Right Field

Peter, Paul & Mary

Saturday summers, when I was a kid
We'd run to the schoolyard and here's what we did
We'd pick out the captains and we'd choose up the teams
It was always a measure of my self esteem'Cause the fastest, the strongest played shortstop and first
The last ones they picked were the worst
I never needed to ask, it was sealed
I just took up my place in right fieldPlaying right field, it's easy you know
You can be awkward, you can be slow
That's why I'm here in right field
Just watching the dandelions growPlaying right field can be lonely and dull
Little leagues never have lefties that pull
I'd dream of the day they'd hit one my way
They never did, but still I would prayThat I'd make a fantastic catch on the run
And not lose the ball in the sun
And then I'd awake from this long reverie
And pray that the ball never came out to meHere in right field, it's easy you know
You can be awkward and you can be slow
That's why I'm here in right field
Just watching the dandelions growOff in the distance the game's dragging on
There's strikes on the batter, some runners are on
I don't know the inning, I've forgotten the score
The whole team is yelling and I don't know what forThen suddenly everyone's looking at me
My mind has been wandering, "What could it be?"
They point at the sky and I look up above
And a baseball falls into my gloveHere in right field, it's important you know
You gotta know how to catch, you gotta know how to throw
That's why I'm here in right field
Just watching the dandelions grow

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