CFB Complaint (Why Does it Have to be Me?)

Why does it have to be me? Why did I join C.F.B.? Why do I have to do things I don't want to do? Why does it have to be me? Each morning I sit in my chair and look at the mess that is there. There's typesetting, layout, and some P.M.T.'s, at least fifty-three. A problem for me, and to put them together will take half a year, and lead to all kinds of frustration and tears. I'd rather go out and have fun drinking beer. Oh, why does it have to be me?

Chorus:
Why does it have to be me? Why did I join CFB?
Why do I have to do things I don't want to do?
Why does it have to be me?

Each day I sit in my chair
And look at the mess that is there;
There's typesetting, layout and some PMT's,*
At least fifty-three,
A problem for me;
And to put them together will take half a year
And lead to all kinds of frustration and tears,
I'd rather go out and have fun drinking beer;
Oh, why does it have to be me?

There's phone calls to answer each day
From people with little to say;
And more interruptions, they won't let me be,
Undoubtedly
A pain in the knee.
They don't understand all the problems, you see;
And when can I do what's important to me,
Such as reading my paper and making the tea?
Oh, why does it have to be me?

*PMT's: Probably used to refer to PMT's, which can be a type of printing technology or material used in printing.
And letters arrive in the mail.
The answers go out without fail.
And every day the numbers increase,
Two hundred at least,
Will they never cease?
Junk mail and bills arrive by the ton.
I don't mind the work, it might even be fun
If I could just type with more than my thumb;
Oh, why does it have to be me?
And even then, our job's not done.
There's plenty more where it came from.
And the silly thing is that we do it for free,
It's voluntary,
What idiots, we.
And so we continue to sing our refrain,
Although we in fact are content in the main.
It gives us something about which to complain,
Oh, why does it have to be me?

But now it is over at last.
The end is approaching quite fast.
The last issue's out, and to celebrate we
All sing 'Jubilee!'"
"At last we are free!"
No more nervous breakdowns or deadlines to fear;
No more volunteer work or slavery here;
No more magazines—well, maybe next year,
Oh, why does it have to be me?

This song was made by our art director, Nola Johnson, about 2 years ago. Since we’re ceasing publication, we thought we’d include it with an added last verse which Nola wrote when we decided to close down.