

Baseball Songs



www.BrickAndMortarBand.com
www.TheHoustonPost.com
www.HouPost.com
(346) 381-9886

“Appears to Be”

Run, run, run, go I'll show my gun.
I'll catch you taken extras, with no outs and no runs.
There's a fine line written, in the unwritten rules.
Brushin' someone back, will put your head on a spool.

Yea, takin' your lead.
I'm waitin' your speed.
Hesitatin' believe.
I'm gonna throw it on a line,
tag your out, that's three.

**I Frolicked the Forest, Dense Into the Woods.
I Found a Lost Trail, a Path Made by Routes.
The Pool Swirled the Ocean, Down By the Sea.
But Everything's No, No, No,
What It Appears to Be.**

Slide, slide, slide, but don't leave your hide.
Out the base path, or you're ridin' the pine.
You're a hell of a talent, scouts honor the line.
But the sub at AAA, bus back to min(e)ors.

Makin' my swing.
Pine tar the ring.
Diggin' in look see.
I'm gonna hit it hard,
and it's gone, we lead.

**I Frolicked the Forest, Dense Into the Woods.
I Found a Lost Trail, a Path Made by Routes.
The Pool Swirled the Ocean, Down By the Sea.
But Everything's No, No, No,
What It Appears to Be.**

Solo:

Hit, hit, hit, swing it's over your head.
Wide turning bases clearin', divin' in the dirt bed.
I'm taggin' for the lead, it's deep enough to go.
The play at home plate, it's safe, review the show.

Oh, lettin' it play.
Veterans have paid.
Diamonds all day.
I'm gonna walk it off,
grand slam, that's game.

**I Frolicked the Forest, Dense Into the Woods.
I Found a Lost Trail, a Path Made by Routes.
The Pool Swirled the Ocean, Down By the Sea.
But Everything's No, No, No,
What It Appears to Be.**

Music and Lyrics, 2017: Peter J. Beauchemin

“Havin’ a Ball”

It’s a whole new ballgame.
Warm it up now.
Houston (hey houston),
Astros (yeah we're havin' a ball)

Flying `round first like a one way street.
Slidin’ into second we try to never get beat.
We’ll be hittin’ fly balls over the left field wall.
Chalkin’ up the runs to help opponents all fall.

`Cuz we’re the Houston Astros.
Always a good time, while rainin’ or sunshine.
We’ll be movin’, fast because.
The bandwagon’s pined, better get in line.

**We’ve Got Your One Way Tickets, Goin’ All Year Long.
Sittin’ In the Same Seats, Havin’ a Ball.
No Matter What the Scoreboard, Says On the Wall.
It’s a Party Out On Crawford, Always Havin’ a Ball.**

Dig on in now.
Takin’ three pitches balls 1, 2, 3.
Then hittin’ opposite field, buntin’, stealin’ for leads.
Fine tunin’ players playin’, the Houston Astros way.
Fightin’ `til the last pitch crosses home plate.

`Cuz we’re the Houston Astros.
Fightin’ for our name, this city’s deservin’.
We’ll be provin’ it fast because.
We’re protectin’ the plate, like this “Golden Game”.

**We've Got Your One Way Tickets, Goin' All Year Long.
Sittin' In the Same Seats, Havin' a Ball.
No Matter What the Scoreboard, Says On the Wall.
It's a Party Out On Crawford, Always Havin' a Ball.**

Inning stretch now.
Houston (hey houston), Astros
(yeah we're havin' a ball).
Houston ... Astros ...

Bob, Aspromonte, Rader, Wynn and Staub.
J.R., Cruz, Enos, Cesar, Niekro and Thon.
Doran, Davis, Dierker, Ashby, Smith, Sambito and Scott.
Yeah, Biggio, Bagwell and all others not forgot.

'Cuz we're the Houston Astros.
We know who we once were, it's time to move forward.
We're the future still with the past love.
Line the downtown walks, and end the parade at city hall.

