# Dent in the Moon

## Watsky

[Chorus]
Swing, out of your shoes
And if you should lose this time
Keep on swinging and swinging and soon
When you connect
With all of your strength
Look up and you might see a dent in the moonYeah, you see them craters?
That was 'cause a kid said there'd be none greater
In ten years Hammering Hank was at the plate launching balls into space saying see ya later
Skinny as a toothpick but he got a knack
Watch him swing a broomstick at a bottlecap
Watch him rinse and repeat till he's on the map
Going from the cheap seats to the autographs
Papa put a bat in my hand and all he said was never ever, ever, ever rock a Dodger hat
And whether you win or you didn't you gotta be getting dirty
And we better send your jersey to the laundromat
It was in the cards
I knew someday I'd be a big league star
Playing second base for the Giants wearing number 9 rocking knee-high socks
If I just worked hard[Chorus]We had our 6th grade baseball tryouts on the basketball courts
So a fastballâ€”had hops
We didn't have a grass field and so coach hit us grounders
Off the asphaltâ€”I dropped
A lot and so he hit 'em faster and I took 'em off my ankles
Yelling that's all you got?
And when I saw my name on the roster I went insane
Like I was sniffing bath salts, I'm notâ€”here to play soft
I'll go beastmode on a piÃ±ata and bite its motherfucking face off
Until it rains candy out of its neck-hole
I don't go flexing my pecs, or get swole
I wasn't the fastest
And when I moved it kinda looked like I was running through molassesâ€”true
It's silly to give a shit about a game but earth
Is a little ball that's spinning on its axisâ€”too[Chorus]I wasn't cut out for the bigs, guess I been a fool
And middle school was just a bit of cruel ridicule
But when you step into the ranks of the man
It's like they push you from the high dive to the kiddie pool (thanks)
It's time to ballroom waltz that plank
We're little minnows in a small shark tank

You try to swim without getting blood in the water
But you're all heart and guts like a ballpark frank
Never an all-star
I had to keep score
If I were perfect I would quit and join the Peace Corp
I'm not a hero, if I didn't try my doubts eat at me
Like I'm a carcass on the sea floor
So say this shit is too corny
It tastes better to me than, 'ooh poor me'
I'm just trying to sing a different tune
And then fit into a world that didn't have room for me[Chorus]

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