

Top of the Order

There's a big old hammer at the top of the top, a hammer at the top of the stairs.
And I'm the rusty old bully from the Company B. I'm the big old hammer 'round there.

Well it's four for a dozen or a dime for the lot. They've got a pilgrim and a pirate for sale.
They got the orders from the top of the family tree and the words are like weeping and wailing.

They're playing ball out in Philly for the national ring and Wilson's Whiskey's getting thrown 'round the town

The American runner's got his grandstanding church and they're preaching from the top of the mound

Tessie. Oh Tessie. My love will always be true. Just give me one more batter and baby I'm coming home to you

They say that diamonds run dry when left to hang in the sun and then the dust settles deep in your eye
And it's an hour 'til sunset with plenty to go in a battle for the piece of the pie.

Now Coretta's gone crying and the baby's on fire and silver sits upon the front of the line. They sent the swinger out to pasture for the love of the game. He's itching to be right on time.