

Dave Potts

"If I Broke The Record"

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Tonight in Carolina, the bleachers are empty and quiet
Not a ball's been hit my way all night
I hit a grounder up the middle, but the shortstop made
the play
I'll never make it to the big leagues this way
But the smell of fresh cut grass and peanut shells fill
the southern sky
And we'll be heading back to Birmingham
tonight

CHORUS;

These towns roll by like tumbleweeds
Through the windows of these late-night trains
To those of us down here, it's still a game
I may never be a hero, and you'll never
know my name
But if I broke the record, I would do it clean

Last week out in Greenville, about an hour before the
game
A boy was watching warm-ups, with a big smile on his
face
He put down his popcorn, held out a ball and pen
He looked a little awestruck, as I signed it for him
I didn't ask for money, I just smiled and
shook his hand
You should've seen the spring in his step,
as he ran to show his dad

REPEAT CHORUS

America's favorite pastime, it's
simple and it's pure
We all still watch the big leagues, but now
we're not so sure
But if you can catch a game in Birmingham, on a
perfect summer day
I'll run out every grounder,
that's how I learned to play
It's not glamorous in double A,
it's not for everyone
But baseball's what I do, who I am and what

I love
REPEAT CHORUS

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