

A Wizzard Looks at Fifty
By Ryan Opp (and Rincewind)

Hello all, Rincewind here. Well, I'm turning fifty this week and the University staff are making me do a song. I hate them. So this is my life: I may be fifty now, but sometimes, most times, I just want to run screaming to my mother, wherever, whoever she is.

Mother, Mrs. Rincewind! That's my desperate call.
Always having to run, never having no fun,
Since I was three feet tall.
I've seen it all, I've seen it all.

Heard the men who chased me switch from shout to scream
Cause I'm in front laying tracks, my Luggage charging in back,
My assailants are somewhere between.
We make an odd team, like a crazy man's dream.

No offense Mr. Sir Pratchett.

Yes I am a wizzard, somewhere far below third rate
I find food under rocks, I hear kangaroos talk.
I'm an over-fifty victim of fate.
Adventures I hate. Adventure I hate.

I've done a bit of flyin', always followed by falling fast
When I make dives and loops, it makes corkscrews and hoops
In my Death's hourglass.
How long can luck last? How long can luck last?

And I've saved the Discworld a time or two or three
So they made me Professor of Cruel Jography.
That's the thanks that I'm gettin', but now I am bettin'
They've brought another mission again.
They say they're my friends. Who needs enemies then?

(instrumental)

Yes indeed. Talk to the hat: that's "wizzard," with two 'z's. Ah, what I wouldn't give for a boring life on an island somewhere: just me... and some potatoes. No seriously, I really like potatoes.

And I hang with wacky people, all crazy or mad or funky.
Cohen the Barbarian, or my boss the Librarian.
Well, actually, he is a m— ape.
I meant to say ape. Yes, he is an ape.

Mother, Mrs Rincewind, after all the years I've found
The very best cure for capture and torture
Is to simply not be around.
Got to cover some ground, got to get out of town.
Got to cover some ground, now I'll get out of town.

(booming)