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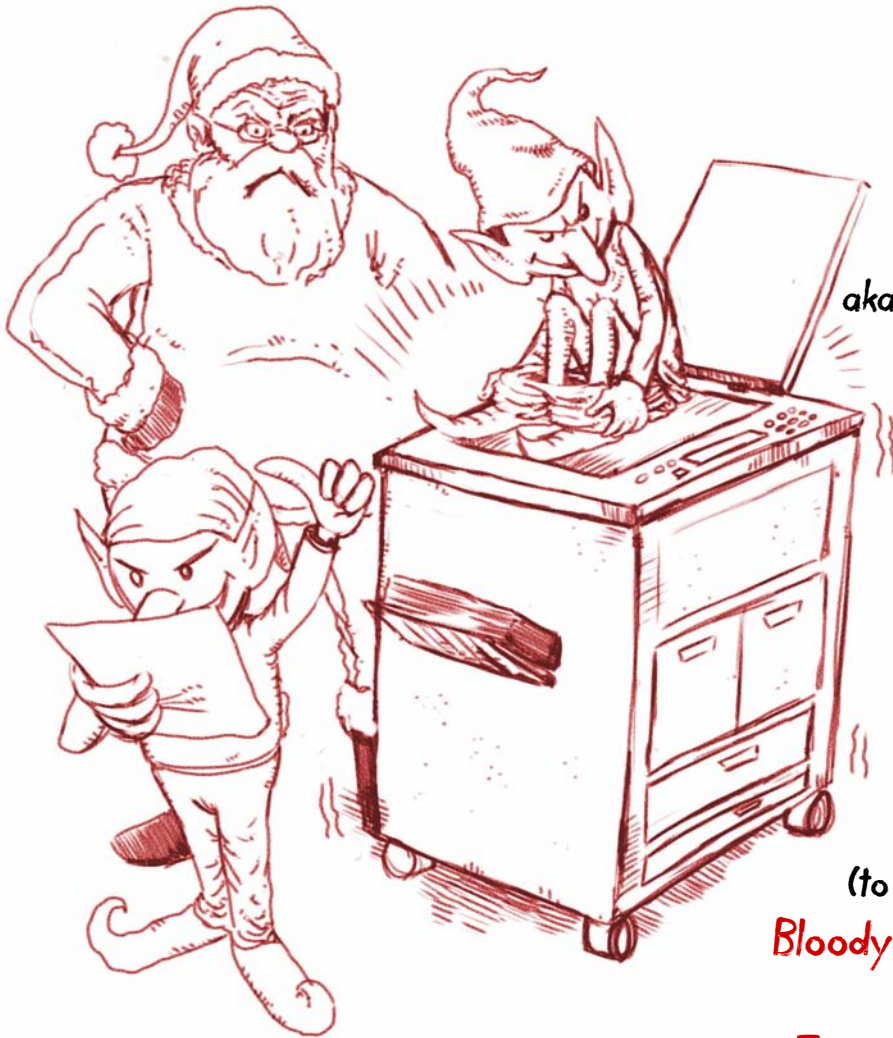
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Flockin' Around the Lounge at Four (to the tune of "Rockin' Around the Christmas Tree")

Flockin' around the lounge at four,
At the office party hop.
Ev'ryone joinin' from each floor,
And the laughter doesn't stop.

Flockin' around the lounge at four,
'Cause it's Secret Santa time.
Presents all piled and snacks galore,
Ev'ry worker feelin' prime.

Gift exchange was departmental
last time; what a crime!
HR, IT, Admin, Finance;
Mistletoe for office romance.

Flockin' around the lounge at four,
Let the gift exchange commence.
Later we'll sing like none before,
Makes the work day less intense.

Flockin' around the lounge at four,
All the presents wrapped with love.
Later we'll find out who they're for,
And the snacks we'll dispose of.



