

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Last Game of the Season (The Blind Man in the Bleachers)

The Last Game of the Season (The Blind Man in the Bleachers)
(Sterling Whipple)

He's just the blind man in the bleachers, to the local home town fans
And he sits beneath the speakers, way back in the stands
And he listens to the play-by-play, he's just waiting for one name
He wants to hear his son get in the game.

But the boy's not just a hero, he's strictly second team
Tho' he runs each night for touchdowns, in his father's sweetest dreams
He's gonna be a star someday, tho' you might never tell
But the blind man in the bleachers knows he will.

And the last game of the season is a Friday night at home
No one knows the reason, but the blind man didn't come
And his boy looks kinda nervous, sometimes turns around and stares
Just as tho' he sees the old man sittin' there.

The local boys are tryin', but they slowly lose their will
Another player's down and now he's carried from the field
At halftime in the locker room, the kid goes off alone
And no one sees him talkin' on the phone.

The game's already started, when he gets back to the team
And half the crowd can hear his coach yell, "Where the hell you been?"
"Just gettin' ready for the second half," is all he'll say
"Cause now you're gonna let me in to play."

Without another word, he turns and runs into the game
And through the silence on the field, loudspeakers call his name
It'll make the local papers, how the team came from behind
When they saw him playin' his heart out to win.

And when the game was over, the coach asked him to tell
What was it he was thinkin' of that made him play so well
"You know my dad was blind," he said, "Tonight he passed Away"
"It's the first time that my father has seen me play."

As recorded by Kenny Starr

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