

Tom Russell, The Kid From Spavinaw

I was born in Oklahoma, 1931
Outside the town of Spavinaw
Where the red dust clouds the sun
And I ran beneath your diamond skies
And I drank your waves of grain
My name is Mickey Mantle, boys
And baseball is my game

My father's name was Mudboy
And he worked down in the mines
He pitched to me in the evening
At least a thousand times
A thousand times again in my nightmare and my dream
You're going to live in the house that Ruth built, kid
You're going to make that Yankee team

Sure enough, the Yankee scout comes drivin', drivin' down route 66
He'd have never come to Spavinaw class B ball in the sticks
but I happened to be playing in an old ball park way along the ??? road
And Yankee scout he signed me and I went to the the show

Strike 1, that was the drinkin'
Strike 2, there go the knees
Then my old man died in Denver
Some type of lung disease
When God starts throwing change ups
You can swing with ???
If I'd known I's going to live this long
I'd taken care of myself.

I don't miss the lights of Times Square
I don't miss ??? bar
I miss my old man pitchin' baseball
In the shed in our backyard
I wish that he were still alive
To see these trophies on my shelf
If I'd known I was going to live this long
I'd taken better care of myself

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