

Home Run King

Gene Clark

Well I saw it clear today that we were all more than only
refugees
And the heads of state called out all of their reserves
So they could postpone World War III
I can hear the morning crier yellin read all about it
here's the truth
You are either just the newspaper boy or you're either
Babe Ruth
Now how could we have been put upon this planet
Fools enough to think that we could be
The first to form a civilized involvement from the
charismatic sea
There's a ten year old in the alley
Throws a hard ball off the wall that is the truth
He knows you're either just the newspaper boy or you're
either Babe Ruth
The home run king

We can all dream up some explicit rationalized dream
Of exactly who we are
While the rockin rolling home run king
Keeps the black madonna sleepin with a star
Now it doesn't matter how much bread you can spend
So you can hold the center booth
You are either just the newspaper boy or you're either
Babe Ruth