

David Karsten Daniels

"American Pastime"

Visit "[American Pastime](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

If you and I were like a game of little league
We'd line up afterwards to say good game
But that assumes that everyone would play fair
Or that the rules we use will be the same
I think we know that's not what will happen
You threw too close when I was up to bat
Or I'd be sitting down in right field with my glove off
Collecting dandelions in my hat
Oohoh
I'm not cut out for the major league
Oohoh
I'm not cut out for the major league
If you and I were soldiers in the battlefield

We'd miss each chance to understand
And screaming at each other
Foreign tongues and waving guns
When all you'd want was to throw up your hands
And if I had you on the ground to make you surrender
all
Your rounds
You'd be so fast as to comply
But in my fear and in my haste
Your willingness I would mistake
As you quickly reach in for your knife
Oohoh
I'd pepper bullets across your spine
I'd pepper bullets across your spine

Visit [David Karsten Daniels](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.