

Trash Can Sinatras, I'm Immortal

Out for a spell, I was slated. I'd lost a yard, I was hated
I dug a rug out in the dugout, lazing, I joined in the turnout
That's no life at all
Out for a spell, got neglected, lay on the bench unselected
Laughing, I joined in the squabbles, over the hill. I'm immortal
And that's no life at all
I'm immortal and that's not life at all
I took a kick in the confidence, down in the tackle I hurt
I took a shine to your big size tens
Now all around the subject I skirt. Gingerly, gingerly
And that's no life at all
I just went out for a spell
I just went out for a smoke
I took a dive I was a sub
I thought my number was up
But I'm immortal, and that's not life at all
Speaking of tongues, baby
I'm immortal