

I USED TO BE A BROOKLYN DODGER

YESTERDAY SOMEHOW SLIPPED BY ME,
IT DIED LIKE AN OLD FORGOTTEN FRIEND.
DIDN'T I JUST TURN SIXTEEN IN MAY,
NOW THIRTY-FIVE'S JUST AROUND THE BEND.

I THROW THE DICE IN ALL OF THE ALLEY'S,
C'MON BABY LET EM ROLL.
AND BOYS IF YOU WEREN'T FROM FLATBUSH,
JACK... YOU DIDN'T HAVE ANY SOUL.

I USED TO BE A BROOKLYN DODGER,
BUT I AIN'T A HITTER ANY... MORE
YOU KNOW I HAD A REPUTATION,
I LOVED TO HEAR THE HOME CROWD ROAR.

YOU KNOW I NEVER HAD A NICKLE,
JUST FREEDOM, GIRL, AND THE TIME.
AND NOW ALL I HAVE IS A MEMORY,

OF A STREET DODGER IN HIS PRIME.

**NOW HALEY'S COMETS ARE REMEMBERED,
AS THEY FLASH ACROSS THE SKY,
AND IF I HAD MY LEATHER JACKET,
I SWEAR I'D GIVE IT ALL ANOTHER TRY.**

**I USED TO BE A BROOKLYN DODGER, BUT I DON'T PLAY
THERE ANY.....MORE.**