Little Printer Bugs

(to the tune of "Little Drummer Boy")

Print - they told me,
be-deep beep beep beep
Printer gods laugh at me,
be-deep beep beep beep
Ate the original,
be-deep beep beep beep
And ate my soul as well...
be-deep beep beep beep,
beep de-beep beep,
be-deep beep beep beep

Boss - smiles at me,
be-deep beep beep beep
She wants fifty copies...
be-deep beep beep beep
A message on its screen,
be-deep beep beep beep
Got me to swear and scream!
cra-crap crap crap crap,
crap cr-crap crap,
cra-crap, crap crap crap

'Out - of toner',
be-deep beep beep beep
Grab ink and load 'er,
be-deep beep beep beep
Press 'start' and then I pray,
be-deep beep beep beep
It jammed to my dismay!
be-deep beep beep beep,
beep de-beep beep,
be-deep beep beep beep

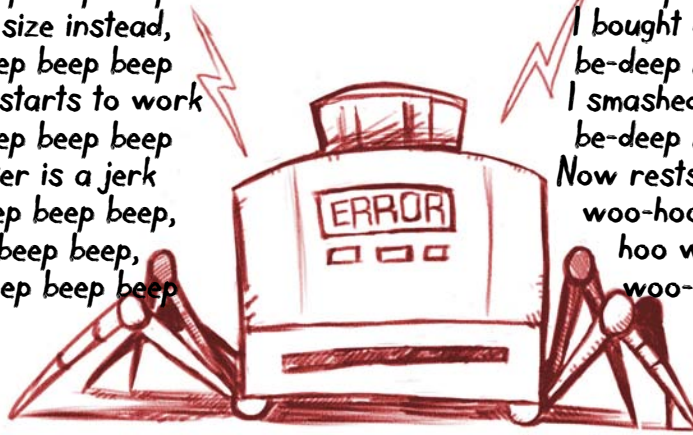
I - try again,
be-deep beep beep beep
With legal size instead,
be-deep beep beep beep
The machine starts to work
be-deep beep beep beep
This printer is a jerk
be-deep beep beep beep,
beep de-beep beep,
be-deep beep beep beep

Went - right to plan...
be-deep beep beep beep
But - got jammed again!
be-deep beep beep beep
The printer ate my page,
be-deep beep beep beep
I went into a rage!
be-deep beep beep beep,
beep de-beep beep,
be-deep beep beep beep

Called - Fix-it Guy;
be-deep beep beep beep
Fixed the machine up nice,
be-deep beep beep beep
He tested it 3 times...
be-deep beep beep beep
Damn thing performed just fine.
be-deep beep beep beep,
beep de-beep beep,
be-deep beep beep beep

It - still taunts me,
be-deep beep beep beep
Unplug it just to see...
be-deep beep beep beep
The machine smokes and glows,
be-deep beep beep beep
Took a life of its own!
be-deep beep beep beep,
beep de-beep beep,
be-deep beep beep beep

Joy - comes to me!
be-deep beep beep beep
I bought a new machine...
be-deep beep beep beep
I smashed the old printer,
be-deep beep beep beep
Now rests in the dumpster.
woo-hoo hoo hoo hoo,
hoo woo-hoo hoo,
woo-hoo hoo hoo



I Saw Pink Slips

(to the tune of "I Saw Three Ships")

I saw pink slips come mailing in,
On Layoff Day, on Layoff Day;
I saw pink slips come mailing in,
On Layoff Day in the morning.

Yay! They said it's a gift for me,
On Layoff Day, on Layoff Day?
Yay! They said it's a gift for me,
On Layoff Day in the morning?

The BossMan and HR were there,
On Layoff Day, on Layoff Day;
The BossMan and HR were there,
On Layoff Day in the morning.

And what was in those slips for we,
On Layoff Day, on Layoff Day?
And what was in those slips for we,
On Layoff Day in the morning?

O, those blockheads they've fired me,
On Layoff Day, on Layoff Day;
O, those blockheads they've fired me,
On Layoff Day in the morning.

