

# My Oh My

## Mark Dougherty

I used to sit with my dad in the garage  
That sawdust that pine sol and the moss

    Around every spring  
    when the winter thaw

We'd huddle around the radio  
    twist the broken knob

    710 AM  
    no KJR

Dave Niehaus voice would echo throughout the yard  
    couldn't have been older than 10  
        but to me and my friends

the voice on the other end might as well have been God's  
    1995

    the division series

    Edgars up to bat

    bottom of the 11th inning  
    got the whole town listening,

        swung on and belted  
        the words that started,  
        Joey Cora rounds third  
            here comes Griffey

the throw to the plate's not in time  
    my oh my the Mariners win it

    Yes,

fire works they lit up ceiling in the king dome

    We had just made history.

And swung, Lined down the left field line for a base hit!

    Here comes Joey! Here comes Junior to third base!

They're gonna wave him in! the throw to the plate will be?.

Late! The Mariners are going to play for the American League Championship!!

    I don't believe it!

    It just continues! MY OH MY!

    Laces woven barley holdin' that stitch

    the creases are time amongst the grime and the grit

        Where the leather

        he used to pound his fists

        To some its just a mitt,  
        but see that glove was him

Yep, tell me stories on the field with that sun stained brim

Blood under my chin,  
he taught me how to spit

Sunflower seeds back when me and my crew sun burnt arms  
Big league chew, yeah we were like the sand lot after dinner  
After practice we listen  
to the M?S in the kitchen

And if mom wasn?t trippin?  
come on dad  
please I swear just one more inning  
Voice went pump pump  
through the system break out the Rye bread  
its grand salami time

My oh My another victory yes,  
my city my city.  
Childhood my life  
watchin? Griffey right  
under those lights  
Under that light rain  
gleaming in that night came, cant stop now

Keep moving no break pads came here to prove a point,  
live my life on the field  
Make history in between the base path  
and compete against the fear

that is in me that?s my only barrier and I swear I?m going to break that  
from the mud  
the cleats that we drug threw the feet  
this is that moment and you cannot take it back  
I don?t really collect  
cards anymore,  
just a box and some old card board  
Memories embedded in the dust,  
in the fighters that age just like us  
livin? some where off in the drawer  
this is what you make of it yeah we play to win  
Live it like we?re under the lights of the stadium  
fight until the day that God decided to wave us in,  
right until he waves us in  
It?s my city my city  
childhood my life  
that?s right right  
under those lights  
My city my city  
childhood  
that?s right Niehaus

My oh My come on, my city my city  
childhood my life  
that's right  
under those lights  
its my city my city  
childhood my life  
Niehaus My oh  
My Rest in peace.

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