Our Song

Joe Henry

I saw Willie Mays
At a Scotsdale Home Depot
Looking at Garage Door Springs
At the the far end of the 14th rowHis wife stood there beside him
She was quiet and they both were proud
I gave them room but was close enough
That I heard him when he said out loudThis was my country
And this was my song
Somewhere in the middle there
Though it started badly and it's ending wrongThis was my country
This frightful and this angry land
But it's my right if the worst of it might still
Somehow make me a better manThe sun is unforgiving
And there's nobody who would choose this town
But we've squandered so much of our goodwill
That there's nowhere else will have us nowWe're pushing line at the picture show
For cool air and a chance to see
A vision of ourselves portrayed
As younger and braver and humble and freeThis was our country
This was our song
Somewhere in the middle there
Though it started badly and it's ending wrongThis was our country
This frightful and this angry land
But it's my right if the worst of it might still
Somehow make me a better manI've started something I can't finish
And I barely leave the house, it's true
I keep a wrap on my sores and joints
But yes, I've had my blessings tooI've got my mother's pretty feet
And the factory keeps my house in shape
My children, they've both been paroled
And we get by on the piece we've madeI feel safe, so far from heaven
From towers and their ocean views
From here I see a future coming across
What soon will be beaches tooBut that was him, I'm almost sure
The greatest centerfielder of all time
Stooped by the burden of endless dreams
His and yours and mineHe hooked each spring beneath his foot
He leaned over then he stood upright
Testing each against his weight

For one that had some play and some fightHe's just like us, I wanna tell him
And our needs are small enough
Something to slow a heavy door
Something to help us raise one upAnd this was my country
This was my song
Somewhere in the middle there
Though it started badly and it's ending wrongWell, this was God's country
This frightful and this angry land
But if it's his will, the worst of it might still
Somehow make me a better manIf it's his will, the worst of it might still
Somehow make me a better man

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/