And all the staff they hung their heads,
On Layoff Day, on Layoff Day;
And all the staff they hung their heads,
On Layoff Day in the morning.

And all our heads went rolling home,
On Layoff Day, on Layoff Day;
And all our heads went rolling home,
On Layoff Day in the morning.



Heck the Calls

(to the tune of "Deck the Halls")

Heck the calls, they keep on com-ing,
Aye-ya ya ya ya, ya ya ya ya.
And the email box is hum-ming,
Aye-ya ya ya ya, ya ya ya ya.

Buried under piles of wo-rk,
Aye-ya ya ya ya, ya ya ya ya.
Everyone's a great big jer-k,
Aye-ya ya ya ya, ya ya ya ya.

Hey, I thought I'd finished fil-ing,
Aye-ya ya ya ya, ya ya ya ya.
But the folders won't stop pil-ing,
Aye-ya ya ya ya, ya ya ya ya.

Oops, I think my stress is show-ing,
Aye-ya ya ya ya, ya ya ya ya.
While my work load keeps on grow-ing,
Aye-ya ya ya ya, ya ya ya ya.

Oh, I wish that I could go now,
Aye-ya ya ya ya, ya ya ya ya.
As my patience's getting low now,
Aye-ya ya ya ya, ya ya ya ya.

Help, I'm swamped with crazy wo-rk,
Aye-ya ya ya ya, ya ya ya ya.
Must escape or I'll go ber-serk!
Aye-ya ya ya ya, ya ya ya ya.



The Happy Work Song

(to the tune of "The Christmas Song"
aka "Chestnuts Roasting on an Open Fire")

Office bustling with our merry hires,
Cash flow's growing and it shows.
Workplace smiles being shared with buyers,
And friends dressed up like big biz pros.

Every teammate knows a perky
laugh and some warm hellos,
Help to make our business bright.
Giddy staff with their eyes all aglow,
will find it hard to leave tonight.

They know happiness's on the way...
And loaded lots of perks
and goodies in their pay.
And every employee is gonna sigh,
When they see it's time
to leave and say goodbye.

And so I'm offering this simple phrase:
From me to all our office crew,
Although it's been said,
many times, many ways...
Happy work day to you!



O' Storage Room

(to the tune of "O' Christmas Tree")

O' Storage Room, O' Storage Room,
Thy goodies, oh so tempting!
O' Storage Room, O' Storage Room,
Thy goodies, oh so tempting!
Oh how so much I want to cheer,
Whenever I go passing near.
O' Storage Room, O' Storage Room,
Thy goodies, oh so tempting!

O' Storage Room, O' Storage Room,
Much pleasure thou can't give me!
O' Storage Room, O' Storage Room,
Much pleasure thou can't give me!
My hands they get so darn itchy,
And filled with lots o' klepto glee.
O' Storage Room, O' Storage Room,
Much pleasure thou can't give me!

O' Storage Room, O' Storage Room,
Thy staples shine so brightly!
O' Storage Room, O' Storage Room,
Thy staples shine so brightly!
From clips to post-its, it's all free,
There's lots of choice for you and me.
O' Storage Room, O' Storage Room,
Thy staples shine so brightly!

O' Storage Room, O' Storage Room,
How richly Boss has decked thee!
O' Storage Room, O' Storage Room,
How richly Boss has decked thee!
For all those hours I've worked for you,
But it's not half of what I'm due.
O' Storage Room, O' Storage Room,
How richly Boss has decked thee!



Freezy the Laptop

(to the tune of "Frosty the Snowman")

Freezy the Laptop, had a super CPU,
With a bunch of RAM, and a big hard drive,
And two screens for a better view.
Freezy the Laptop, is a dream machine, they say,
He was made of parts but the office
Knows how he came to life one day.
There must have been some data on that
Old CD they found.
For when they placed it in his drive,
He began to dance around.

