

Little League

Ray Stevens

You know, I don't regret one minute that I spent with my kids,
I guess it was one of the best things that I ever did,
And I don't begrudge the days I spent trying to meet their needs;
Unless it was that year I volunteered to coach the Little League.

I remember batting practice, I put a baseball on a string,
And I told this kid "When I nod my head, haul off and hit that thing",
Gotta give him credit, he did exactly what I said;
'Cause the second that I nodded, he hit me in the head!

Oh, pitch and catch and hit and run, now how hard can it be,
But if you think it's just a game, you're wrong as you could be,
I never had a harder job, more stress and more fatigue,
Than the year I volunteered to coach the Little League.

Well, we lost the season opener, and then games 2 and 3,
Nobody could seem to hit the ball: it was sitting on a tee,
Then my kid finally hit a little dribbler in the dirt,
You know, I think he could have beat it out, if he'd only run towards first.

Well, I told my wife I'm quitting, 'cause every game's the same,
They whine and cry and fuss and fight and argue and complain,
She said, well why don't you just call their parents, maybe they can help you out,
"Honey, you don't seem to understand, it's the parents I'm talking about!"

Oh, pitch and catch and hit and run, now how hard can it be,
Yeah, but if you think it's just a game, you're wrong as you could be,
I never had a harder job, more stress and more fatigue,
Than the year I volunteered to coach the Little League.

And then we finally won a game; the other team didn't show up,
Seems the coach had a nervous breakdown trying to figure out his lineup,
He had a dozen kids and eighteen parents, but there was only one hitch:
Fifteen parents wanted to coach, and eleven kids wanted to pitch!

And then the last game of the season was the loudest one by far,
The umpire ran screaming from the field and locked himself in the car,
And as the parents beat and rocked the car, trying to make it tip,
I'm back on the field, giving the kids a lecture on good sportsmanship!

Oh, pitch and catch and hit and run, how hard can it be,
Yeah, but if you think it's just a game, you're wrong as you could be,
I never had a harder job, more stress and more fatigue,
Than the year I volunteered to coach the Little League.

Oh, why'd I ever volunteer to coach the Little League?

Yeah, then there was that game we tied, nothing to nothing,
They ripped that bench sailing out, and fans laid the umpire out cold.

One of the little mothers threw it,
Said the umpire was a four-eyed, lying, cheating, no-good bozo.
She ought to know; she's been married to him for fourteen years.

Hey, this is a dangerous job, I think I'm gonna get a job on a SWAT team or something,
Whoo, you could get hurt out here....

Lyrics submitted by Sterling.

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