

Angels Of Fenway

James Taylor

86 summers gone by
Bambino put a hex on the Bean
We were living on a tear and a sigh
In the shadow of the Bronx machine

Man, you could feel it smoulder
The whole town had an attitude
Then you'd get a little chip on your shoulder
Say something that's downright rude

Oh, damn them Yankees
Outspending everybody two to one
Picking up on the cream of the crop
Stealing everyone's favorite son

Angels of Fenway
Hear our prayer
We have been chastened
We have been patient

Grandmama was a Fenway fan
Even after Grandad died
I still remember her holding my hand
Taking me along for the ride

She was born in 1918
Last year that the Red Sox won
Back then when they sold the Babe
Something that they never should've ever have done

Hey Nanna can I have another Coke?
Here comes the hot dog man
Look at that, his bat just broke
Gee, that's got to kill his hand

Riding home on the Green Line
Watching the town go by
Nanna made another Red Sox fan
'Til the day I die

That was back in '65
It doesn't seem like a long time ago
Grandmama keeping hope alive
Watched them win in '004

Oh my God, it was beyond belief
Down three, needing four in a row
Holding on by the skin of our teeth
Like a hungry dog on a bone

Angels of Fenway
Give them peace
They have been patient
Red Sox Nation

The whole world held its breath
People got down on their knees
Ready for the sudden death
Praying to heaven for hell to freeze

Nanna watched from her hospital bed
She was there 'til the end of the race
I couldn't hear the last words she said
But she was lying there with a smile on her face
Just a little smile on her face

It doesn't feel like a long time ago...

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