

The Baseball Song

Corey Smith

The first thing I remember is the game that I love
A man on the diamond, with a golden glove
Daddy with me in the cheap seats above
Saying, "Boy keep your eye on the ball"
The crack of the bat, the stadiums roar
We were up on our feet for the tie breaking score
I said, "daddy I know what you brought me here for"
He said, "good I hoped you hear the call"

Life's a fastball, belt high, coming right down the middle
Don't stand there, and let it go by
Swing hard and aim for the stands

My field of dreams was covered in stone
An old, gravel parking lot next to our home
Dad on the mound until daylight was gone
Saying, "boy keep your eye on the ball"
Cause it's 'Hey batter hey, swing batter, swing'
The world is an infield, always chattering
If you don't concentrate they'll spoil your timing
And you'll walk away cussing them all

Life's a fastball, belt high, coming right down the middle
Don't stand there, and let it go by
Swing hard and aim for the stands
And thank God for your fans
Thank God for your fans
Thank God for your fans
Thank God for your fans

Dad through a party when I got the call
All the years on the farm team finally paid off
Now I'm in the big leagues aiming for the fall
Every summer is a long playoff run
As I walk to the plate, I look in the stands
I see myself and I see my old man
I hear all of my family and all of my friends cheering
"Boy keep your eye on the ball"

It's a fastball, belt high, coming right down the middle
I'm gonna mail one to the grandstands
Good glory, this ones for the fans

For the fans
Thank God for the fans
And my old man
My old man