

# Our Song

Joe Henry

I saw Willie Mays  
At a Scottsdale Home Depot  
Looking at Garage Door Springs  
At the far end of the 14th row

His wife stood there beside him  
She was quiet and they both were proud  
I gave them room but was close enough  
That I heard him when he said out loud

This was my country  
This was my song  
Somewhere in the middle there  
Though it started badly and it's ending wrong

This was my country  
This frightful and this angry land  
But it's my right if the worst of it might  
Still somehow make me a better man

The sun is unforgiving and  
There's nobody who would choose this town  
But we've squandered so much of our good will  
That there's nowhere else will have us now

We push in line at the picture show  
For cool air and a chance to see  
A vision of ourselves portrayed as  
Younger and braver and humble and free.

This was our country  
This was our song  
Somewhere in the middle there  
Though it started badly and it's ending wrong

This was our country  
This frightful and this angry land  
But it's my right if the worst of it might  
Still somehow make me a better man

I've started something I can't finish  
And I barely leave the house it's true  
I keep her out on my sores and joints  
But I've guess I've had my blessings too

I've got my mother's pretty feet  
And a factory keeps my house in shade  
My children they've both been paroled  
And we get back all the peace we've made

I feel safe so far from heaven  
From towers and their ocean views  
From here I see the future coming  
Across what soon will be beaches too

But that was him I'm almost sure  
The greatest center-fielder of all time

Stooped by the burden of endless dreams  
His and yours and mine

He hooked each spring beneath his feet  
He leaned over then he stood upright  
Testing each against his weight  
For one that had some play and some fight

He's just like us I want to tell him  
And our needs are small enough  
Something to slow our heavy door  
Something to help us raise one up

This was my country  
This was my song  
Somewhere in the middle there  
Though it started badly and it's ending wrong

This was God's country  
This frightful and this angry land  
But if it's his will the worst of it might  
Still somehow make me a better man

If it's his will the worst of it might  
Still somehow make me a better man