

The Fray

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bottom of the ninth inning
at which I stray through the crowd
first it was what I call quiet
then it was biblically loud

you should have seen how they tumbled
you should have seen how they danced
you should have seen them all luscious and lean
as they flew by the seat of their pants

it was not the boilin' frustration
it was not "they cannot care less"
it was not the face of that reverent place
In the horrible state of undress

I moved in a way I call mindless
I flatter myself a move true
I carved out a "J" in the spectators' fray
because that's just the thing that we do

yes, I carved out my name in the ninth of the game
because that's just a thing that we do