

# IN THE YEAR 2525

(with apologies to Zager & Evans)

In the year 2525  
If the Post Office is still alive  
If carriers can survive  
They may find.....

In the year 3535  
Ain't gonna need to tell the truth, tell no lies  
Everything you think, do and say  
Is in the scans you took today

In the year 4508  
Ain't gonna need your stool, won't need your case  
You won't find a thing to sort  
The Big Machine did it all of course

In the year 5555  
No more LLV to go for a ride  
Your legs got nothing to do  
A Ginger is doing that for you

In the year 6503  
Ain't gonna need no boss, no 204B  
Supervision's done in a new manner  
A beady eye in the window of your scanner

In the year 7510  
Privatization will be done by then  
Who cuts our checks is anybody's guess  
UPS or Federal Express?

In the year 8510  
Customers will shake their collective head  
They'll either say, "We're pleased how mail's gone"  
Or tear it down like that old Enron

In the year 9595  
I'm kinda wondering if the carrier's gonna be alive  
They've taken everything the system can give  
And their backs are hurting...

Carriers have carried a billion loads  
Scanners scanned a gazillion barcodes  
Why? We never knew  
Now the carrier's reign is through

But through the eternal night  
The twinkling of red laser light  
So far away from you and me  
Is this our final MSP?...