O, Freezy the Laptop, was as fast as he could be,
And the tech guys say he could work okay.
Good enough for you and me.
Clicketty click click,
Clicketty click click,
Look at Freezy go.
Clicketty click click,
Clicketty click click,
With his screen aglow

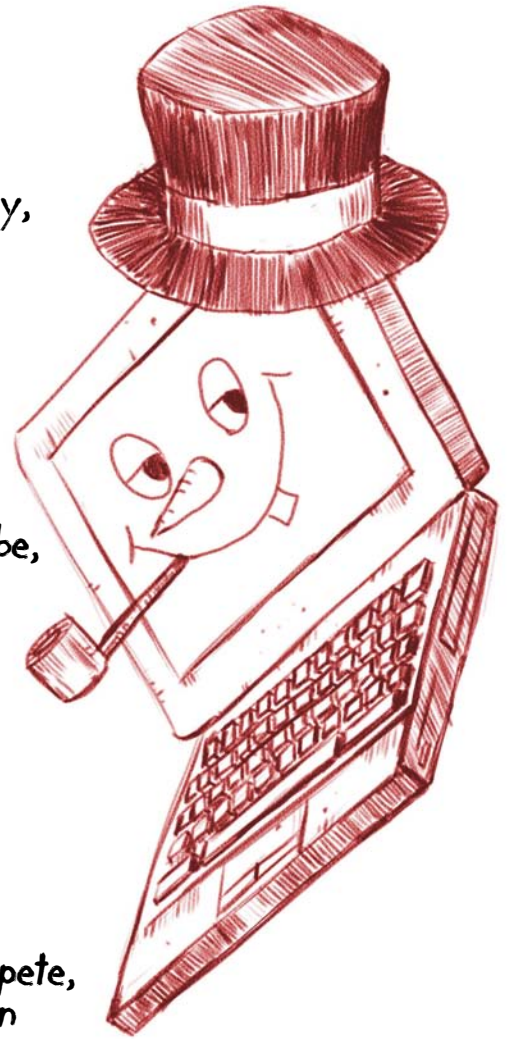
Freezy the Laptop, knew his specs would not compete,
So he said, "Let's run, and we'll have some fun
Now before I'm obsolete."

Down to the office, with some software in his hand,
Twisting here and there, in his office chair saying,
"Upgrade if you can".

He led them down the streets of town, right to the IT shop,
And he only froze a moment when, they heard his hard drive stop!

For Freezy the Laptop, had to hurry on his way,
But he waved goodbye saying, "I might fry,
You can use my parts some way."

Crashety crash crash,
Crashety crash crash,
Look at Freezy blow
Crashety crash crash,
Crashety crash crash,
Into the trash you go!





O! Holy Lunch!

(to the tune of "O! Holy Night!")

O! Holy lunch! Our thumbs have started twiddling,
It is the time, to check my email again.
Long past the point when work was stimulating,
We are restless, and must feed our tired brains.
YouTube, Facebook, we really waste our time well,
But noon hour breaks, and we shall be revived...

O - pen the fridge!
Oh, break us from our jail cell!
O, lunch divine
O lunch, when food arrived
O, lunch, divine
O lunch, O lunch divine.

Led by the smell, of left-overs a heating,
With forks and knives, in the lunchroom we stand.
Oh! there's the noise, of our boss's loud chewing,
Can someone please, give him the back hand.
The microwave, was born to be our lunch friend,
A thrill of joy, my meal tastes so yummy...

O-pen the fridge!
Our hunger pains know no end!
O, lunch, divine
O lunch, fill my tummy
O, lunch, divine
O lunch, O lunch divine.



