

# Gratitude (For Curt Flood)

## The Baseball Project

Now everyone's walking like they're rolling in dough  
Throwing all their money around just for show  
Acting like everything is coming to them  
And knowing that more is just around the bend  
But I'm the one who paved the way  
And laid my body in the road so you can walk on it today  
I stood right up when they tried to put me down  
You're so high up, you forget to look down You call that gratitude?  
I'm the well-paid slave, and the roads that I paved  
Took my career, that's just what I gave  
Five years later, they were rolling in clover  
But nothing for me, my career was over  
If I'd been born just a generation later  
I could have settled up with an arbitrator  
I'd be wearing fur coats if I were rich  
With a "bum-bum-bitty-bitty-bum" You call that gratitude?  
On the day that I died and they laid me in the ground  
Where was everybody? They couldn't be found  
I'm gone, and they don't know my name  
No plaque, no speech, no Hall of Fame  
A-Rod, Zito, Tejada, Posada  
Johan, Maddux, Manny, Mussina  
Who's the one who paved the way with blood?  
Go say my name, it's (Flood) Curt Flood You call that gratitude?  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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