

## The Reclass Blues

David Williams (lyrics) and John Glover (music)

Well I'm headin' to Toronto, got biochemistry on my mind.  
Well I'm headin' to Toronto, a PhD sounds mighty fine.  
But first I gotta get, a supervisor I won't regret,  
Who'll get me through it all in record time.

Now I got a lab bench, baby, an Eppendorf or maybe two,  
And a handful of promises about 5 papers before I'm through.  
So it's time to stoke the fire, and get some data under the wire,  
Before I face those achin' Reclass Blues.

Got some great lab mates, baby, who can help to see me through,  
After four or five beers, maybe, these results are lookin' true,  
But there's just one more thing, a seminar I gotta swing,  
And then I'll face those achin' Reclass Blues.

*I got PowerPoint woes, baby, lotsa files that won't convert,  
Just 5 slides of data, to show 'em I been hard at work,  
And whatever will I do, when Pulleyblank asks his question or two?  
The projector never works, the thing's driving me berserk!  
Oh man, I got those Seminar Blues.*

Gotta write a proposal, show 'em my ideas are mighty fine,  
Cause it won't be my data, that gets me past the finish line.  
Why ever did I try, to put all those genes in a fruit fly?  
Oh man, I got those achin' Reclass Blues.

So it's the big day, baby, and I'm shakin' in my shoes  
I can see they're all waitin', there's no time for an excuse  
I'll show them that I tried, and there's great things that just  
might fly,  
And I'll try to hide my achin' Reclass blues.

Man they're really grillin' me, don't know what I'm gonna do,  
My free energy is fadin', my Kcals are droppin' too,  
I'll give it a last shot and propose what's really hot  
How 'bout an interactome or two?

*I'm hangin' in the hallway, life's passin' before my eyes,  
What's takin' so long, baby, can't you hurry up you guys?  
And then the door it opens, they're smilin' and they're jokin'  
They say "It wasn't sweet, but man you think on your feet!"  
Congrats - you've made it past the Reclass Blues!*

You may think this song is done, the great battle fought and w  
But it's back to the bench, baby, there's another gel to run.  
I've got a paper to write, maybe the end's in sight.  
But not before the Senate Oral Blues!  
But not before the Senate Oral Blues!