Words: Bill Roper & Clif Flynt
Music: "No Quarter", Juanita Coulson
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Remember the Hyatt

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Am                                  G         Am
Suck 'em in, suck 'em in, said the Chicon committee.
Am                                  G          E
We will sell them a badge, we must sell every one.
           Dm         Am              Dm      Am
Though the con's in December, they'll never remember -
Am                                G              Am
Once Christmas is over, they'll think they had fun.

      Am                                G
      If the Hyatt don't fill up, they won't tear our bill up,
             Am                          G             Am
      But if we make our block, we will get damn good rates.
           Dm           Am             Dm              Am
      Ross Pavlac, Curt Clemmer, Larry Propp, and the Passovoys -
        E
      Should know better.
             Am                 G
      It can never be run by as few fen as these:
        Am        G         Am         G
      A doctor, a lawyer, a filker, an aardvark,
          Am           G          Am          G
      And half of your gofers are lost in the car park!
             Am                    G          Am
      And if Windycon crashes, how can Chicon fly?

The art show, the art show, where the hell is the art show?
Beyond registration, just look for the line.
The flats still aren't standing, the artists demanding
Their art must be hung up before check-out time.

Larry Propp, Larry Propp, what is Larry Propp doing?
It seems that he's singing the same tired song.
He's at registration, giving misinformation.
It seems everything Pavlac told him was wrong.

Curt Clemmer, Curt Clemmer, what happened to Clemmer?
The program book don't have his name on the list.
From Strekcon's he's learnin', his bridges ain't burnin'.
If his name isn't there, then perhaps he'll be missed.

Ross Pavlac, Ross Pavlac, oh where is Ross Pavlac?
When membership slumped, he was media's friend.
The Galaxatives found him, in the fountain they've drowned him.
I doubt if he'll even watch Star Trek again.

The panels, the panels, where the hell are the panels?
The con suite, the hucksters, the rest of the fen?
The gamers cut capers with sheets of graph paper.
They're mapping the halls out for dungeons again.

      If the Hyatt don't fill up, they won't tear our bill up,
      But if we make our block, we will get damn good rates.
      Ross Pavlac, Curt Clemmer, Larry Propp, and the Passovoys -
      Will learn better.
      It can never be run by as few fen as these:
      A doctor, a lawyer, a filker, and aardvark,
      And half of your gofers still lost in the car park!
      With luck we will find them before Labor Day.
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