

# Baseball's Greatest Hits *VOLUME 2* lyrics

Words and music by Howie Newman except where indicated  
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## Why Did You Go, Johnny Damon?

Why did you go, Johnny Damon? Why did you take the cash and run?  
Do you think in New York City you'll be having this much fun?  
They cut your hair and shaved your beard. You smiled and just said, "Thanks."  
And we don't love you anymore 'cuase now you're with the Yanks.

Perhaps they didn't tell you, perhaps you did not now. Left-center field's 450-plus  
How you gonna make that throw? There's lots more ground to cover  
You're getting slower every year. And I bet by mid-July, you'll wish that you were here

Now, George he don't like losin' so you best be on your guard  
'Cause if you don't hit .300, life will never be so hard. And if you don't make the playoffs  
And win a couple rounds, the fans will cuss and swear at you and run you out of town

Why did you go, Johnny Damon? Why did you take the cash and run?  
Do you think in New York City you'll be having this much fun?  
You're out of sight and out of mind. Don't think that you'll be missed  
We don't love you anymore 'cause we've got Coco Crisp

## Weekend Warrior

Ice it down, stretch it out, wrap it up, gotta get ready. I'm a weekend warrior  
One more game, one more day, one more swing and one more play for the weekend warrior

I don't just play because I look so good in polyester. I do it 'cause it makes me feel alive  
After working all week long, I tend to get a little stressed but when I step out on that field, I feel all right

My wife says quit, my kids ask why, the coach says sit but I can't lie. I'm a weekend warrior  
It could be my last, never know, one game down and one to go for the weekend warrior

At my age, I should be playing golf or sleeping late but I like to sweat and get dirty. I like to step up to the plate

Aches and pains, muscle tears, limping up and down the stairs. I'm a weekend warrior  
On Monday morn, I can't run or throw but six more days, I'll be ready to go. I'm a weekend warrior

## Mendoza Line

I'm mired in this awful slump, I need some luck to clear the hump or I'll be ridin' buses any day  
I need a hit so bad that I could cry. The worse I do, the harder I try. That 90 feet looks like a mile away

I'll take a bloop, a flare, a 16-hopper, a lucky bounce or a Baltimore chopper  
Just get me 'cross that ol' Mendoza line. Of course, I'd prefer a frozen rope  
But a swinging bunt would give me hope. I gotta cross that ol' Mendoza Line  
Mendoza Line, Mendoza Line. Just get me 'cross that ol' Mendoza Line  
Mendoza Line, Mendoza Line. I gotta cross that ol' Mendoza Line

Now, Mario Mendoza, for whom this line is named, was an actual big-leaguer for 686 games  
He played short and second, a little third. Had quite a glove or so I've heard  
Which was essential 'cause he barely hit his weight

Though known for his infield utility, he set the benchmark for futility, flirting with .200 all the time  
In '79, he tied an all-time mark for the most games played in a big league park  
With an average below the Mendoza Line

He made the playoffs only omce and here's his stats:  
Three games played and one hit in five total at-bats  
Do the math correctly and you will surely find he's right smack dab on that Mendoza Line

So if you're struggling on the field or any part of life, think of that brave soul from south of the border  
He plugged and scrapped his whole life through, only to be linked to ineptitude  
He's a true immortal of a different order

## It's the End of the Curse and We Know It

Parody of *It's the End of the World As We Know It (and I Feel Fine)* by R.E.M.

New lyrics by Howie Newman

That's great, it starts with a two-out walk, then a steal off New York's ace  
Roberts stood at second base. Sox were down, three to none, everybody said they're done  
Mueller up the middle, in came the tying run. Boston pen wouldn't bend, Yanks never scored again  
No panic, Leskanic, Fenway's getting really manic. Papi took a big hack, the ball went way back into the night

In a New York minute, Sox are back in it, breathing down their necks  
Fourteenth inning more winning, Yanks are spinning, Ortiz did it one more time  
Next night, Yanks are tight, bloody sock, such a shock, Big Schill shutdown, Bellhorn downtown  
All tied, what a ride, keep it going one more night  
A-Rod tried slapping but the umps weren't napping and we're feeling pretty psyched

It's the end of the curse and we know it, it's the end of the curse and we know it  
It's the end of the curse and we know it. And I feel fine

Everything on the line, Damon 3-for-29, wham bam, grand slam, Sox cruise, sea of boos  
Brown's done after one, na na hey hey, Boston bats just wouldn't go away-hey  
Varitek, Nixon, Wakefield, Timlin, Pokey Reese, Cabrera, Embree and Millar  
Bronson Arroyo, Ramirez and Pedro never gave it up, got 'em where they are  
Mighty good, might fine, it was the greatest comeback of all time

Midwest big dance, Cards had no chance, four straight in '04, Foulke came and shut the door  
Derek Lowe three-and-oh, Manny took the trophy home, no more screamin' 1918  
The bats were a-blazing, the pitching was amazing. What else can you say?

## Doug Mientkiewicz

Doug Mientkiewicz, he's my favorite player. Doug Mientkiewicz, he's the man, he's the man  
Doug Mientkiewicz, I just love to say it. Doug Mientkiewicz, he's the man, he's the man

When he was a Twin, it didn't mean a thing  
Then he joined the Sox and Doug Mientkiewicz really rocked

Doug Mientkiewicz, he's my favorite player  
Doug Mientkiewicz, he's the man, he's the man

He's kind to his mother and a former Gold Glover  
Doug may not make the Hall of Fame but he's got 12 letters in his name

Doug Mientkiewicz, I can't even spell it. Doug Mientkiewicz, but I sure do like to yell it  
Doug Mientkiewicz, he's my favorite player. Doug Mientkiewicz, he's the man, he's the man

M-I-E-N, T-K-I-E, W-I-C-Z (I think that's right)

Doug Mientkiewicz, he's my favorite player. Doug Mientkiewicz, he just took that ball and ran  
Doug Mientkiewicz, I just love to say it. Doug Mientkiewicz, he's the man, he's the man

## 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

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