

eye. When he came in through the gate, He had a mild and mod-est
heard. Put a sin - gle o - ver short old pal and . sew the game up
eyel" Pick a nice one out old John-ny boy, There is a man on ev - 'ry
sun. Slam it out Joe Tin - ker, you know where, You are the can - dy kid, now

air; When the bell rang "play ball" He - jumped up - on his chair.
tight, When an up shoot comes a - cross the pan And goes sail - ing out to right.
sack, When the next one comes a - cross the pan, There's a loud and nois - y crack.
show 'em, And old Jo - ey slams the ball for fair, And the fan says "Let's go home!"

CHORUS.

That's the talk of the fan at the ball game boys, That's the talk of the man who

p-ff