

Want to Get Huge?

Too bad, pipsqueak — there's not a lot you can do
About your losing record, .500's the cutoff.
I'd think about bookkeeping, if I were you.

The new breakthrough slams are scams, it's true.
There's no honor in the dugout — just a rip-off.
Too bad, pipsqueak — there's not a lot you can do.

Your menacing metabolism has no curfew
But the rules are the rules, and they're gonna get tough.
I'd think about accounting if I were you,

Some calorie consciousness might help to improve
Your scores, but only the pills get the big payoff.
Too bad, pipsqueak — there's not a lot you can do.

Want to get huge, pipsqueak? You're an inspiration to?
Um — don't take that gun off the wall — this isn't Chekhov.
I'd think about the great numbers if I were you.

The homers and steals that were theirs through and through
Are talismans to hold onto in a season that's off
It's bad, pipsqueak, but here's an idea for you:
I'd think the old scores alone might see you through.