

**The Good Old Days**

A computer was something on TV  
From a science fiction show of note  
A window was something you hated to clean  
And ram was the cousin of a goat.

Meg was the name of my girlfriend  
And gig was a job for the nights  
Now they all mean different things  
And that really mega bytes.

An application was for employment  
A program was a TV show  
A curser used profanity  
A keyboard was a piano.

Memory was something you lost with age  
A CD was a bank account  
And if you had a 3-in. floppy  
You hoped nobody found out.

Compress was something you did to the trash  
Not something you did to a file  
And if you unzipped anything in public  
You'd be in jail for a while.

Log on was adding wood to the fire  
Hard drive was a long trip on the road  
A mouse pad was where a mouse lived  
And a backup happened to your commode.

Cut you did with a pocket knife  
And paste you did with glue  
A web was simply a spider's home  
And a virus was just the flu.

I guess I'll stick to my pad and paper  
And the memory that's in my head  
I hear nobody's been killed in a computer crash  
But when it happens they'll wish they were dead.

**Author Unknown**