

DR. MIKE'S LAB

(sung to the tune of Uncle John's Band, with apologies to Robert Hunter and Jerome Garcia)

Well the first thing is to get the samples, every blessed day,
Cause when the plant looks for their results, they always get their way.
Sometimes it's a grind, testing with enzymes,
Wo, oh, but Mike wants to know, you tracked your time!

It's the supervisor's choice my friend; lab work is a breeze.
You know all the rules by now they're in the SOPs.
Did it pass QCC? Yes, it passed QCI
Wo, oh, Duest wants to know, did it pass QCC?

Goddamn, well I declare, spectroscopy needs light!
Their aisles are filled with lead samples; their motto is "don't lose any".
Come see Dr. Mike's lab, by the harbor side,
Come on along, or go alone, he's gone to make Hawaii home.

It's the same story the samples showed up later than you know.
Poor Mike has been stuck with Steve since 35 years ago.
Holding time won't wait, courier comes at eight,
Wo, oh, what I want to know, where does the time go?

Mike lives in a Quincy condo and sometimes he leaves at noon;
He's got him a mandolin and he'll write someone a tune,
Anybody's choice, he can hear your voice.
Wo, oh, but he wants to know, how does the song go?

Come see Dr. Mike's lab, by the harbor side,
Lots of samples and tests to run, here beside the rising tide.

Come see Dr. Mike's lab, by the harbor side,
Come on along, or go alone, he's gone to make Hawaii home.
Wo, oh, but we want to know, CAN WE COME WITH YOU?

Have a great
retirement!

Steve
7/31/10