

Down In Toledo

Jeff Wilkinson

The big boss told him when he was sent back down,
"Two weeks in the minors and you'll be back in town,"
But it's almost September and he knows his place,
He's down in Toledo playing third base.

Refrain:

Down in Toledo where nobody cares
if you go 0 for 4 and get a couple of errors.
You won't see the majors if you don't say your prayers,
When you're playing down on the farm.

He's oiled up his glove and he's sharpened his spikes,
but his kid hid his jersey so he'll be late tonight.
Scraping the barrel on minor league cash,
Returning pop bottles to pay for the gas.

Refrain...

Comes home late at night and the house is asleep.
He sees a flashing red light on the answering machine.
He kicks off his shoes, and he plays back the call,
'twas the Angel of Major League baseball.

"Start packing your bags, you're leaving the farm,
You've been traded out west for a man with an arm."
He thinks he sees his buddies with the ducks on the pond,
as he flies over the lights of the ballpark.

Up in the Majors where everyone stares,
If you go 0 for 4 and make a couple of errors.
Some men play for a World Series ring,
Other men play on lesser fields.

Up in the Majors where everyone screams,
if you go 0 for 4 and let down the team.
And each player knows that he must place a call
to the Angel of Major League baseball.

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