

# Dent in the Moon

Watsky

Swing, out of your shoes  
And if you should lose this time  
Keep on swinging and swinging and soon  
When you connect  
With all of your strength  
Look up and you might see a dent in the moon

Yeah, you see them craters?  
That was 'cause a kid said there'd be none greater  
In ten years Hammering Hank was at the plate launching balls into space sayi  
ng see ya later  
Skinny as a toothpick but he got a knack  
Watch him swing a broomstick at a bottlecap  
Watch him rinse and repeat till he's on the map  
Going from the cheap seats to the autographs  
Papa put a bat in my hand and all he said was never ever, ever, ever rock a  
Dodger hat  
And whether you win or you didn't you gotta be getting dirty  
And we better send your jersey to the laundromat  
It was in the cards  
I knew someday I'd be a big league star  
Playing second base for the Giants wearing number 9 rocking knee-high socks  
If I just worked hard

Swing, out of your shoes  
And if you should lose this time  
Keep on swinging and swinging and soon  
When you connect  
With all of your strength  
Look up and you might see a dent in the moon

We had our 6th grade baseball tryouts on the basketball courts  
So a fastball had hops  
We didn't have a grass field and so coach hit us grounders  
Off the asphalt I dropped  
A lot and so he hit 'em faster and I took 'em off my ankles  
Yelling that's all you got?  
And when I saw my name on the roster I went insane  
Like I was sniffing bath salts, I'm not-here to play soft  
I'll go beastmode on a piñata and bite its motherfucking face off  
Until it rains candy out of its neck-hole  
I don't go flexing my pecs, or get swole  
I wasn't the fastest  
And when I moved it kinda looked like I was running through molasses-true  
It's silly to give a shit about a game but earth  
Is a little ball that's spinning on its axis-too

Swing, out of your shoes  
And if you should lose this time  
Keep on swinging and swinging and soon  
When you connect  
With all of your strength  
Look up and you might see a dent in the moon

I wasn't cut out for the bigs, guess I been a fool  
And middle school was just a bit of cruel ridicule  
But when you step into the ranks of the man

It's like they push you from the high dive to the kiddie pool (thanks)  
It's time to ballroom waltz that plank  
We're little minnows in a small shark tank  
You try to swim without getting blood in the water  
But you're all heart and guts like a ballpark frank  
Never an all-star  
I had to keep score  
If I were perfect I would quit and join the Peace Corp  
I'm not a hero, if I didn't try my doubts eat at me  
Like I'm a carcass on the sea floor  
So say this shit is too corny  
It tastes better to me than, 'ooh poor me'  
I'm just trying to sing a different tune  
And then fit into a world that didn't have room for me

Swing, out of your shoes  
And if you should lose this time  
Keep on swinging and swinging and soon  
When you connect  
With all of your strength  
Look up and you might see a dent in the moon