RECLASSIFICATION RAG

Tune: The Man on the Flying Trapeze

Oh, I am a typist, my fingers are fast,
I'm still typing notes from the day
        before last,
I'm very unhappy, I'm feeling downcast:
Oh, I want to be reclassified!

All: Oh, she wants to be reclassified!

I know where to put punctuation,
And I'm actually able to spell,
I'm expert at taking dictation,
But I'm starving to death, so I yell.

Chorus: Oh-h-h——
Reclassification is what we desire,
Reclassification much better, if
        higher,
Reclassification before we expire,
Oh, we want to be reclassified!
        * * *

Oh, I'm a computer, my wages are small,
But that is much better than no wages
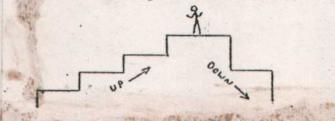   at all,
But, oh, I want more of the good
        Wherewithal
Oh, I want to be reclassified!
My work, it is accurate and speedy,
You never can find a mistake,
But in spite of it all, I am needy,
So more money I want for to make. Cho.
        * * *

Oh, I'm an assistant statistical clerk,
They all come to me for the dirtiest
        work,
However my labors I never do shirk,
So I want to be reclassified!
Oh, I draw up the neatest of tables,
And with never an error transcribe,
With care do I put on the labels,
Oh, my virtues are hard to describe. Cho.
        * * *

An agent am I, I work in the field,
I never tell data that could be concealed,
My eyes are averted, my brain is congealed,
But I want to be reclassified.
Oh, I recognize books when I see 'em,
And I take down the facts rather slow,
For I'm earning my wages per diem,
And I never report what I know. Cho.

I'm a research assistant, I edit
        reports,
I always correct what my typist
        distorts,
Though I'm really a dope and a faker
        of sorts,
I want to be reclassified!
Oh, I know how to look up the census,
And can locate a decimal point,
and although I make no pretences,
I'm much too much good for this
        joint!   Cho.
        * * *

I'm a stabismagician, my work I
        defend,
No matter how valid, my figures
        pretend,
No matter how lousy, there's al-
        ways a trend,
Oh I want to be reclassified.
I guestimate sooner or later,
My tactics are rather well known,
And even when there are no data,
I can always find some of my own. Cho.
        * * *

Oh, I'm supervisor, they call me
        the bloke
That makes lots of money without
        working a stroke,
But in spite of all that I always
        am broke,
Oh, I want to be reclassified!
My madness is always methodic,
I labor my boys to the bone,
My moments of work are spasmodic,
The sweat on my brow is unknown. Cho.
        * * *

Oh, I'm the Director approving the
        checks,
My burdens are heavy, my duties
        complex,
Your work is so simple; my problems
        perplex,
Oh, I want to be declassified!
To matters of state I'm devoted,
No room in my life for romance,
If I wanted to get me promoted
There would be no place to advance.

Chorus: Oh-h-h--

Declassification is what he desires,
Declassification is what he requires,
Declassification before he retires,
Oh, he wants to be declassified!