

# Ball Park Skank

## Mustard Plug

Step up to the plate  
My bat in my hand  
Only one thing on my mind  
And that is to go as far as I can  
I wait for the pitch  
The one that looks real fine  
Not much up there riding  
Out there riding up a mile behind  
Bang the ball I never know  
But that's all on my mind  
I check for bunt it's just my job  
But now it is my time

First pitch served up  
I take my swing  
Strike one is called  
'cause I didn't even touch the thing  
Second ball too close  
Jump back where I'm from  
The crowd calls gets a hiss  
The umpire calls a ball  
Take it high the ball defies  
Its coming down my lane  
My bat is back  
I run the sacks  
But now I'm in the game

It's goingâ€”it's goingâ€”it's going  
It's gone

Ball soars in the air  
Crowd jumps off their seat  
I'm running so damn fast  
You can't even see my feet  
Now it flows through the clouds  
Flying higher and higher  
Still running so damn fast  
You'd swear my heart was on fire  
Betty cried - a bucket flies

It's chaos in the stands  
I'm feeling great  
I cross home plate  
I just hit a grand slam

Lyrics Submitted by Pete Tate

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