**We've Got Your One Way Tickets, Goin' All Year Long.
Sittin' In the Same Seats, Havin' a Ball.
No Matter What the Scoreboard, Says On the Wall.
It's a Party Out On Crawford, Always Havin' a Ball.
So Come Reserve Your Tickets, Priced Fair for You All.
Every Seat in the Park You Know, Can Catch a Fly Ball.
It's Fun for the Family, Plan to Bring One and All.
'Cuz Your Houston Astros, Always Havin' a Ball.**

Never Miss a Game!
"Play Ball!"

Music and Lyrics, September 27th, 2012:
Peter J. Beauchemin

“Hittin’ My Stride”

Today’s the first day, of my minor league career.
I brought my old glove, and I’ve shed a few tears.
I cleaned up my cleats, and fast swung a few bats.
I stretched my young muscles, and ran reeling base laps.

I’m hopin’ to be, the teams answer in right.
Launchin’ long balls, out of site.

**I’m Hittin’ My Stride.
I Can Run Really Fast,
and Can Throw With the Best.
I Am Filled Full of Pride.
I Play for My Home Team,
As a Boy Always Dreamed.
I Clutch In Stretch Drives.
Coming Through In a Pinch,
Hitting Liners a Cinch.
I Am Right On Time,
‘Cuz I’m Hittin’ My Stride.**

I was sent down to Beaumont, for Texas League games.
Then I played my way starting, as I found me some fame.
Hit a brash of long homers, and carried the team.
I got a call from the big leagues, just realized my dream.

Now for the encore, I’ll win MVP,
then a World Series Ring.

**I'm Hittin' My Stride.
I'll Bring Home the Trophy,
All Together Follow Me.
I Am Filled Full of Pride.
I Play for My Proud Dad,
My Mom's Quite Gleamy Glad.
I Clutch In Stretch Drives.
I Scored Big as We Won,
Every Win Just Begun.
I Am Right On Time,
'Cuz I'm Hittin' My Stride.**

In 1941, I turned 30 years old.
Was a Series World Champion, a local hero.
But luck finally got me, I was drafted to leave.
to fight with the Army, It'll be the new me.

Love from the fans, I will use as my shield,
fighting battlefields.

**I'm Hittin' My Stride.
I'll Bring Us Victory, and Set All the People Free.
I Am Filled Full of Pride.
I Fight for My Country, and All People In Need.
I Clutch In Stretch Drives.
I Will Climb the Last Hill, Conquer All With My Will,
I Am Right On Time,
'Cuz I'm Hittin' My Stride.**

Music and Lyrics about Hank Greenberg, 2017:
Peter J. Beauchemin

"Inside Story"

I heard today, there was a scandal.
One of the baseball players is sleepin' with Marilyn Monroe?

- ... is it the, Fire Chief? (joltin' joe, sparky)
- ... or the, Georgia Peach? (smoltzie, nucksie)
- ... could it be, The Bull? (nails, dude, nat, bake)
- ... or Boo, Sweet Lou? (skip, ducky, schu, ace)

- ... maybe, Bye Bye Bones? (whoa nelly, paw paw)
- ... or old, Rhino? (sammy, ham, eggs, bones)
- ... could it be, Honey Boy? (the mayor, q, maz)
- ... or Cy, Cyclone? (pee wee, honest jones)

- ... could it be, Big Bird? (big daddy vladdy, doc)
- ... or Mr. Freeze? (little willie, kitty)
- ... could it be, Mini-Hawk? (moochie, spanky)
- ... Little O, T-Rex? (big e, the hawk)

- ... Little Professor? (diamond jim, rabbit)
- ... Little Big-Gio Man? (johnny cash, bulldog)
- ... The Say Hey Kid? (zamboni, dimples)
- ... Iron Mike, Duke, Splitt? (sugar bear, uncle phil)

**I've Got an Inside Story.
It's to Print In the Morning.
And It's Gonna Go Out Today.
Oh, Darn. Shoot, I am Runnin' Late.
I Don't Have Time to Sit Here.
I've Got to Get My Bills Paid.
There's an Inside Story,
and It's Out Today.**

Solo:

Now wait a minute young one.
You know you didn't really answer my question?
Who is in charge here today?

