

Right Field by Noel Stookey

D Dma7 Bm Bm7
Saturday summers when I was a kid
G Gma7 Em A
We'd run to the school yard and here's what we did
G A D A
We'd pick out the captain and we'd choose up the teams
D Dma7 Bm B7
It was always a measure of my self-esteem
Em +G
Cause the fastest, the strongest, played shortstop and first
+C Em7
And the last ones they picked were the worst
Em +G
Oh I never needed to ask in which field
C A A7
I just took up my place in right field

D Dma7 Bm Bm7
Playing right field, it's easy you know
G Gma7A Em A
You can be awkward, you can be slow
G A
That's why I'm here in right field
G A7 D
Watching the dandelions grow

D Dma7 Bm Bm7
Playing right field can be lonely and dull
G Gma7 Em A
Little leagues never have lefties that pull
G A D A
I dream of the day, they hit one my way
D Dma7 Bm B7
They never did but still I would say
Em +G
That I'd make a fantastic catch on the run
+C Em7
And not lose the ball in the sun
Em +G
And then I'd awake from this long reverie

+C A A7
And pray that the ball never came out to me

D Dma7 Bm Bm7
Playing right field, it's easy you know
G Gma7 Em A
You can be awkward, you can be slow
G A
That's why I'm here in right field
G A7 D
Watching the dandelions grow

D Dma7 Bm Bm7
Off in the distance the game's dragging on
G Gma7 Em A
There's strikes on the batter the runners are on
G Em D A
I don't know the inning I've forgotten the score
D Dma7 Bm B7
The whole team is yelling and I don't know what for
Em +G
Then suddenly everyone's looking at me
+C Em7
My mind has been wandering what could it be
Em +G
They point to the sky and I look up above
+C A A7
And a baseball falls into my glove

D Dma7 Bm Bm7
Here in right field it's important you know
G Gma7 Em A
You gotta know how to catch, you gotta know how to throw
G A
That's why I'm here in right field
G A7 D
Watching the dandelions grow