

"THE TIME FOR CRAMMING"

(To the tune of "The Sounds of Silence")

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Hello, Gilbert's my old friend  
I've come to cram with you again  
Because I spent too many hours screwing off  
When I should have been at work reviewing  
The Nutshells were never planted in my brain  
And there still remains  
The Time For Cramming.

In darkened stacks I walked alone  
Where Law Reviewers call their home  
'Neath the halo of a Tensor lamp  
I grabbed a "Hi-Liter" so cold and damp  
When my eyes were stabbed by a polyester suit  
Belonged to Coop  
Even he does cramming. . . .

And in the naked light I saw  
Ten dozen First Year's, maybe more  
People reading hornbooks of all sorts  
Casenote Briefs of Crim Law, Tax, and Torts  
People writing outlines they'll never get to use  
There's no excuse  
When it's The Time For Cramming.

"Fools," said I, "you do not know."  
"Casenote blows it in E.O.  
Prosser's good but he's been dead for years.  
McCormick's book could bring a judge to tears.  
Only Gilbert's can save you from the bottom half."  
I had to laugh  
And went back to my cramming.

But the people could care less  
And they all beat me on the test  
Because my answers were all out of date  
I'd forgot to send for the update  
And the Dean said, "I hope you like it at Wayne State,  
For come next year,  
That's where you'll do your cramming."