Quit the Work World

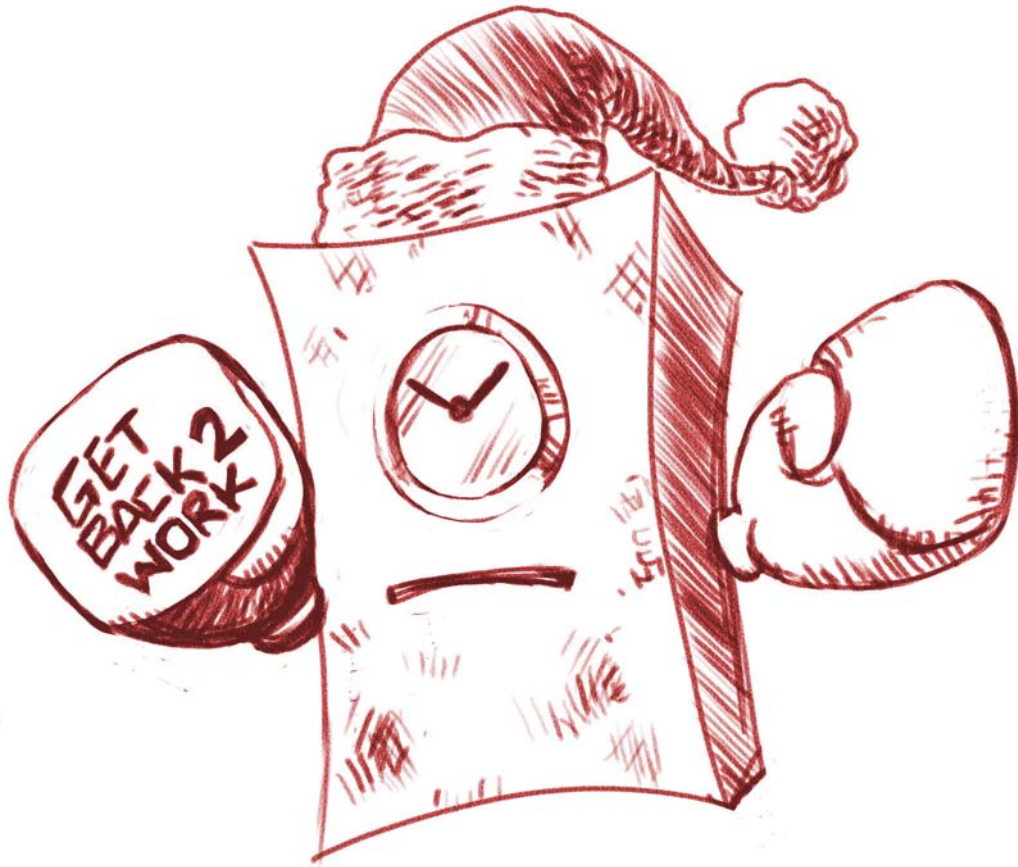
(to the tune of "Joy to the World")

Quit the work world! My job is done;
Just tore my time-punch card;
Retirement's gold, I'm having so much fun,
Employment records' scarred,
Employment records' scarred,
Employment record has now been scarred.

Quit the work world! Boss lost his brains;
When I told him I split.
Copied my butt, print still remains;
It's a good thing I quit,
It's a good thing I quit,
It's a good, good thing I quit!

Now all my grins and laughter grow;
No spreadsheets to be found.
I'm free at last, but out of dough?
Got free time by the pound,
Got free time by the pound,
Got free, free time by the pound?

Crud... I am bored, with no workplace;
Got to find cash to earn!
Dead-beat at home, I'm a disgrace...
To the office I return,
To the office I return,
To the office, office I return!



Here Comes Overtime (to the tune of "Here Comes Santa Claus")

Here comes overtime!
Here comes overtime!
Without overtime pay!
Workin' and wastin' my precious weekend,
Sure don't make my day!
Clock is tickin', darkness comin',
Boss loves workin' at night.
Must make quotas and value add,
For overtime's a delight!

Bloody Hell (The Copier is Jammed)

(to the tune of "Jingle Bells")

Walkin' down the hall, papers in my hand,
I open up the door, and say hello to Stan. ("Hi Stan!")
But something is amiss, I see it on his face,
And then I hear that awful sound, and there is no mistake...

