

If I Broke the Record

Dave Potts

Tonight in Carolina, the bleachers are empty and quiet
Not a ball's been hit my way all night
I hit a grounder up the middle, but the shortstop made the play
I'll never make it to the big leagues this way
But the smell of fresh cut grass and peanut shells fill the southern sky
And we'll be heading back to Birmingham tonight
CHORUS;
These towns roll by like tumbleweeds
Through the windows of these late-night trains
To those of us down here, it's still a game
I may never be a hero, and you'll never know my name
But if I broke the record, I would do it clean
Last week out in Greenville, about an hour before the game
A boy was watching warm-ups, with a big smile on his face
He put down his popcorn, held out a ball and pen
He looked a little awestruck, as I signed it for him
I didn't ask for money, I just smiled and shook his hand
You should've seen the spring in his step, as he ran to show his dad
REPEAT CHORUS
America's favorite pastime, it's simple and it's pure
We all still watch the big leagues, but now we're not so sure
But if you can catch a game in Birmingham, on a perfect summer day
I'll run out every grounder, that's how I learned to play
It's not glamorous in double A, it's not for everyone
But baseball's what I do, who I am and what I love

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