

## Prototype for the Neophyte (Always Save Your Work)

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A prototype for neophytes  
Was near completion by all rights.

*us, back in the day:*

"We're sure it will amaze the world!"

So there it was, *(coming right along)* a perfect song,  
But what had happened? *("What has happened?! What has happened?!")* "Something wrong!"

"A technological betrayal!"

It all caved in: a dream withdrawn,  
For everything we'd done was gone.  
Prototype for the Neophyte was lost.

*the tech:*

"Hey man, sorry your data's too fragmented to save,"

*the suits:*

"But here's a new disk and software upgrade—  
a much bigger disk—a nice free upgrade.  
You're welcome."

And so we part. *(We go our separate ways,)* We hibernate *(We're moving to bigger and brighter things.)*  
To forget what we can't escape.

But bright ideas in time return.

So here we are. We rise again,  
Triumphant, with a fountain pen.  
Prototype for the Neophyte is this:

*hypothetical quidnunc:*

"Hey man, whatever came of that thing you were going to do?"

*us:*

"Oh. Well, Fate wasn't so kind to our would-be so brilliant debut,  
For back in '98, Roland went berserk,  
And the moral of the story is to always save your work,

Save your work,  
Save your work.  
Don't be a jerk:  
Save your work.  
(Save your work.)

But here we are to sing again—  
To conjure up a brand new gem.

"Prototype for the Neophyte" on a prototype made by neophytes is complete.