

The Kid from Spavinaw

Tom Russell

I was born in Oklahoma, 1931
Outside the town of Spavinaw
Where the red dust clouds the sun
And I ran beneath your diamond skies
And I drank your waves of grain
My name is Mickey Mantle, boys
And baseball is my game My father's name was "Mutt", boy
And he worked down in the mines
He pitched to me in the evening
At least a thousand times
A thousand times again, in my nightmare and my dreams
You're going to live in the house that
Ruth built, kid
You're going to make that Yankee team Sure enough, the Yankee scout comes drivin',
Right down route 66
He'd have never come to
Spavinaw class D ball in the sticks,
But I happened to be playing in an old wood ball park
Way out on the mother road
That Yankee scout he signed me and I went up to the the show Strike 1, that was the drinkin'
Strike 2, there go the knees
Then my old man died in Denver
Some type of lung disease
When God starts throwing change ups
You can't swing with fame or wealth
If I'd known I's going to live this long
I'd have taken care of myself. I don't miss the lights of Times Square
I don't miss Toots Shore's bar
I miss my old man pitchin' baseball
Near the shed in our backyard
I wish that he were still alive
To see these trophies on my shelf
If I'd known I was going to live this long
I'd have taken better care of myself I was born in Oklahoma,
1931 Outside the town of Spavinaw
Where the red dust clouds the sun

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