

Down the ChatGPT Rabbit Hole

Verse 1

Boot up the brain, pour coffee in the cup,
Ask a simple question—watch the answers stack up.
One tiny bug and the thread starts to spool,
Now I'm ten tabs deep in exception school.
“Just enumerate it!”—yeah, that sounded right,
But now my loop's trying to iterate the night.
List into dict into list again—whoa—
I think I found Wonderland in my I/O.

Pre-Chorus

Bread crumbs of stack traces glitter in code,
I follow them down this recursive road.
Every fix births two more “why though?”s—
Console laughs in monospace prose.

Chorus

I'm falling, falling—down the ChatGPT rabbit hole,
Where `KeyError(0)` guards the toll.
“Token should be a dictionary,” the signs all say—
But I swear I left with a list that day.
Oh, I'm falling, falling—past the helpful and the strange,
Where every patch suggests a broader change.
If reason is the map and code's the soul,
Sing me home from the rabbit hole.

Verse 2

I brought three statements, neatly parsed in a row,
Came back with `parsed_code: [[], [], []]`—uh oh.
You say “normalize,” I say “no mutation,”
But the diff says “oops,” now I'm shipping frustration.
`stmt[0]` promises a depth to read,
Index or key? Depends what you feed.
Is it `IndexError` or `KeyError` tonight?
Even the bugs can't agree who's right.

Pre-Chorus

Assertions like lanterns, I hang them high,
They didn't go off—so why did I?

A breadcrumb prints: “looks good!”—what a twist—
The serializer turned my tokens to mist.

Chorus

I’m falling, falling—down the ChatGPT rabbit hole,
Where `range` hands you integers to patrol.
And every “quick fix” grows a second scroll,
Like hydras in the source control.
Oh, I’m falling, falling—past the clever and the bold,
Where `yield` is chill and `return` is cold.
If truth is typed and types are whole,
Sing me home from the rabbit hole.

Bridge

*KeyError isn’t IndexError,
Dicts don’t do rows—no, never,
Lists raise bounds when they’ve got none,
Maps raise keys when you picked the wrong one.*
I whisper to the parser like a bedtime prayer:
“Only add `prec...` don’t replace me with air.”

Breakdown (spoken, deadpan)

“Minimal change.”
“Structure-preserving.”
“Just a tiny patch.”
—famous last strings.

Verse 3

So I slow the ride and I name each thing,
Print one token—hear it sing.
Keep the shape, not the shine;
Touch the leaf, spare the vine.
Skip the magic—walk the code;
Ship the smallest diff you owe.
When the loop is true and the stack is whole,
That’s the ladder out the hole.

Final Chorus

I’m climbing, climbing—out the ChatGPT rabbit hole,
With careful hands and a smaller goal.
No grand refactor, just one true role:
Make the real bug pay the toll.
I’m climbing, climbing—past the clever and the bold,
Guard my lists; let my maps be told.

If reason is the map and code's the soul,
Sing me home from the rabbit hole.

Outro

Close the tabs, let the fans spin low,
Tomorrow's bugs can take it slow.
Commit the fix with a wink and a scroll:
"Docs: avoid the rabbit hole."