

# America's Favorite Pastime

Todd Snider

Dock Ellis didn't think he was pitching that day  
Back in 1970  
When he and his wife took a trip to the ballpark  
A little bit differently So by the time that he hit the bullpen  
Half the world had melted away  
That's about the time coach Murtaugh came and said  
Dock you're pitching today Taking the mound the ground turned into  
The icing on a birthday cake  
The lead off man came up and turned into  
A dancing rattle snake The crowd tracked back and forth  
In waves of color underneath the sun  
That ball turned into a silver bullet  
His arm into a gun  
I took a look all around the world one time  
I finally discovered  
You can't judge a book Three up, three down for three straight innings  
In a zero, zero tie  
As all those batters names come ringing  
From a voice out of the sky Hallucinating Halloween scenes  
Each new swing of the bat  
His sinker looked like it was falling off a table  
But nobody was hallucinating that I took a look all around the world one time  
I finally discovered  
You can't judge a book By the top of the seventh he was up one to nothing  
And giving them padres fits  
By the bottom of the eighth he was up two to nothing  
And they still hadn't got any hits  
With one out left to go in the game  
The batter looked like a baby child  
That birthday cake was shaking  
Them waves of color was going wild By the time that he mowed the last man down  
He was high as he had ever been  
Laughing to the sounds of the world going around  
Completely unaware of the win And while the papers would say he was scattered that day  
He was pretty as a pitcher could be  
The day Dock Ellis of the Pittsburgh Pirates  
Threw a no hitter on LSD I took a look all around the world one time  
I finally discovered  
You can't judge a book

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