

Vic Damone

"Houston Astros"

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Here's the pitch, fly ball right field, doggy be there!
Ooh this game is over!
Ground ball to the hold of the short stop and through
left field.
Here comes it comes through.
There's a drive to left, look out rail road track! Holy
Toleedo!
There's a throw to the plate he slides and the Astro's
win it!
The semi crowd wants an encore Jeff.
Won the game bottom of the tenth inning
And Julio Lugo sends everybody home happy.

No other place I'd rather be but here.
The sun on my face, the sound of the crowd in my ear.
I see in the fans in the stands the smiles on their faces.
Get ready the strows are back and the game is on.
Get ready, To take in the field,
You know there is right where you belong.
When the sun comes up on the Texas plain,
(You know you're home)
And egnites the feel of America's game.
(You know you're home)
And when you take one out while your friends all cheer
your name!
You know, You know, You know,
You know you're home!

(When the sun comes up on the Texas plain)
You're home!
(And egnites the feel of America's game)
Everyone loves to play ball
(When you take one out) While your friends all cheer
your name!
You know, You know, (You know)
You know you're home.

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