

Baseball's Greatest Hits *VOLUME 1* lyrics

Words and music by Howie Newman and ©2001 Howie Newman. Chin Music (BMI).

AstroTurf

Now we've got artificial flavors and artificial snow, imitation mayonnaise, false teeth and you know
You've got artificial colors in your food and for your hair but that artificial grass is just too much for me to bear

If Abner Doubleday was alive, he'd be aghast if he went into a baseball game and didn't see no grass
Just a big green carpet with some fancy white lines, a little bit of dirt and those metric signs

AstroTurf, AstroTurf. What have they done with ol' Mother Earth?
I don't want nothin' 'neath my feet that a horse can't eat so take it away

It all began in Houston where they play the game indoors. They built a big domed stadium but one of its flaws
Was the grass just wouldn't grow where the sun refused to shine so they ripped it out and put in the artificial kind

Utility Infielder Blues

Play me or trade me, don't care how much you paid me. I'm tired of getting splinters and thinking 'bout my winters
I've only been up three times since June. I can still swing the bat and I'm quick as a cat.
I can make that double play, so what do you say? Have a little heart and give me a start real soon

I wanna spit on the field and argue with the umpires, chase after balls and run into walls
Wanna get my uniform full of dirt and get a standing ovation when I get hurt

I wanna wear sun glasses, uses rosin and pine tar, dive on the ground, have meetings on the mound
Throw my helmet like the superstars do and hold up the game while I tie my shoe

And I swear I ain't lyin' when I say I ain't afraid of Nolan Ryan. Lefties, righties, y'know that I can hit them all
I'm leaning on these dugout steps just waiting for your call. I'm gonna have to learn how to knit if you keep making me sit

Wait Until Next Year

This was the best damn team that I ever did see. It had strength up the middle
It had power and speed. Most of the season they could do no wrong but when October rolled around, it was the same old song

Wait until next year , wait until next year . Exactly what went wrong is all too clear. So near and so far, close but no cigar.
It's a long, long way 'til opening day and the winter's getting near. Have another beer and wait until next year

We all thought it was a piece of cake, that 12-game lead at the All-Star break
But the pitching was lousy and the hitting got worse and the next thing I knew we were out of first

The clouts of the summer became the outs of the fall. That baseball team made fools of us all.
They squandered that lead and it didn't take long. And October arrived with the same old song

Traded

Traded, my uniform's hardly faded. Wish I could have made it stayin' right here
Clean out my closet and get my security deposit. Go and drown my sorrows n a mug of beer

I'd love to come to Boston and play for Mr. Yawkey. Montreal's real nice and I'd even take Milwaukee.
But six months in Philly, that's not what I bargained for. I guess it could've been worse, it could have been Cleveland or Baltimore

When your arm goes bad, ain't nothin' you can do. When your fastball ain't fast and your screwball won't screw

Blasted in the Bleachers

Walkin' down to Jersey Street on a scorching summer day. Heading off to Fenway Park, that's where the Red Sox play.
The clock in Kenmore Square says almost 2. We're gonna sit way out in center field and this is what we'll do

Let's go get blasted in the bleachers, act insane. The sun, some beer and all those people, we can even watch the game.
I don't need no runs or hits just a six pack of Schlitz. Win or lose, we'll feel the same. It's only a game

The stands are filling up and baby so am I The batter hits a grounder but I'm flying high
There's a double play, a stolen base, a fastball up and in and the batter he breaks his bat. I'll drink to that

The pitcher's warming up and baby, I am too. The batter loosens up and man, that's just what I do.
There's a mighty swing, a long fly ball, a home run. As he rounds the bases, he tips his hat . I'll drink to that

Don't say we ain't good fans. We even clean up our cans. When the seventh inning stretch comes, we try to stand up
We're always nice and friendly and never throw our cups

The bases are loaded and so am I. There's a screamin' line drive and I can hear it cry
There's a close play out at third and the coach jumps up and down and yells like a spoiled brat. I'll drink to that