Night Game

Paul Simon

There were two men down
And the score was tied
In the bottom of the eighth
When the pitcher diedAnd they laid his spikes
On the pitcher's mound
And his uniform was torn
And his number was left on the groundThen the night turned cold
Colder than the moon
The stars were white as bones
The stadium was old
Older than the screams
Older than the teamsThere were three men down
And the season lost
And the tarpaulin was rolled
Upon the winter frost

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