

Steve Taylor, Shortstop

Some for the money
Some for the show
Some for the credit
Some expect it from the get-go

Some get bush-leagued
Some win the rings
Some get high reflecting glory
That the good Lord brings

Shortstop, standing in the lurch
Bridging faith and field research
High-wire balance, every move is inspired

Hedge your bets and handicaps
Shortstop's here to mind the gaps
Lord, who will rise up
When that number's retired?

Who will rise up?
Who will rise up?
Who will rise up?

Some get lazy
Fake like they're lame
Some warm benches
Got no passion for the big game

Who's got spirit?
Who do you love?
Whose right hand is firmly planted
In a golden glove?

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And the moral of the story?
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Never send a towel-snapping
Cup-adjusting
Glory-grabbing
Full o' baloney
Sanctimony-spewing rookie in
To do a big man's job
Yessiree, Bob

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