

## At The Drive In "D-O-D-G-E-R-S Song"

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Oh, I say D  
I say D-O,  
D-O-D  
D-O-D-G,  
D-O-D-G-E-R-S  
Team, team, team, team!

Oh!  
I say O-M,  
O-M-A  
O-M-A-L,  
O-M-A-L-L-E-Y  
Oh really? No, O'Malley!

Sandy Koufax, oh my Drysdale,  
Maury Wills, I love you so.

And we defy  
Defy the J-I,  
J-I-N  
J-I-N-T,  
The J-I-N-T-S, Gi'nts!  
Play ball!

Orlando Cepeda is at bat with the bases jammed.  
Orlando Cepeda, with a wham, bam, he hit a grand  
slam.  
In the very first inning, but it's only the beginning,  
In the third, like a bird, we get two on, none away.  
Then Fairly hits into a double play.  
Here comes Big Frank Howard, yessiree,  
Boy, what a swing! Strike three.

Oh dem B  
Oh dem B-U,  
B-U-M  
B-U-M-S.  
Dem bums, dem bums, dem dry bums.  
Oh they may be bums, but they're my bums.

Top of the fourth, say hey Willy Mays

Hits a three bagger down the right field line.  
Then he's out trying to stretch it to a homer,  
As Roseborro tags him on the bottom of the spine.  
With a crack you can hear  
All the way back up to  
San Francisco, open your hospitals!  
Charge!

Inning six, Maury Wills  
Draws a walk, in the coach's box  
Leo Dourochure, Leo Dourochure  
Starts to wiggle and to twitch.  
A signal? No, an itch.  
Go Maury, go Maury, go go go!

Maury goes, the catcher throws,  
Right from the solar plexus.  
At the bag he beats the tag  
That mighty little waif,  
And umpire Connlin cries, "Yer out!"  
Out? Out???

Down in the dugout Alston glowers,  
Up in the booth Vin Scully frowns.  
Out in the stands O'Malley grins,  
Attendance fifty thousand.  
And what does O'Malley do?  
Charge!

Bottom of the ninth, four to nuttin',  
Last chance, push the button!  
Oh we're pleading, begging, on our knees,  
Come on you Flatbush refugees!  
Maury Wills at bat, hit it for me once,  
Stu Miller throws, Maury bunts.

Cepeda runs to field the ball and Hiller covers first,  
Hallah runs to back up Hiller,  
Hiller crashes into Miller,  
Miller falls, drops the ball, Connlin calls "Safe!"  
Yea, Maury!

Gilliam up, Miller grunts.  
Miller throws, Gilliam bunts.

Cepeda runs to field the ball and Hiller covers first,  
Hallah runs to back up Hiller,  
Hiller crashes into Miller,  
Miller falls, drops the ball, Connlin calls "Safe!"  
Yea, Connlin!

Willy Davis gets a hit  
And Frankie does the same,  
Here comes Mr. Howard  
With a chance to win the game.  
Hit it once!  
Big Frank bunts?!?

Cepeda runs to field the ball and Hiller covers first,  
Hallah hollers "Hiller",  
Hiller hollers "Hallah,"  
Hallah hollers "Hiller," points to Miller with his fist,  
And that's the Hiller Miller Holler Hallah-luia Twist!

The Davises score, it's four to four,  
And Howard's still rounding the bases.  
>From second to third, it's almost absurd,  
Amazement on everyone's faces.

He's heading for home, he hasn't a chance,  
The poor lad is gonna be dead.  
But the ball hits him right in the seat of his pants  
And he scores! That's using your head.

So I say D  
I say D-O,  
D-O-D-G-E-R-S.  
The team that's all heart,  
All heart and all thumbs,  
They're my Los Angeles, your Los Angeles,  
Our Los Angeles...  
Do you really think we'll win the pennant?  
Bums!  
Ooh, ooh, ooh dem bums

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