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Music: Bill Roper
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Gunga Wells

Am **G**
You can talk about SF till you've grown both hoarse and deaf
Am **E**
And all the plots are sounding quite the same.
Am **G**
But someone had to start it and it wasn't Ron Goulart, it
Am **E** **Am**
Was an Englishman who's earned eternal fame.

There's a definite and fine line 'tween an Asimov or Heinlein
And stuff so bad you can't believe it sells.
They are all judged by their peers, but just wait for forty years
And see how they compare to H.G. Wells.

Am **E**
For it's Wells, Wells, Wells!
Am **E**
A hack has done a sequel and it smells!
Am
Many men made contributions
G
To time paradox solutions
Am **E** **Am**
But they owe an unpaid debt to H.G. Wells.

Fine authors still are livin' like Pournelle or Larry Niven,
But even they have one unerring flaw.
A book or two they write is so padded and so trite
That it helps supply the bulk of Sturgeon's Law.

Invaders come from Mars or Man reaches for the stars.
Without a doubt it's all been done before.
I suspect the foul New Wave has him turning in his grave.
They don't write them quite like he did any more.

For it's Wells, Wells, Wells!
In the Bantams, Aces, Doubledays, and Dells!
He's been so long in print
That he'd surely make a mint,
But he's not here to spend it, H.G. Wells.