Blind Robin

Sincere Engineer

I've been tracing my steps back to the season before last
When your grandpa died and I barely knew you
You were 37, I was 22, yeah
But I was batting 1,000

I've been covering my bases, 4-3 against Cleveland
I asked you what you were doing tonight
We met at Blind Robin and had a Miller Lite
I was still batting 1,000

I was in the nosebleeds
Red line platform, field of dreams
Swinging for the fences
I kept my eyes on the ball but all my hits were misses
You didn't kiss me
Goodbye when we were leaving
But my side always said
Don't stop believing

At the bar you said, "you know, I don't believe in ghosts
But I left the TV on at home"
We got so drunk, I couldn't believe it
You knew if they'd won, he'd wanna see it

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