[NAWD Action Item #3: Have Fun! Make Your Point With a Little Comedy](https://adjunctcrisis.com/2015/01/30/nawd-action-item-3-have-fun-make-your-point-with-a-little-comedy/)

[*January 30, 2015*](https://adjunctcrisis.com/2015/01/30/nawd-action-item-3-have-fun-make-your-point-with-a-little-comedy/)*by [mixinminao](https://adjunctcrisis.com/author/mixinminao/" \o "View all posts by mixinminao)*

Good adjuncts:

It’s important we get out there and sell the message about how adjuntification is messed up and needs to change, but we’re not going to succeed by simply being strident.  When it come to the world at large, there’s a long line of hard luck stories, of which we are but one.  Parody and satire can go a long way to move the masses.  For now, I’m sharing my own attempt at this.  It’s a parody of Macklemore’s “Thrift Shop” simply titled “adjunct”. For those unfamiliar with the song, here’s the original “Thrift Shop” video: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QK8mJJJvaes>

I’m hoping somehow I can get this made into a Youtube video.  I don’t know if I will, but those of you out there more talented or creative who may have some creative ideas of your own–please share them, and I’ll post them.  Anyway…

**Adjunct**  
(To the tune of Macklemore’s “Thrift Shop”)

Hey, professor, can you help me with my …?

Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye (many times)

Gotta fly, gotta fly, gotta fly, yeh (x9)

I’ve got to drag my ass  
To another college campus  
I-I-I’m racing, to teach another section  
Yes I‘m a fucking adjunct

Nah, walk up to the class like, “What up? I ‘m real prof  
I’m like so downplaying that I’m an adjunct  
I drag in the books and talk real cocky  
That students forget that I’m just shit grade jockey.”  
Bladder swollen, my eyes all bloodshot, too much coffee  
Bags packed with stacks of essays, students waitin’ expectantly  
Probably shoulda gone first, gotta return papers before I  
(Pisssssssss)  
But shit, it was 9:05! (I’m late)  
Holdin’ it, strain’ it, bout to go and put em into peer groups  
Passing up on the lesson plans I worked on the night before  
Unclear and sketchy, fuck it man  
I strutting and stalling and  
Can bolt the classroom and I’m hella happy I got to go pee  
I’ma gettin’ fastfood pay, I’ma gettin’ fastfood pay  
No for real—ask at payroll—can I get a dollar meal (Thank you)  
Back at teachin’ my cellphone’s ringin’  
In my Trader Joe’s bag I go diggin’  
I found a whiteboard marker, a dried out whiteboard marker  
I whet it with my tongue, then tried on a chalkboard  
Hello, hello, my ace man, my mello  
Full-time ain’t got nothing on my fringe course, hell no  
I could take student essays, correct them, sell those  
The admin heads would be like “Aw, he like nailed the SLO’s.”

I’ve got to drag my ass  
To another college campus  
I-I-I’m racing, to teach another section  
Yes I‘m a fucking adjunct

What you know about grading essays through the weekend?  
What you knowin’ about living on only ramen?  
I’m grading, I am grading, I’m searching all through the papers  
One man’s trash, that’s my last class’s coursework  
Thank the department for cancelling my course just last minute  
‘Cause right now I’m sellin’ my plasma  
I’m at the thrift store, you can find me trying dress clothes  
It’s not, Halloween, I’m searchin’ in that section  
For dress shirts, and dockers, and boxers, or blazers  
I’ll take those red Hawaiian neckties, fifty cents, I’ll buy that motherfucker  
The two-way belt with broken buckle on that motherfucker  
I hit the office and they stop in that motherfucker.  
They be like, “Oh, that adjunct—he hella poor.”  
I’m like, “Yo—that’s ten dollars at the Target.”  
Half off on Tuuesdays, let’s do adjunct addition  
10 dollars for a dress belt—that’s almost two full days of food  
The reality of your salary bro  
And having the same situation as 70% of faculty  
Peep game, come take a look through my telescope  
Tryna get a full-time job and you hella won’t  
Man you hella won’t

I’ve got to drag my ass  
To another college campus  
I-I-I’m racing, to teach another section  
Yes I‘m a fucking adjunct

I wear those thrift store clothes  
I feel expendable  
I’m hauling this big ass bag  
From that campus down the road  
I wear those thrift store clothes  
I feel expendable  
I’m hauling this big ass bag  
From that campus down the road

I’ve got to drag my ass  
To another college campus  
I-I-I’m racing, to teach another section  
Yes I‘m a fucking adjunct

Is that your curriculum vitae?

Enough, now get busy good adjuncts!

Geoff Johnson

A good adjunct