- ... it could be, The Wild Horse? (little pony, big d)
- ... or Wally World? (hollywood, opie)
- ... maybe El Toro? (ape, mullet, campy)
- ... or Double Barrell Darrell? (stash, red, percy)

- ... the Chili Bowl? (mickey mouth, mad dog)
- ... or Bender, Bluto? (skeeter, skip, hud, hawk)
- ... the Cabbage Patch? (iggy, boogie, the cat)
- ... The Ryan Express? (tugboat, the chemist)

- ... The Captain, Puff? (godzilla, paulie)
- ... Marmaduke, The Judge? (skeeter, grover, rube)
- ... The Silent One? (roadrunner, howdy)
- ... The Curacao Kid (howdy doody, uke)

- ... Three Finger, Gracie? (cappuccino, brauny)
- ... Supernatural, Easy Ed? (thor, joe d)
- ... Man of Steal, Cobra (the bus, richie)
- ... Death of Flying Things (whiz kids, frankie)

**I've Got an Inside Story.
It's to Print In the Morning.
And It's Gonna Go Out Today.
Oh, Darn. Shoot, I am Runnin' Late.
I Don't Have Time to Sit Here.
I've Got to Get My Bills Paid.
There's an Inside Story,
and It's Out Today.**

Music and Lyrics, 2017: Peter J. Beauchemin

"Sensational Catch"

Me and my bud when we were eight years old,
played in little league.

We snuck out late one night tryin' to party.

But he forgot to bring the directions too,
the girls place down by the lake.

So we decided the two of us would make a break.

We agreed one would look out for the other,
as we knocked on Bobby's pane.

'Cuz he's the only boy we know, who knows her name.

Luckily we had a hunch mom was on to us,
so scurried back to my throne.

Jumped in our beds and turned the lights off, star dome.

Then she opened the door and smiled,
welcome home.

**It Was a Sen, It Was a Really, Really Big Sen.
It Was a Sen, o oh o, Sensational Catch.**

As my friend and I grew older, we still played us some ball.
The girl by the lake got away, so I drowned her with alcohol.

But my new found love was the big leagues,
I've put in some overtime.

I've been on workin' on my craft,
everyday has been a fine line.

I never thought I'd make it, my buddy never thought too,
but look at these duds pressed fresh, and I'm battin' two.

My first game we lead by one,
and the bottom of the ninth came up,
They had a man in position to score,
it was just my luck.

A liner was hit and I dove, and it stuck.

**It Was a Sen, It Was a Really, Really Big Sen.
It Was a Sen, o oh o, Sensational Catch.
It Was a Sen, o oh, It Was a Really, Really Big Sen.
It Was a Sen, o oh oo oh, Sensational Catch.**

Solo:

My team mates we all lined the diamond,
in the start of spring trainin' ball.
We stood on the mound said it was our call.
Then after we stood signin' autographs,
for the kids who wait the wall.
Teach them to practice live true lifes,
and do rubber stretchin' falls.

Had a big dream come true for me,
my buddy saw from his eyes.
It was the top of the ninth in our front home skies.
The four hole hitter cracked a sound like a gun,
the crowd thought it was gone.
But my began position made a situation,
and a stand stunned.
I brought back with my glove, a Home Run.

**It Was a Sen, It Was a Really, Really Big Sen.
It Was a Sen, o oh o, Sensational Catch.
It Was a Sen, o oh, It Was a Really, Really Big Sen.
It Was a Sen, o oh oo oh, Sensational Catch.**

Music and Lyrics, 2017: Peter J. Beauchemin

“In the Fall”

It'll start in the spring, we were just training.
These games probably don't mean a thing.
Unless you're someone like me, trying to make the team.
Then it matters what game I bring.

I can flag 'em down or scoop from the ground.
It's up to me and my playin' bounds.
The choice to paint the town, my focus sound.
Will all matter when I take the mound?

'Cuz I'm a baseball player, a long ball savior.
I play all summer long.
I knew I was first, when my baseball burst,
across home plate I knew I'm not wrong.

In the Fall, We'll Warm Up Really Nice.
In the Fall, Leaves Will Turn Brown.
In The Fall, We'll Have the Time of Our Lives.
In the Fall, We'll Watch Touchdowns.
In the Fall, We'll Hear the Angels Singin'.
In the Fall, We'll All Celebrate.
In the Fall, I'm Coming Home to You.
In the Fall, We'll Call It a Date.

