

## Alabama "Cheap Seats"

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This town ain't big, this town ain't small  
It's a little of both they say  
Our ball club may be minor league but at least it's triple  
A  
We sit below the Marlboro man, above the right field  
wall  
We do the wave all by ourself  
Hey ump, a blind man could've made that call

We like our beer flat as can be  
We like our dogs with mustard and relish  
We got a great pitcher, what's his name?  
Well, we can't even spell it  
We don't worry about the pennant much  
We just like to see the boys hit it deep  
There's nothing like the view from the cheap seats

The game was close, we'll call it a win  
Go off to toast the boys again  
That local band is back in town  
They got a kinda minor league sound  
They're not that bad, they're not that good  
But all in all it's understood  
We wanna dance, they wanna play  
We wouldn't have it any other way

We like our beer flat as can be  
We like our dogs with mustard and relish  
We got a great pitcher, what's his name?  
Well, we can't even spell it  
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Now the majors called up, oh, what's his name?  
And one more buildin' rises tall  
And suddenly we're all grown up  
And this old town's not quite so small  
But I'll always miss the middle size town  
In the middle of the middle-west

With no name pitchers and local bands  
And mustard and relish and all the rest

We like our beer flat as can be  
We like our dogs with mustard and relish  
We got a great pitcher, what's his name?  
Well, we can't even spell it  
We don't worry about the pennant much  
We just like to see the boys hit it deep  
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