

Baseball Project

"Sometimes I Dream Of Willie Mays"

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It's 1965. Me and my Dad, Mac.
50 miles to Candlestick in our green VW van.
A Giants-Dodgers pennant race.
Mays and Koufax face to face.
Sometimes I dream of Willie Mays and tell him I was
there. Sometimes I dream of Willie Mays,
and the sun comes out and the fog lifts and he's there.
Now it's 1973, right across the bay.
Playing right field for the Mets,
a ball goes through his legs.
I cheer the A's to victory,
but that was something I never wanted to see.
Sometimes I dream of Willie Mays and tell him I was
there. Sometimes I dream of Willie Mays,
and the wind dies down, and the sun comes out,
and the fog lifts, and he's there.
In 1954 I was born into this dream The kind that's
always black and white, like an old news reel I've
seen. A mile away in the Polo Grounds,
he pulls it in and spins himself around.
Sometimes I dream of Willie Mays and tell him I was
there. Sometimes I dream of Willie Mays,
and the wind dies down, and the sun comes out,
and the scoreboard works, and the fog lifts, and he's
there. And I'm there.

My Dad took me to the game where Juan Marichal
cracked
his bat over John Roseboro's head.
It was a late August battle for first with the game's
two best pitchers on the hill.
Mays (The Greatest) beat Koufax and the Dodgers with
a three-run bomb to center,
not far from where we sat.
The majors' first Japanese player,
Masanori Murakami, got the save.
My Dad had locked the keys in the van and smashed
the
wind-wing out in the parking lot to get in and drive
us home. Seemed like the best day ever at the time.
Seems even better now.

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