

# Paul Simon, Night Game

(Paul Simon)

There were two men down  
And the score tied  
In the bottom of the eighth  
When the pitcher died

And they laid his spikes  
On the pitcher's mound  
And his uniform was torn  
And his number was left on the ground

Then the night turned cold  
Colder than the moon  
The stars were white as bones  
The stadium was old  
Older than the screams  
Older than the teams

There were three men down  
And the season lost  
And the tarpaulin was rolled  
Upon the winter frost