

Bad Day

Calman Hart

One to nothin', the bottom of the ninth
The pitcher took the mound with the pennant on the line
The home town groaned, the visitors cheered
He was the finest closer in the league that year

Two came up and two went down
The next man worked a three-two count
Just one more strike to get it done
But he gave up back-to-back home runs

It was a bad day to have a bad day
Any other day would have been okay
There's nothin' you can do and there's nothin' you can say
It was just a bad day to have a bad day

The visiting crowd exited the park
Their hearts were heavy and their mood was dark
They shuffled their feet through the peanuts and beer
And wondered "how'd they let it get away this year?"

[chorus]

Now, everybody stumbles
Every once in a while
Sometimes it don't matter
But sometimes it does
And that's baseball

Back in the clubhouse, packing up their bags
The pitcher sat alone with his head in his hands
His catcher came over and handed him his stuff
And said "Pull yourself together man and get on the bus!"

[chorus]