

Dennis DeYoung, Pinball Wizard

Ever since I was a young boy,
I've played the silver ball.
From Soho down to Brighton,
I must have played them all.
But I ain't seen nothing like him
In any amusement hall.
That deaf, dumb and blind kid
Sure plays a mean pinball!

He stands like a statute,
Becomes part of the machine.
Feeling all the bumpers,
Always playing clean.
He plays by intuition;
The digit counters fall.
That deaf, dumb and blind kid...

... Sure plays a mean pinball!

He's a pinball wizard
There has to be a twist.
A pinball wizard,
S'got such a supple wrist.

How do you think he does it?

I don't know.

What makes him so good?

He ain't got no distractions;
Can't hear those buzzers and bells.
Don't see no lights a-flashin';
He plays be sense of smell.
Always gets a replay,
'N' never tilts at all.
That deaf, dumb and blind kid...

... Sure plays a mean pinball!

I thought I was
The Bally table king ...
... But I just handed
My pinball crown to him.

How do you think he does it?

I don't know.

What makes him so good?

Even at my favourite table,
He can beat my best.
The kids all lead him in
And he just does the rest.

He's got crazy flipper fingers;
Never seen him fall.
That deaf, dumb and blind kid
Sure plays a mean pinball!

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He can beat my best.
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And he just does the rest.
He's got crazy flipper fingers;
Never seen him fall ...
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Sure plays a mean pinball!