

9 o' clock class feels like five
asleep at three, so sleep deprived.
STAT-60 satisfies 2C,
the math GER, not the one for me.
The Central Limit Theorem? Speak English.
The Sum of Squares? I don't need this.
But I'm positive, studying hard,
gotta pass this class, no holds barred.
But essay due last Thursday man,
Moby Dick I understand.
Up 'till five in the library,
Meyer Lair, kind of scary.
Asleep at eight then up at ten,
missed the lecture can't pretend,
I get the null hypothesis...
on Tuesday's test, I was dissed.

CHORUS

Got STAT-60 on my mind,
Chi-squared values all the time,
In my notes and in my rhymes.
Easy quarter? Not this time.

Why'd you have to go and make things so complicated, Professor Thomas?

Never are the quiz score grades ever inflated, but you taught this:

You get involved in radio,
work really hard, get your own show.
But whoops, you slip, and play a track,
uncensored as matter of fact.
The FCC gets on your back,
the station manager says it's whack.
The probability that you'll loose your show on 90.1? 1.0.
Let's say that you're late for class,
racing down peddling fast.
You live in A, class is at B,
integrate time and velocity.
The probability that you'll crash your bike,
In White Plaza on the way to Psych,
.34 on your cell phone,
.85 if you hit a cone.

CHORUS

Let's say you meet this hot sophomore,
she likes you, you can't ignore
X the months that you date,
P the probability that it's great.
You break up but you still kiss,
you're not discrete it's continuous.
Late night hook ups nebulous,
thin line friendship, no big fuss.
Weekly sessions on the phone,
made the right choice,
you're on your own.
Good to be single all alone,
degrees of freedom you can't clone.
But calculate E of X,
you're at a party you see your ex,
The probability that your heart breaks in 2
She's with someone new and it's not you.

CHORUS

S-T-A-T sixty, baby.
S-T-A-T sixty, baby.
S-T-A-T sixty, baby.
S-T-A-T sixty, baby.

I'm going to pass this class, so... you know.