

When I Was Ten

Finding my old baseball glove took me right back
To the time I was ten, playing ball by the tracks.
The others were twelve and I didn't get picked
Tho I had a new glove and could run real quick.
The score tied at six when I started to beg
Then something wonderful happened, Charlie broke his leg.
He stepped in a hole running full bore
For the rest of the summer he'd play ball no more.
They all gathered around while I tried to hide a grin
I was finally picked with a chance to win.
They drove off with Charlie, me trying to look sad
I took his place in center feeling nothing but glad.
I always check for holes as every major leager should
At only ten years old I played this game real good.
Last inning with one out and two on base
I caught the blast over my head after a hell of a race.
The third out was made, me running full tilt
Caught off my shoetops, for this game I was built.
With one man out I hit a bingle as I reckoned
When no one hustled I went ahead and took second.
Deep fly to right, tagging up I took third
Leaping gracefully over the planted dog turd.
Two out with Cecil up and he never could hit
Picked my nose, grabbed my crotch and hawked a big spit.
He caught my sign and knew he should bunt
He was good at that, the no hitting runt. →