I remember the days, when my daddy played.
He pitched then he covered first base.
He told me that he got paid, for only playin' the game.
He never worked a day his family's safe.

He could start real soon, or simply platoon.
Whatever would help the team go boom.
He was a force in a room, brighter then full moons.
Made the other teams feel doomed.

'Cuz he's a baseball player, a long ball savior.
He played all summer long.
He knew he was first, when his baseball burst,
across home plate he knew he wasn't wrong.

In the Fall, We'll Warm Up Really Nice.
In the Fall, Leaves Will Turn Brown.
In The Fall, We'll Have the Time of Our Lives.
In the Fall, We'll Watch Touchdowns.
In the Fall, We'll Hear the Angels Singin'.
In the Fall, We'll All Celebrate.
In the Fall, I'm Coming Home to You.
In the Fall, We'll Call It a Date.

One year it came, the fall was insane,
and my daddy didn't ever come claim.
His boy who graced his name was prayin',
while his daddy played in the ninth frame.

His son at the time, might not understood time,
but he knew his dad he could find.
By lookin' on the TV, his dad was pitching,
and the next pitch could win him a ring.

Then he let it go and it sailed up and rose,
it was a blazin' fast hard throw.
Then he missed his bat flow, and the game was closed,
a World Series Ring his dad now owned.
He earned the right to bring it home.

In the Fall, We Sang and Danced All Night.
In the Fall, Leaves Did Turn Brown.
In The Fall, We All Had the Time of Our Lives.
In the Fall, We Never Came Down.
In the Fall, We Knew the Angels Were Singin'.
In the Fall, We Prepared to Celebrate.
In the Fall, My Daddy Finally Came On Home.
In the Fall, Wow, Ain't He Great.

Music and Lyrics about Charlie Morton, 2017:
Peter J. Beauchemin



www.BrickAndMortarBand.com
www.TheHoustonPost.com
www.HouPost.com
(346) 381-9886

“They’re Real First Cousins”

These two young farmer boys,
chuckin’ corn husks, liked they played with toys.

Behind a big, tin bog red barn,
near Van Meter, Iowa they were born.

Them two grew up holding hands,
until they met together, in the game day stands.

All hell broke lose and began,
a real budding rivalry that’s good for the fans.

And I know you want to know (do they privately).

Let their feelings show (it doesn’t bother me).

One more for the road (and she’ll probably),

“Love Them Both”.

**They’re Real First Cousins,
and They’re Pitching Today, Yea Yea.**

**Oh, Come Around This City Park,
Where All the Families Play.**

But If You Really Want Some Hanky Pank.

You Better Look the Other Way.

**‘Cuz They’re Real First Cousins,
and They’re Pitching Today.**

Awe throw `em the curve ball boys ...

Solo:

One day they both found success,
and met in the playoffs head to head.
Then one, two, three balls left the yard,
launched out the park thru a windshield car.
Was the end of their pitching careers,
but they work at the park, concessioning beers.
So the reason for this story today,
keep your mind out of the gutter,
and let's just play.

And I know you want to know (do they privately).
Let their feelings show (it doesn't bother me).
One more for the road (and she'll probably),
"Love Them Both".

**They're Real First Cousins,
and They're Pitching Today, Yea Yea.
Oh, Come Around This City Park,
Where All the Families Play.
But If You Really Want Some Hanky Pank.
You Better Look the Other Way.
'Cuz They're Real First Cousins,
and They're Pitching Today.**

Music and Lyrics, 2017: Peter J. Beauchemin

"Little League"

Once in awhile,
I show my grinning smile.
While I love to play the game,
and my buddies feel the same.

But there's just something about,
the pressure gives me doubt.
Because it all comes really hard,
I'm not at home in ball yards.

When I saw the time was right,
I grabbed my stuff and then took flight.
I never looked back 'cuz my managers mean,
when I fail he creates really big scenes.

And it's not just now and then,
he's looking for a way to begin.
Then sure enough one sunny day,
I failed to make the play.

