

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Woebegon Whippets Rag

Woebegon Whippets Rag
(Garrison Keillor)

Well hello team, I'm on my way
I'll be in shape and ready to play
By the end of August if not in May
It's the Woebegon Whippets Rag.

When you're dressed in a nice clean uniform
And you loosen up and your arm is warm,
And you drop the ball going round the horn,
That's the Wobegon Whippets Rag.

Well here's how you do the Whippets Rag,
There's a high pop fly you just can't shag,
Throw it to second and miss the tag,
And over to first, take your foot off the bag.

Well sure is lonely here in right,
A long way to walk and the sun's too bright,
Sure am glad this'll be my last year
I wish somebody would send out a beer.

Here's the wind-up and here's the pitch,
There's a fly to right, son of a gun,
Can't let it drop or another man scores,
It's mine and I got it, no it's yours.

That makes the score 20 to 2
Sorry coach I had a stone in my shoe
Why are they yelling, why do they boo?
Yeah, buddy, well same to you.

I do my best but it ain't enough
Seems like I done lost my stuff
How could a fellow concentrate
With that woman in the bleachers behind home plate.

I wonder what she's doing after the game
I wonder if anybody know her name
If I knew her name, I'd give her a call
O goodness sakes here comes the ball.

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