

Rawhough

Mergin', mergin', mergin', mergin', mergin', mergin',
Mergin', mergin', mergin', Rawhough

Keep mergin', mergin', mergin'
Though the waves are surgin'
Keep them black holes mergin', Rawhough
From O1 to eleven
We'll be in heaven
Pluckin' them waves out of the rough
All the things I'm missin'
Days without noise hiss'n
Are waiting once we dee-tect enough

Telecon, write it up, write it up, telecon
Telecon, write it up, Rawhough
Trigger it, filter `em, filter `em, trigger it
Trigger it, filter `em, Rawhough

Keep runnin', runnin', runnin'
Though they ain't `nough fundin'
Keep them lasers hummin', Rawhough
Don't try to bounce and stream `em
Just clean em, squeeze and beam em
Soon PRL will shout "enough".
Theorists calculatin',
The whole world will be waitin'
To see if GR has the right stuff

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By Clifford Will
From "Rawhide" by Ned Washington
with apologies to Frankie Laine