

Ozma, Baseball

When I feel the morning grass I let down my gaurd
Because love comes from the dirt in my own backyard

Everytime I think I've finished being young
I catch myself having fun
But the moment passes as the sun moves on
So I turn myself back to you

On a diamond in the rough I spent my better years
And I still see her in the crowd with diamonds in her ears
And it's depressing that I can't forget the tune the organist played
la da da da da da da, la da da da da

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But the moment passes as the sun moves on
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Is our season over?
No four leaf clover
I feel it getting colder
Now that it's late fall

Can you still remember?
April to November
You and I were members
Of the best team in baseball

So we play our games
I've got a girlfriend
You've found a new guy
But it's not the same

And so I drive
Straight up I-5
To let you know I'm still alive

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