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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