

play third base, but sure, I can't at all, Mc Closky said his
 benches yelled, Mc Closky you're a "stuff" At that, poor Mac got
 beaten by just eighty six to four Poor Mac's sa-loon was

"nine" would play, that com-ing Sat - ur - day, And when I heard my
 aw - ful mad and grabbed a bat to fire, It missed the man up -
 crowded with a broken - hearted mob, And if you'd ask them,

name called out, I bought a suit to play, - We went out to the
 - on the stand and struck the poor um - pire, - The captain of the
 they would say, The um - pire was a slob, - At twelve o - clock I