

Right Field

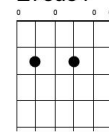
by Noel Stookey (1992)

G G/F# Em Em7 C C/B !m7 D7/F#
G G/F# Em Em7
 Saturday summers when I was a kid
C C/B Am7 D7/F#
 We'd run to the school yard and here's what we did
C D C D
 We'd pick out the captain and we'd choose up the teams
G G/F# Em Em7
 It was always a measure of my self-esteem
C C Am7 Am7
 Cause the fastest, the strongest, played shortstop and first
Am7/G Am7/G D7/F# D7/F#
 And the last ones they picked were the worst
F F F F
 Oh I never needed to ask it was sealed, I just
D7 D7 D7 D7
 I just took up my place in right field

G G/F# Em Em7
 Playing right field, it's easy you know
C C/B Am7 Am7
 You can be awkward, you can be slow, that's why
C D C D G C G G
 I'm here in right field, just watching the dandelions grow

Playing right field can be lonely and dull
 Little leagues never have lefties that pull
 I dream of the day, they hit one my way
 They never did but still I would say
 That I'd make a fantastic catch on the run
 And not lose the ball in the sun
 And then I'd awake from this long reverie
 And pray that the ball never came out to me

E7sus4



G G/F# Em Em7 C C/B Am7 D7 C D E7sus4 E7 Am C/G D7 D7 D7 D7

Off in the distance the game's dragging on
 There's strikes on the batter the runners are on
 I don't know the inning I've forgotten the score
 The whole team is yelling and I don't know what for
 Then suddenly everyone's looking at me
 My mind has been wandering what could it be
 They point to the sky and I look up above
 And a baseball falls into my glove

Here in right field it's important you know
 You gotta know how to catch, you gotta know how to throw
 That's why I'm here in right field , just watching the dandelions grow