

## Clark Gene

### "Home Run King"

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Well I saw it clear today  
that we are all  
More than only refugees  
And the heads of state  
Called out all of their reserves  
So they could postpone World War III  
I can hear the morning crier  
Yellin' read all about it  
Here's the truth  
You are either just the newspaper boy  
Or you're either Babe Ruth  
Now how could we have been  
Put upon this planet  
Fools enough to think  
That we could be  
The first to form  
A civilized evolvement  
From the charismatic sea  
There's a ten years old  
In the alley  
Throws a hard ball off the wall  
That is the truth  
He knows you're either  
Just the newspaper boy  
Or you're either Babe Ruth  
We can all dream up  
Some explicit rationalizing dream  
Of exactly who we are  
While the rokin' rollin' home run king  
Keeps the black madonna  
Sleepin' with a star  
Now it doesn't matter  
How much bread  
You can spend  
So you can hold  
The center booth  
You are either just the newspaper boy  
Or you're either Babe Ruth.

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