

## Right Field

Peter, Paul and Mary

Saturday summers, when I was a kid  
We'd run to the schoolyard and here's what we did  
We'd pick out the captains and we'd choose up the teams  
It was always a measure of my self esteem  
Cuz the fastest, the strongest, played shortstop and first  
The last ones they picked were the worst  
I never needed to ask, it was sealed,  
I just took up my place in right field.  
Playing...

Right field, it's easy, you know.  
You can be awkward and you can be slow  
That's why 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'd dream of the day they'd hit one my way  
They never did, but still I would pray  
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  
Here in...

Right field, it's easy, you know.  
You can be awkward and you can be slow  
That's why I'm here in right field  
Just watching the dandelions grow

Off in the distance, the game's dragging on,  
There's strikes on the batter, some 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 at 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!