



Little League Blues

Saturday mornings should oughta be fun,
Splash puddles in spring, when rain hides the sun;
Go sledding in winter, scrunch leaves in the fall,
But summertime I gotta play Little League Ball.

Oh, I hate playing baseball, I always am wishin'
I was out catching frogs, or down the creek fishin'
Flying my kite, or any old place
'Cept holding this bat standing next to home base.



Little League's fun, so my dad always says
Why even the girls play baseball these days.
But you should hear some of the mean things they shout
When I swing at the ball and I strike myself out.

Oh, I hate playing baseball...

So I'm stuck in right field where the grass is knee deep
And I don't think they'd notice if I laid down to sleep.
I'd do it too, 'cept for how the grass shakes
Like it's plumb full of mice, or maybe some snakes.

Oh, I hate playing baseball...

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