

David Geddes

"The Last Game Of The Season (A Blind Man In The Bleachers)"

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He's just the blind man in the bleachers
To the local home town fans
And he sits beneath the speakers
Way back in the stands
And he listens to the play by play
He's just waiting for one name
He wants to hear his son get in the game

But the boy's not just a hero
He's strictly second team
Tho he runs each night for touchdowns
In his father's sweetest dreams
He's gonna be a star some day
Tho you might never tell
But the blind man in the bleachers knows he will

And the last game of the season is a Friday night at home
And no one knows the reason but the blind man didn't come
And his boy looks kinda nervous
Sometimes turns around and stares
Just as tho' he sees the old man sittin' there

The local boys are tryin' but they slowly lose their will
Another player's down and now
He's carried from the field
At halftime in the locker room
The kid goes off alone
And no one sees him talkin' on the phone

The game's already started
When he gets back to the team
And half the crowd can hear his coach yell
"Where the hell you been?"
"Just gettin' ready for the second half,"
Is all he'll say
"Cause now you're gonna let me in to play."

Without another word, he turns and runs into the game
And through the silence on the field

Loudspeakers call his name
It'll make the local papers
How the team came from behind
When they saw him playin' his heart to win

And when the game was over
The coach asked him to tell
What was it he was thinkin' of
That made him play so well
"You knew my dad was blind," he said
"Tonight he passed away"
"It's the first time that my father's seen me play

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