

In the joy of the new season
We'd ride out bikes for miles
To a vacant lot on Maple Street
Toss the bat and choose up sides
All summer long from dusk till dawn
We all paid our dues
Everybody was the babe
But I was always 42

As the jerseys faded one by one
The babes would come and go
But I played every inning
From the sandlot to the show

Got my letter and my grip
I'll see you boys around
I got a one way ticket to Cooperstown
My ticket's punched to Cooperstown

His rookie year they called him up
Just to send him down
Couldn't even hit his weight
Couldn't turn that thing around
But on the field that echoes life
It's a boys game played by men
And sometimes it knocks you down
But you get back up again

He's got his number, he's got his grip
He's following a sound
Destiny is calling from Cooperstown
These wheels are bound for Cooperstown

Well I learned to play down in triple A
They gave me one more shot
Skip said take the ball kid touch 'em all
Gotta give it all you got
So I played er' one game at a time
And that was all it took
Just like Jack I never looked back
And the rest is in the books

There ain't nothin' I can't do
Just like 42
What goes around comes around
These wheels are bound for Cooperstown
These wheels are bound for Cooperstown