

The Baseball Song

Corey Smith

The first thing I remember is a game that I love
A man on the diamond with a golden glove
Daddy with me in the cheap seat above saying
"Boy, keep your eye on the ball"

The crack of the bat and the stadium's roar
We were up on our feet for the tie-breaking score
I said, "Daddy, I know what you brought me here for"
He said, "Good, I hope you hear the call"

Lots of fastball, bail time, coming right down the middle
Don't stand there and let it go back
Swing hard a name for the stands

My field of dreams was curve in stone
An old graham parking lot next to our home
Dad "till the day life was gone saying
"Boy, keep your eye on the ball"

Cause it's hay back a hay back, a swing but a swing
The world is an end field always chattering
If you don't concentrate, they'll spoil your timing
And you walk away cussing them on

Lots of fastball, bail time, coming right down the middle
Don't stand there and let it go back
Swing hard a name for the stands

Thank God for your fans
Thank God for your fans
Thank God for your fans
Thank God for your fans

Dad threw a party when I got the call
All the years on the farm team finally paid off
Now I'm in the big leagues playing in the fall
Game seven tied up in the knife

As I walked through the plate, I look in the stands
I see myself and I see my old man

I hear my family and all of my friends cheering
~Boy, keep your eye on the ball~™

It's a fastball, bail time, coming right down the middle
I'm gonna mail one to the grand stands
Good glory, this one's for the fans

For the fans
This one's for the fans
Thank God for the fans
And my old man
My old man

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