

"THE TIME FOR CRAMMING"

(To the tune of "The Sounds of Silence")

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Hello, Gilbert's my old friend
I've come to cram with you again
Because I spent too many hours screwing off
When I should have been at work reviewing
The Nutshells were never planted in my brain
And there still remains
The Time For Cramming.

In darkened stacks I walked alone
Where Law Reviewers call their home
'Neath the halo of a Tensor lamp
I grabbed a "Hi-Liter" so cold and damp
When my eyes were stabbed by a polyester suit
Belonged to Coop
Even he does cramming. . . .

And in the naked light I saw
Ten dozen First Year's, maybe more
People reading hornbooks of all sorts
Casenote Briefs of Crim Law, Tax, and Torts
People writing outlines they'll never get to use
There's no excuse
When it's The Time For Cramming.

"Fools," said I, "you do not know."
"Casenote blows it in E.O.
Prosser's good but he's been dead for years.
McCormick's book could bring a judge to tears.
Only Gilbert's can save you from the bottom half."
I had to laugh
And went back to my cramming.

But the people could care less
And they all beat me on the test
Because my answers were all out of date
I'd forgot to send for the update
And the Dean said, "I hope you like it at Wayne State,
For come next year,
That's where you'll do your cramming."