

# Danny Kaye, D-O-D-G-E-R-S Song

Oh, I say D  
I say D-O  
D-O-D  
D-O-D-G  
D-O-D-G-E-R-S  
Team, team, team, team

Oh  
I say O-M  
O-M-A  
O-M-A-L  
O-M-A-L-L-E-Y  
Oh really? No, O'Malley

Sandy Koufax  
Oh, my Drysdale  
Maury Wills  
I love you so

And we defy  
Defy the J-I  
J-I-N  
J-I-N-T  
The J-I-N-T-S, Giants  
Play ball!

Orlando Cepeda  
Is at bat with the bases jammed  
Orlando Cepeda  
With a wham, bam  
He hit a grand slam

In the very first inning  
But it's only the beginning  
In the third, like a bird  
We get two on, none away  
Then Fairly hits  
Into a double play

Here comes Big Frank Howard  
Yes siree  
Boy, what a swing  
Strike three

Oh, dem B  
Oh, dem B-U  
B-U-M  
B-U-M-S  
Dem bums, dem bums  
Dem dry bums  
Oh, they may be bums  
But they're my bums

Top of the fifth  
Say hey Willie Mays  
Hits a three bagger  
Down the right field line

Then he's out trying to  
Stretch it to a homer  
As Roseboro tags him on  
The bottom of the spine  
With a crack you can hear  
All the way back up to

San Francisco, open your hospitals  
Charge!

Inning six, Maury Wills  
Draws a walk, in the coach's box  
Leo Durocher, Leo Durocher  
Starts to wiggle and to twitch  
A signal? No, an itch  
Go Maury, go Maury, go go go!

Maury goes, the catcher throws  
Right from the solar plexus  
At the bag, he beats the tag  
That mighty little waif  
And umpire Conlin cries, "Yer out!"  
Out? Out?

Down in the dugout  
Alston glowers  
Up in the booth  
Vin Scully frowns  
Out in the stands  
O'Malley grins  
Attendance fifty thousand  
And what does O'Malley do?  
Charge!

Bottom of the ninth  
Four to nuttin'  
Last chance  
Push the button  
Oh, we're pleading  
Begging, on our knees  
Come on you Flatbush refugees

Maury Wills at bat  
Hit it for me once  
Stu Miller throws  
Maury bunts

Cepeda runs to field the ball  
And Hiller covers first  
Haller runs to back up Hiller  
Hiller crashes into Miller  
Miller falls, drops the ball  
Conlin calls "Safe!"  
Yay, Maury!

Gilliam up  
Miller grunts  
Miller throws  
Gilliam bunts

Cepeda runs to field the ball  
And Hiller covers first  
Haller runs to back up Hiller  
Hiller crashes into Miller  
Miller falls, drops the ball  
Conlin calls "Safe!"  
Yay, Conlin!

Willie Davis gets a hit  
And Tommy does the same  
Here comes Mr. Howard  
With a chance to win the game

Hit it once!  
Big Frank bunts?!?

Cepeda runs to field the ball  
So does Hiller, so does Miller  
Haller hollers &quot;Hiller&quot;  
Hiller hollers &quot;Haller&quot;  
Haller hollers &quot;Hiller&quot;  
Points to Miller with his fist  
And that's the  
Hiller Miller Haller Hallelujah Twist!

The Davises score  
It's four to four  
And Howard's still  
Rounding the bases  
From second to third  
It's almost absurd  
Amazement on everyone's faces

He's heading for home  
He hasn't a chance  
The poor nut is gonna be dead  
But the ball hits him right  
In the seat of his pants  
And he scores!  
That's using your head

So I say D  
I say D-O  
D-O-D-G-E-R-S  
The team that's all heart  
All heart and all thumbs  
They're my Los Angeles  
Your Los Angeles  
Our Los Angeles  
Do you really think  
We'll win the pennant?  
Bums!  
Ooh, ooh, ooh dem bums