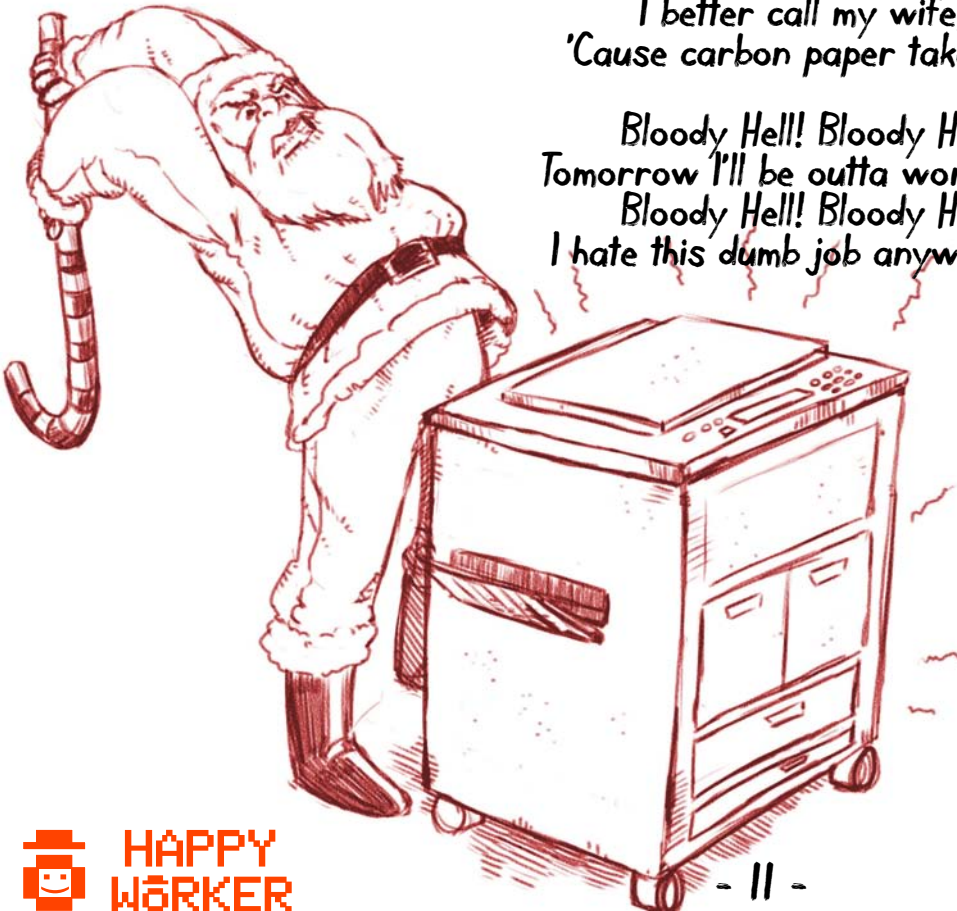
Bloody Hell! Bloody Hell! The copier is jammed!
If I can't get these done by four, I know I will be canned!
Bloody Hell! Bloody Hell! The copier is jammed!
Last time I tried to fix this thing, I almost lost my hand!

The tech guy has gone home, Stan's crying on the floor,
He's on thin ice for doing this, a million times before.
It's his own fault I guess. He really shouldn't try...
To photocopy on whiteboard, "it's jammed, I wonder why?"

Bloody Hell! Bloody Hell! The copier is jammed!
If I can't get these done by four, I know I will be canned!
Bloody Hell! Bloody Hell! The copier is jammed!
Last time I tried to fix this thing, I almost lost my hand!

It's ten to four right now, and nothing has been done...
Co-workers pass and smile at me, they think I'm having fun?
I better call my wife, and tell her I'll be late,
'Cause carbon paper takes an hour, just to separate

Bloody Hell! Bloody Hell! The copier is jammed!
Tomorrow I'll be outta work, thanks to that moron Stan!
Bloody Hell! Bloody Hell! The copier is jammed!
I hate this dumb job anyway, perhaps I'll start a band?



