

Bjarni, Give me a Theorem

If I had proved (there's no denying)
What Bjarni's proved, I'd not be crying.
There'd be joy for this old boy,
And lots of grants to buy computer toys.
I've got a wife and kids to feed.
You've got results that you don't need.

Chorus: *Bjarni, give me a theorem!*
I've tried all day and cannot get near 'em.
Coming from you, even a Lemma would do.

Got drunk one night, and I asked you,
"Lattice varieties—aren't there just two?"
In your nice way, you had to say,
"You won't get tenure if you think that way!"
You took the time to set me straight,
More than we'll ever enumerate.

I found a result, you were surprised.
'Twas new to you, not recognized.
I gave you a seat and showed you the proof.
You said, "It's great!" and went right through the roof.
You liked the proof, and so did we.
You proved it back in '53.

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Chorus twice.

Music: "After you're gone"

Words: Brian Davey and J.B. Nation

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