Don’t Get Mud on the Carpet*

1. We had moved into the building
    'Twas the month of November
    Just before Thanksgiving Day
    When word came down from the Associate Chancellor
    Here’s what he had to say:

    Don’t get mud on the carpet
    Don’t leave crud in the hallways
    Don’t punch holes in the sheetrock walls
    So please refrain from bringing your bicycles
    Into the building at all.

2. But the very next morning
    We rode up to the campus
    High above Monterey Bay
    And we wheeled our bicycles right into the building
    On that stormy and fateful day.

    We got mud on the carpet
    We left crud in the hallways
    We punched holes in the sheetrock walls
    We refused to refrain from bringing our bicycles
    Into the building at all.

3. So they called the police
    And we were all arrested
    We were hauled off to jail
    What’s more, they confiscated our bicycles
    And planned a bicycle sale.

    We’d got mud on the carpet
    We’d left crud in the hallways
    We’d punched holes in the sheetrock walls
    We had refused to refrain from bringing our bicycles
    Into the building at all.

4. So we all got cars
    And we drove to the campus
    High above Monterey Bay
    We drove into the building and we parked in our offices
    And here’s what we had to say:

    There was grease on the carpet
    There were skid marks down the hallways
    Soon there were no sheetrock walls
    It seemed acceptable behavior to drive into the building
    No-one minded at all . . .

5. 'Til the Associate Chancellor
    Came to view the situation
    On his face was a look of dismay
    He said, we’ll give you back your bikes;
    We’ll put bike-hooks in your offices
    And here’s what we’ll do today:

    We'll clean up the carpets
    We’ll scrub down the hallways
    We’ll replace those sheetrock walls
    And we’ll all ride our bicycles up to the campus
    There is no need to worry at all.

* This song, whose words were composed by me, is meant to be sung to the tune of The Wreck of the Old 97. (The MTA song is also sung to this tune—see over for music). For those who may be unfamiliar with the context: To make life bearable during a ten-month earthquake retrofit construction project designed to keep the damaged Nat Sci II (on the UCSC campus) from collapsing during the next earthquake, the entire physics and astronomy boards of study (aka departments) were moved to space in Kerr Hall in mid-November, 1995. Many of us had been parking our bikes in our offices in Nat Sci II since its creation, and no complaints were ever lodged to my knowledge. We were therefore surprised to see, in early December, the following memo, along with others mentioning possible damage to walls and ceilings. The song is based (in part) on those memos. No claim is made as to the veracity of the events described in the song. (It is true, however, that discussion subsequent to the performance of this song resulted in a policy change that allowed building occupants to park bicycles in their offices).

— Peter Scott, January 2, 1996
We had moved in to the building. 'Twas the month of November, Just before Thanksgiving day; When word came down from the Associate Chancellor, Here's what he had to say:

Don't get mud on the carpet, Don't leave crud in the hall-ways, Don't punch holes in the sheet-rock walls; So please refrain from bringing your bicycles into the building at all.