They Are Monitoring Your Screen

(to the tune of "Santa Claus is Coming To Town")

Oh! You better not surf,
You better not send,
That juicy email
Message to your friend...

They are mon-it-or-ing your screen!

They're making a list,
Of all of the sites,
That you've visited,
They've caught every byte

They are mon-it-or-ing your screen!

They track all of your keystrokes,
To see how much you work.
They even read your Facebook wall,
To know how much you shirk!

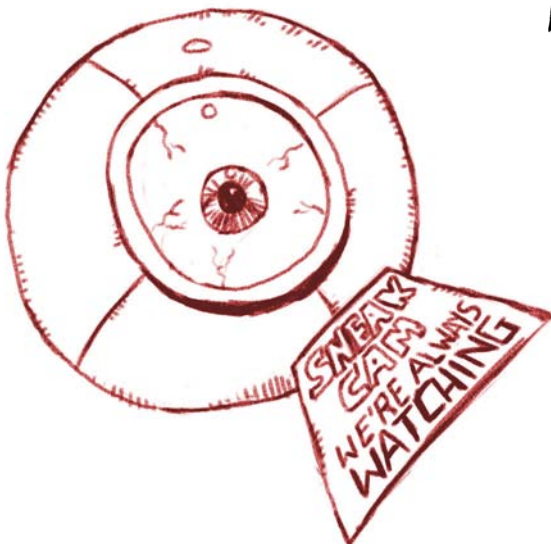
Oh! You better not surf,
You better not send,
That juicy email
Message to your friend...

They are mon-it-or-ing your screen

From doin' your work,
You'd better not stray,
You're bloggin' it up,
And shirkin' all day...

They are mon-it-or-ing....
They are mon-it-or-ing....
They are mon-it-or-ing....

Your screen!



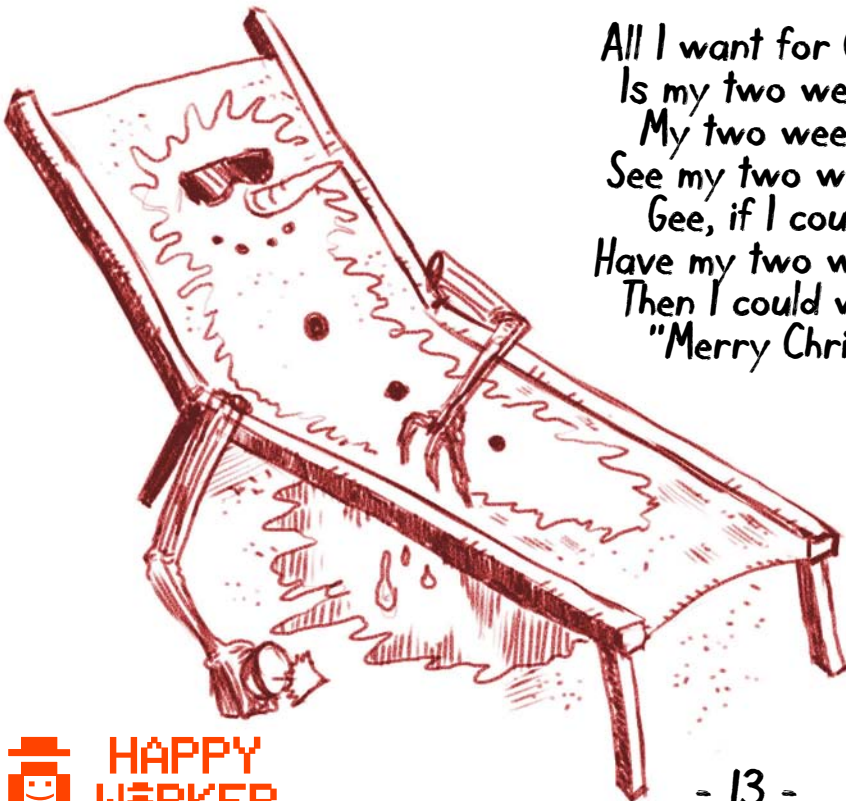
All I Want for Christmas is My Two Weeks Pay

(to the tune of "All I want for Christmas is my Two Front Teeth")

Every body stops
And whines with me.
The joy of work,
Gone as you can see.
I don't know just who
To blame for this catastrophe!
But my one wish on Christmas Eve,
Is as plain as it can be!

