

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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