

Romanovsky And Phillips "Outfield Blues"

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The birds are singin' me a tune
I'm hangin' on 'til the month of June
And all the flowers are in bloom
In the outfield
The split us up into teams
No one wanted to get stuck with me
So I'm as far as I can be
I'm in the outfield
Try as I might
It's an uphill fight
And I never can catch that ball
Each time we arrive
In choosing up sides
I'm left standing against the wall
Basketball's another sport
That's not much fun when you're so short
I try to dribble, but I just drool
And I know that that doesn't look too cool
I don't like soccer and football's obscene
And what do all those numbers mean?
I can't be bothered to get the rules down
So I just run in circles making animal sounds
Well sometimes I'm hopin'
That my bones will get broken
Just so I can be excused
From all the harrassment
That I get from my classmates
Who always blame me when they lose
I'm up to bat but it won't be long
'Til I'm back where I can do no wrong
All alone to sing my song
Here in the outfield

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