Baseball

Carla Bley

when i feel the morning grass i let down my guard
because love comes from the dirt in my own backyardeverytime i think i've finished being young
i catch myself having fun
but the moment passes as the sun moves on
so i turn myself back to youon a diamond in the rough i spent my better years
i still see her in the crowd with diamonds in her ears
and it's depressing that i can't forget the tune the organist played
la da da da da da da, la da da da da da da...everytime i think i've finished being young
i catch myself having fun
but the moment passes as the son moves on
so i turn myself back to youis our season over?
no four leaf clover
i feel it's getting colder
now that it's late fallbut can you still remember?
april to november
you and i were members
of the best team in baseballso we play our games
i've got a girlfriend
you've found a new guy
but it's not the sameand so i drive
straight up i-5
to let you know i'm still alive

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/