Alabama
"The Cheap Seats"

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(Randy Sharp - Marcus Hummon)

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.

Chorus:
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.

Chorus:
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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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Cheap seats

Now the majors called up ol' what's his name.
And one more buildin' rises tall.

And suddenly we're all grown up.
And this old town 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.

Chorus:
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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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