

## At the Ballgame By Myself

It's raining. It's raining HARD  
And this could well be a total washout  
But the baseball gods always wait until  
There're sure they can't sell another beer  
Another dog, wait out the passing storm.

So I'm in the bar  
And it's nice being in a bar seat  
And being old enough  
That no d-bag guys  
Usually wearing Skankees gear  
Sidle up and say something original  
Like "can I keep you company?"

No dude. No. Is what I'd say.  
Your mama, or hell, your grandma  
Wouldn't think you were cute  
And anyway are you drunk already?  
Did you look at who  
You're actually speaking to?

My female hormones  
Are dead and gone  
I'm not giving off anything here  
Except I'm a fan who loves the game  
Feels the atmosphere down deep  
As part of being the way I breathe.