**And Holy Split, He Came Unglued.
I Couldn't Field that Groundin' Ball,
So Now We All Continue.
Mister Can You Please Tell Me,
What's a Tryin' Kid Supposed to Do.
We Fail Sixty Six Percent,
Holy Split, He Came Unglued.**

My mom made me go back,
and apologies for talkin' smack.
My buddies opened their friendship arms,
but the managers nerves fell apart.

I could tell by his grumpy face,
he didn't know about mercy grace.
He had his sights out snippin' for me,
so much I couldn't breath.

I'm already to take the field,
better keep my open eyelids peeled.
'Cuz any balls hit my way,
I'll have to make sensational plays.

And sure enough one ball it came,
my glove went down to claim fame.
But I only brought up air,
between my legs, this ain't fair.

**And Holy Split, He Came Unglued.
I Couldn't Field that Groundin' Ball,
So Now We All Continue.
Mister Can You Please Tell Me,
What's a Tryin' Kid Supposed to Do.
We Fail Sixty Six Percent,
Holy Split, He Came Unglued.**

Now that I'm older,
I sympathies more with kids.
Steam rolls off my shoulders,
I donned a manager lid.

You could see in my smile,
my rope goes on for miles.
Not much of my game has changed,
love just rearranged.

As the kids took the field,
for the last time their eyes revealed.
The love they shared had a bond,
they fought together a full spring long.

So as the final plays passed by,
I tipped my hat and told them why.
To be ready to field the last out,
pop up, there's no doubt.

**And Holy Split, I Came Unglued.
He Couldn't Catch that Pop Up,
So Now We All Continue.
Ump, Ump, Ump, Ump, Umpire.
What's a Tryin' Manager Supposed to Do.
I Fail Sixty Six Percent,
Holy Split, I Came Unglued.**

Music and Lyrics, 2017: Peter J. Beauchemin

"Schoolboy Rowe"

Schoolboy Rowe was a pitchin' hero,
he took the Tigers all the way.

He had a sweet southern charm and was raised on a farm,
even Babe Ruth said he's okay.

The cities fan favorite and very superstitious,
he kept a Talisman by his side.

But no one could trick he's the first to be picked,
on the sandlots with Texas sky's.

He earned his cute nickname while playin' the game,
at an age of a young fifteen.

His high school sweetie always kept repeating,
as she sorted fan letters sifting.

She said Schoolboy Rowe my names Edna Monroe,
I love you and I always show.

He liked to talk to his ball with a slow Texan draw,
"Okay Edna, honey, let's go."

**School Boy Row,
Is a Where My Daughter Lives.
She Can't Get `em Out of Her Mind,
No Matter If I Forget and Forgive.
School Boy Row,
Is Where They Act a Fool.
Make Sure They Keep It In Their Pants.
It's My Golden Rule.**

The love of his life shortly became his wife,
all adoring fans rejoiced with cheer.
As they faded out into sunset clouds,
parted and wrote their names air.
`Cuz Schoolboy was quick,
he made `em miss with their sticks.
his slider tilted to the ground.
But his fastball in flames,
is how he claimed his fame,
with it he mowed all batters down.

**School Boy Row,
Is a Where My Daughter Lives.
She Can't Get `em Out of Her Mind,
No Matter If I Forget and Forgive.
School Boy Row,
Is Where They Act a Fool.
Make Sure They Keep It In Their Pants.
It's My Golden Rule.**

On the first day of thirty-five he made,
a very solemn vow.
He told his mates to come to his place,
he had somethin' to say from his mouth.
In his speech he's tired of blowin' flat tires.
when he starts in the biggest games.
Y'all better score runs or this year I'm done,
and I'll take my money and my last name.

So the team responded by defended his honor,
he climbed the mound every fifth day.
The coach said he had to pitch and go with
his fastball throw it low and away.
'Cuz the Cubbies they're strong but not for long,
this kid's got their number in spades.
But if he can't get 'em "Hammerin'" Hank will begin,
with a dose of his long ball trade.