All I want for Christmas
Is my two weeks pay,
My two weeks pay,
See my two weeks pay!
Gee, if I could only
Have my two weeks pay,
Then I could wish you
All a good bye!
It seems so long since I could say,
"I love my work even more than play"
Gosh oh gee, how happy I'd be,
If I could just quit today!

All I want for Christmas
Is my two weeks pay,
My two weeks pay,
See my two weeks pay.
Gee, if I could only
Have my two weeks pay,
Then I could wish you
"Merry Christmas!"



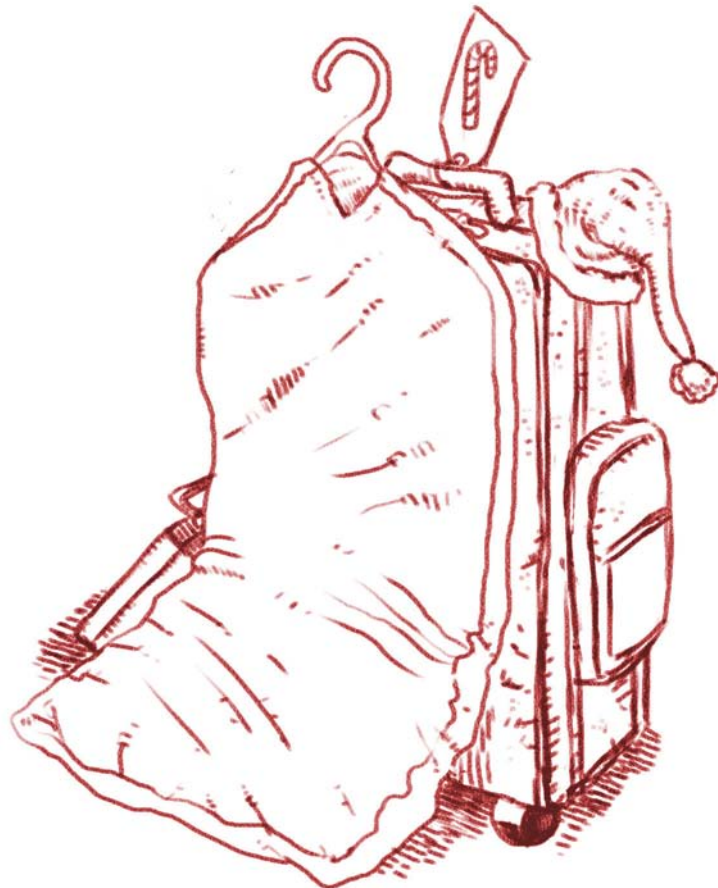
Away at a Meeting

(to the tune of "Away in a Manger")

Away at a meeting, I miss my dear friends,
My business trip's too long, can't wait til' it ends.
My group of co-workers is my family,
My little cubicle is awaiting me.

The meeting is boring; I'm yearning to go,
My ticket is paid for, or I'd leave, you know.
I love you, co-workers, look to your e-mail,
I'm almost done working, just confirmed the sale.

Be near me, dear colleagues, I ask you to stay,
Close by me forever, and don't quit, okay?
I miss thee dear work friends, leave now I don't dare,
I'm in office heaven. Be back soon, I swear.



HAPPY WORKIN' HOLIDAY SONGBOOK

creative juices squeezed by:

Heidi Bedore
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 BE A HAPPY
WORKER!