

Somewhere Between Old and New York

Dave Grusin

For 60 years he shined shoes in the same spot in the shadow of Yankee Stadium...
As he shines he hears the game, and in his mind he hears his name as if he played for them...
Takes his turn at bat, there's the pitch, he swings at it, and it's gone...
Back through the years he's gone...
To take the field with Ruth and Gehrig, bring the pennant home...
He sees himself in pinstripes, in a lineup of his own...
He's stranded on a basepath, somewhere between old and New York...

As a customer asks for the shine, he snaps his cloth, another inning ends...
Dodgers come to bat, there's a drive, he makes the catch to point he's tossed again...
His cloth becomes a glove, as he's done with every customer he's known...
Back through the years he's gone...
To take the field with Maris and Mantle, bring the pennant home...
He sees himself in pinstripes, in a lineup of his own...
He's stranded on a basepath, somewhere between old and New York...

Takes his turn at bat, there's the pitch, he swings at it, there it goes...
Back through the years he goes...
Ride a ticker tape parade with Joe DiMaggio...
As he patiently signs an autograph with a spitshine on a toe...
He's stranded on a basepath, somewhere between old and New York...

Ooooooh...
Between old and New York...
Da-da-daaa...
Ooooooh...
Between old and New York...
Ooooooh...

(thanks to davss)

Lyrics submitted by Wirawendra W Kusumoprojo.

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