America's Favorite Pastime

Todd Snider

Dock Ellis didn't think he was pitching that day
Back in 1970
When he and his wife took a trip to the ballpark
A little bit differentlySo by the time that he hit the bullpen
Half the world had melted away
That's about the time coach Murtaugh came and said
Dock you're pitching todayTaking the mound the ground turned into
The icing on a birthday cake
The lead off man came up and turned into
A dancing rattle snakeThe crowd tracked back and forth
In waves of color underneath the sun
That ball turned into a silver bullet
His arm into a gunI took a look all around the world one time
I finally discovered
You can't judge a bookThree up, three down for three straight innings
In a zero, zero tie
As all those batters names come ringing
From a voice out of the skyHallucinating Halloween scenes
Each new swing of the bat
His sinker looked like it was falling off a table
But nobody was hallucinating thatI took a look all around the world one time
I finally discovered
You can't judge a bookBy the top of the seventh he was up one to nothing
And giving them padres fits
By the bottom of the eighth he was up two to nothing
And they still hadn't got any hitsWith one out left to go in the game
The batter looked like a baby child
That birthday cake was shaking
Them waves of color was going wildBy the time that he mowed the last man down
He was high as he had ever been
Laughing to the sounds of the world going around
Completely unaware of the winAnd while the papers would say he was scattered that day
He was pretty as a pitcher could be
The day Dock Ellis of the Pittsburgh Pirates
Threw a no hitter on LSDI took a look all around the world one time
I finally discovered
You can't judge a book

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