

Baseball On The Radio

Larry Fleet

I learned to bait a hook on a Zebco 33
My first pinch of snuff was Copenhagen wintergreen
And I shot my first buck in a cornfield with a 243
But all that still feels like yesterday to me

Yeah, tonight I wanna ride
On a wheel well in the bed of an old S10
Down Jones Creek Road, like I did back then
I wanna feel that innocent thrill
When 30 miles an hour felt so fast
Daddy's Timex shining through the sliding back-glass
Honeysuckle fence post mixed with Marlboro smoke
And baseball on the radio

There's nothing that will take me back
Like a Code Red Mountain Dew
Diamond dust on the baseball cap
Third base with some Big League Chew
Daddy calling out of weekend work
Just to watch is boy go 0 for 2
And on the way home
Saying, "Son, I'm proud of you"

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The years fly by like a fastball
I can still hear the announcer say
"It's back back to the center field wall"
That one's gone like yesterday

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