
And graphics so spectacular, they're worth your soul.
I ripped the package open, then was filled with dread,
For words made out of fire on the envelope said:

Chorus:

By opening this envelope, you have agreed:
If you can win the game, then you'll be freed,
But if you never beat it, then your soul is mine!
Signed, Lord of the Flies and King of the Swine.

I went back to the dealer in a terrible huff,
But he just grinned and said to me, "That's really tough,"
And told me that the package that contained the disk
Said consequential damages were my own risk.
So I'd better start in playing, every chance I got,
Or I'd end up at an address where it's always hot.

Chorus

I tried to use ResEdit to discover some tricks
And found a resource labeled 'EVIL' six sixty-six.
But when I double-clicked it, I screamed angrily;
The system said, "Bus error at DEAD."
The only thing to do was to reboot it, and then
The startup screen displayed the words: "Don't do that again."

Chorus

Now I'm at level forty in this devilish maze.
I'm afraid that I'll be at it till the end of my days,
And then I'll spend eternity in Satan's pits,
But I'm damned if I'll give up the game and call it quits.
My one hope for salvation lies, beyond a doubt,
In Holy Justice throwing shrink-wrap licenses out.

Chorus