

The Myoblast Song

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(to the tune of “When You Had Left Our Pirate Fold” (“A Paradox”) from Gilbert and Sullivan’s *The Pirates of Penzance*)

So many of us work on cells and DNA and protein gels
and western blots and cloning genes and RT-PCR.
But out of all I’ve seen in lab—both in the present and the past,
there’s none I like as much as the ingenious myoblast.
A myoblast, a myoblast, the most amazing myoblast;
that’s in the present or the past, the most ingenious myoblast.

A myoblast, a myoblast,
it’s what we all should try a blast;
it’s theirs or yours or his or hers
or my-o-blast.

Their myogenic phenotype turns myoblasts into a pipe
that’s long and multinucleate and later turns to meat.
You let them fuse, you let them bake—and then you’ve got a sirloin steak!
We’d all be vegetarian if not for myoblasts.
A myoblast, a myoblast, there’s meat because there’s myoblasts;
and so we’d starve (at least we’d fast) if it were not for myoblasts.

A myoblast, a myoblast,
it hasn’t got a chloroplast
because you never see in plants
a my-o-blast.

They grow and die and die and grow and when they grow they grow so slow,
but oh do I just love them so, primary myoblasts.
You grow them in a culture dish—and then you hope and then you wish,
and wonder why the cells all die, those evil myoblasts.
The myoblasts, the myoblasts, those little evil myoblasts,
that’s in the present or the past, they die because they’re myoblasts.

A myoblast, a myoblast,
without them we would be harassed;
oh what a useful object is
a my-o-blast.

I’d love to stay and chat awhile, to run away is not my style;
unfortunately I must go and babysit my cells.
The cells will look like they’re alright—and then they’ll all die overnight.
I haven’t got a life because I’m growing myoblasts!
Those myoblasts, those myoblasts, frustrating little myoblasts.
I have no life; I am aghast, because I’m growing myoblasts.

A myoblast, a myoblast
I promise this will be the last
time that I sing to you about
a my-o-blast!