

A Tale of Two Yankees

Well Georgie boy had money to burn, an iron fist and shadows in his mirror.
Swore that once he heard his maker say go out and bring the city down to tears
Leave well enough to someone else. Leave the people to their places.
Let Billy Martin fly the flag to a million pennant races
Then I'll decide if great was good enough for saving faces

Well first there were the phone calls then the papers went and hung poor Billy's name
He'd just left California, had a wife and kid and no one looked the same
And they set him up in Ruth's place, left big Reggie out to hang
Got Casey on his side, just like the city's roughest gang
Well they banged him up and shot him down while old Georgie was the only one who sang

Well the people loved their Billy. That old bastard was the only one who cared
He'd hammer Billy Martin, leave that shadow of a child running scared
You've thrown the weight of New York City on the shoulders of a man
Tossed a good guy out the door, just like a tiny grain of sand
But this town cannot forget love. They just sit it out and wait another round

Damn you Casey and damn you Al. I've done nothing wrong except call you my pals
If it's hang or go home, then swing from the gallows I shall.

They never said he was the greatest, just the proudest man the pinstripe ever wore
When that drunken bottle drove a man along that one lane highway evermore
There's nothing Billy's bat can do to fill the hallowed halls.
With dirty spikes and cursed breath punching straight through painted walls
Well he made them New York Yankees, when they started out as nothing more than dolls