

# Don't Get Mud on the Carpet\*

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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.

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\* 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

“For the occupants of Kerr Hall:

[The Associate Chancellor] (whose office is located on the third floor) is requesting that Kerr Hall occupants refrain from bringing bicycles into the building. This request is in accordance to a campus policy designed to minimize building wear and tear and reduce the amount of mud and dirt tracked onto carpets and floors.”

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walls; So please re - frain from bring-ing your bi-cy - cles In - to the build-ing at all. \_\_\_\_\_