

## Casey at the Bat

John Cale

There is no joy in Muddville  
Casey sold 'em out  
They're running around on a Saturday night  
He's nowhere to be found  
Could it be he started the game at last  
But where did he, where did he go  
O, Casey, won't you go

There's something wrong with Casey  
He should have been back here bey three  
But nobody got the call  
It was too bad, but there was nothing we could see  
Cause Casey, Casey, Casey  
They'd come to see old Casey run  
Be he's hanging 'round a whole other town  
Poor old Casey, why did you run  
They're telling the people that you're breaking down  
They're telling the people that you're breaking down

That son of a bitch, that son of a bitch  
He lets us down  
He tried to get the mail and his team off  
To come round and teach him how  
But Casey, Casey, Casey  
He just run in the number one car  
He just run and run and run in front off the car  
They're telling the people that you're breaking down  
They're telling the people that you're breaking down

Casey don't run, Casey don't run no more  
Casey don't run, Casey don't run no more  
Your don't run, 'cause you're a coward  
Why don't you just give up