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€¦â€¦.it's goingâ€¦â€¦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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