The Inside Pitch—song lyrics

The Baseball Craze

n spring they used to say we always turned to thoughts of love,
But nowadays we're only thinking of our baseball glove.
Yes, folks across the nation have one preoccupation; It seems the country's caught up in a baseball craze!
t doesn't matter where you go they're talkin' 'bout one thing.
t's "Did he balk", "Don't let him walk", or "Did you see that swing?"
There's nothin' you can do, 'cuz they're stuck to it like glue and it doesn't seem to be a passing phase.
They're either at the ballpark or watchin' the TV.
n every home it seems to be the same
So please do not disturb them, it's very plain to see that nothin' really matters but the game!
So grab your hat and get your bat, and don't forget your glove.
And spend the day out playin' that ole game your dreamin' of.
You might as well give in, and let them lose or win.
t's like they say, you can't fight city hall
So go ahead and let them all play ball PLAY BALL!
If Only We Were There
n eighteen forty-six a team they called the Knicks brought baseball into our lives
On that nineteenth of June the fans all cheered and crooned. If only we were there
That New York nine did not resign themselves to this conclusion that on this day their team would play
A game that now was here to stay.
There was a time back when the sluggers would defend the plate with muscle and might
The pitcher would declare the ball was foul or fair. If only we were there
The teams were rough and ready guys who fought their best to catch the prize.
With bare hands raised the ball they'd snag and put the man out with a tag
With just a bat and ball those players gave us all a game that's filled with laughter and tears
We would have loved to see how baseball used to be If only we were there
8 speaking characters ONLY) If only we were there

Grand Slam
Everybody wants to be a slugger and hit that little bugger straight to the mark, outta the park!
Everybody wants to be a hero you can't come up a zero today
You've got a date You step up to the plate.
Now wait for the pitch' 'cause after you choose her you'll be a hero or a loser.
Pretty soon you're in that final inning, it doesn't matter who was winning 'til now
'Cause you've got three men on, two men out, two strikes, and then wham! Shazam!
What do you know! You hit that big grand slam!
Everybody wants to be a slugger and hit that little bugger straight to the mark, outta the park!
Everybody wants to have the know-how to step right up and show how it's done
It's up to you The count is three and two.
You swing at the pitch, and after you're done, you're prayin' you hit the winning run, 'cause
Pretty soon you're in that final inning, it doesn't matter who was winning 'til now
'Cause you've got three men on, two men out, two strikes, and then wham! Shazam!
What do you know! You're a star of the show
'Cause you hit that big grand slam!
Mr. Gehrig/Take Me Out to the Ballgame
(reporters)
Mr. Gehrig may we (snap) snap your photo and would you please answer a question or two?
We are amazed by you, we confess. Tell us the secret of your success.
You're a Yankee star the (snap) world admires and nobody can take your place
Any pointers will do, we could quote one or two such as how to get to first base
(chorus)
You just take me out to the ball game take me out to the crowd.
Buy me some peanuts and Crackerjacks. I don't care if I never get back 'cause it's
Root, root for the home team If they don't win it's a shame
'Cause it's one! Two! Three strikes, you're out at the old ball game!
* (nott) parts repeat together—8 characters join in)