**School Boy Row,
Is a Where My Daughter Lives.
She Can't Get 'em Out of Her Mind,
No Matter If I Forget and Forgive.
School Boy Row,
Is Where They Act a Fool.
Make Sure They Keep It In Their Pants.
It's My Golden Rule.**

Music and Lyrics, 2017: Peter J. Beauchemin

"Waiver Wire"

Well I might be cheap (no he ain't that cheap),
or I might be dumb (no he's no way dumb).
But there's no other boy,
who hits those home runs, (like him there's none).
Better look near and far (that's really not far),
or see far and wide (no not that wide).
You'll never find a guy,
who steals head first and slides, (holy moly, my my).
Across the fifty states, (drivin' back road plates),
Sing in them all (push pull hard ball).
I like to talk game night and day,
about playin' ball, (I collect them all).
Then I shag pop fly's (peer way up high),
bounce infield grounds, (bad hops come down).
I go a peepin' for my jock,
in the lost and found, (that smells I frown).

Oh Wait...

Just Off the Waiver Wire, I See My Name.
I Can't Complain, (whiners drink champagne)
I'm Clinically Insane, (has a way gone brain)
I Wanna Play With Fire, 'Cuz I Know My Game.
Better Fill Your Tank, (and the little piggy bank)
or Claim My Claim. (insure then pay)

Now Wait...

Well I told you so (I'm a witness yo),
and I tried to warn (verdict is born).

But all I know you never heard,
'til I blast my horn. (judge, jury is torn).
Fly'in' high and low (atmospheric glow),
Slow flies get whacked (by electric zap).

I honestly am the deal,
I ain't no fading fad. (own wonders all that).

Soar up to the moon (all the way real soon),
take your photo shop (just click don't stop).

You can develop pics,
but make sure they're all cropped. (take out what's hot).

End the warning track (better have my back),
Run a suicide race (haul ass first place).

I know I look good on this town,
got a handsome face. (tattoos sleeved traced).

Now Wait...

Just Off the Waiver Wire, I See My Name.

I Joined the Parade, (march major hooray)

Diagnosed to Shame, (poppin' flies for pain)

I Wanna Play With Fire, 'Cuz I Know My Game.

Retirement Fame, (halls grace my brain)

Insane's My Drain, (flushin' down hurricane)

Oh Wait...

Ok I need a chance (what a new romance?),
just some pocket change (he's finally sane).

I promise I'll hit you long home runs,
during the biggest games. (advance him Jane).

Oh I need more then that (you hadn't at bat),
I got to survive (you barely arrived).

I'll be your savior when your team,
needs to be revived. (resuscitate don't die).

High wire the whole world, (search boys and girls),
use a mega star scope, (zooms in looks dope).

You wouldn't believe my habits,
I train locomotive we cope. (no locker room soap).

I twirl and turn two (see me look real good),
long toss and lift weights (ball family traits).

My ancestors estates left me,
with no choice debate. (just for family's sake)

We Wait...

Just Off the Waiver Wire, I See My Name.

I Jokingly Berate, (tears well test faith)

Treated By a Quack Flake, (scammed money on take)

I Wanna Play With Fire, 'Cuz I Know My Game.

Add the Number One Rate, (are you really that great)

Better Watch That Tape, (we're blind no thanks)

Music and Lyrics, 2017: Peter J. Beauchemin

"A Lone Run"

Strait out of high school, I picked my degree.
College was a callin', my answer was me.
I signed me the papers, I enrolled my being.
But the war came a callin', so I joined the Navy.

I fought like a soldier, and won to be free.
Then went back to the college, and earned my degree.
I found me a lady, and wed one evening.
Got a house with two kids, on the way will make three.

Moved up to the suburbs, nine kids all would be.
Fed each and every night, together we breathed.
We fought to keep aligned, held on so desperately.
But we grew our separate ways,
moved around the country.

Made our own fulfilled careers, an accountant, carpentry.
One painter of the world, and a famous Cali.
A few of us had troubles, but we helped them indeed.
The last was my true hope, to reach prosperity.

Now I look down upon him, and see gleefully.
He still has his spirit, his pride always beams.
I wish him all the best, and I always believed.
A Lone Run would score, then taste victory.

Music and Lyrics, 2017: Peter J. Beauchemin

Baseball Set List

**Appears to Be
Hittin' My Stride
Havin' a Ball
Inside Story
Sensational Catch
In the Fall
They're Real First Cousins
Little League
Schoolboy Rowe
Waiver Wire
A Lone Run**