

400 Feet From Home - Opening Day - Lyrics

Opening Day

[verse 1]

Today's better than Christmas
no more winter
fresh-cut grass, crisp morning air
Scalpers already selling with flare

[pre-chorus]

Hear those cracking bats, fresh leather gloves
stadium buzz screams spring has come back

[chorus]

Alive is our yard as the fans pour in
It's opening day, I bet that we win
Let's ride this good feeling, April till fall
Cheering with hope as the ump says play ball
It's opening day—the greatest gift of them all

[verse 1]

Vendors yell out, "Get your cold beer!"
I believe in my team, this is our year
Warning track power, scale that brick wall
We'll boo like ghosts, a one-sixty-two haul

[pre-chorus]

In the bleachers a grandma still gleams
holding close daddy's World Series dream!

[chorus]

Alive is our yard as the fans pour in
It's opening day, I bet that we win
Let's ride this good feeling, April till fall
Cheering with hope as the ump says play ball
It's opening day—the greatest gift of them all

[bridge]

... if baseball was a dance ...
... my feet would fly away ...
... above foul lines and rain delays ...
... I got nothing but love for opening day ...

[reprise chorus]

Alive is our yard as the fans pour in
It's opening day, I bet that we win
Let's ride this good feeling, April till fall
Cheering with hope as the ump says play ball
It's opening day—the greatest gift of them all
Yes it's opening day
What a glorious day...

[outro]

... on opening day ... every team can win it all....

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Run Around The Bases

[instrumental solo 1]

[verse 1]

Hey watcha you got there
Back pocket, no, no, other side
Is that a big dream wanting to take a ride

[verse 2]

Maybe I just wanna stick out
Be a damsel in distress
'Cause if not me, who else you got to impress

[chorus]

I believe love is a place
Dusted in trust and amazing grace
Why not take vows with pure hearts
Show God we're ready for the messy parts
Then run around the bases
Yep, run around the bases!
Together... 'till wrinkles cover our faces
Life's a run around the bases

[verse 2]

Just two souls merging into one
Never thought that I would wed
You and me, goin' full steam ahead

[chorus]

I believe love is a place
Dusted in trust and amazing grace
Why not take vows with pure hearts
Show God we're ready for the messy parts
Then run around the bases
Yep, run around the bases!
Together... 'till wrinkles cover our faces
Life's a run around the bases

[bridge]

—Alright then... it's time we took that turn
—Bring it on... take notes, bet you will learn
—Follow me... straight to heaven's gate
—Gotta dig... I'm hard to appreciate
—Skip down that aisle... don't you hesitate!!!

[instrumental solo 2]

[chorus]

I believe love is a place
Paved in hope and delicate lace
Why not take vows with pure hearts
Show everyone we finish what we start
Just run around the bases
One more run around the bases!
Be that couple who lovingly embraces
For our run around the bases

[outro]

... Don't wait for that perfect summer day ...
... Run now—forever's a cruel lifetime away ...

[instrumental solo 3]

400 Feet From Home - Opening Day - Lyrics

Two Selves

[verse 1]

Up before dawn
I start a strange dance
With prose in my heart
yet choosing romance
Too scared to leave
exist without doubt
Whispering softly
"Fame ain't my route"

[verse 2]

Broken in the mirror
Old ghosts still haunt me
One screaming run
the other anchored to we

[chorus]

Now my two selves
battle within this chest
Caught between genius
and defending the nest
Oh, these two selves
Fight for the family crest
Neither willing to give up
what they believe to be best
God help me out of this mess
'cause no man wins serving two selves
no man wins serving two selves

[verse 2]

Society says be kind and open doors
Sometimes I do, but I want so much more
Feels like each half of me's ready to explode
Chasing down dreams or kids with big dance goals

[pre-chorus]

... Born into this moment
... Will fate ignoring my plea
... As I reach for stars
... With family smothering me

[chorus]

Now my two selves
battle within this chest
Caught between genius
and defending the nest
Oh, these two selves
Fight for the family crest
Neither willing to give up
what they believe to be best
God help me out of this mess
'cause no man wins serving two selves
no man wins serving two selves

[bridge]

—Maybe it's true two can become one—
—Humble and driven both under one sun—
—No more half truths or stunted runs—
—I must come together until victory's won!!!

[instrumental solo]

[reprise chorus]

Yes my two selves
battled within this chest
Caught between genius
and defending the nest
Each of these two selves
died bravely in the quest
Equal in their brilliance
passing love's ancient test
... Hope joy is my finest conquest

[outro]

Guess In the end ...
... everything chosen's for cosmic health ...
A journey of free will choice ...
... daring to be true to thyself ...

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Warning Track

[verse 1]

Ball parks glow like warm summer flares
His smile draws fans, white teeth, long blonde hair
A number one pick, he can do no wrong
Wonder if my sister can write our wedding song

[verse 2]

—Did he promise “to drive you home”
—then wake up late and ask you to tag along?
—Every roadtrip they play the same old game
—Pick out a girl, then forget their Christian name

[pre-chorus]

The team has a schedule, you can't fault him for that
—Did you ever think another model looks cuter in team hats?

[chorus]

Girl, you're two feet on the warning track
Where truth ends, and walls become facts
Don't chase spotlight's shining big dreams
Cause he'll rip out your heart, shred it at the seams
Please take my advice, on the warning track

[verse 2]

I've heard rumors of ball players in heat
Hot streaks of love, sour trailing the sweet
—wouldn't know, I met mine in church
—now I'm two babies in, preached up in verse

[pre-chorus]

... How many miles are you away from home?
... only 2,000, if you ignore all the time zones

[chorus]

Girl, you're two feet on the warning track
Where truth ends, and walls become facts
Don't chase spotlight's shining big dreams
Cause he'll rip out your heart, shred it at the seams
Please take my advice, on the warning track

[bridge]

Ok, so what do I do?
—make him prove himself
Deny him in the bedroom?
—after every game just leave
See if he chases or continues to tease
—yeah, pull away, act like you don't care
But that's no fun, he's got a six pack to spare
—never travel either, make him find you
Guess us girls should stick together
—if not, men would always be acting a fool!!

[reprise chorus]

Both feet are firm on the warning track
Where truth ends, and walls become facts
Don't chase spotlight's
—let him shine his own dream
Cause he'll rip out my heart
—and shred it at the seams
Just good advice on the warning track
Hey thanks for the heads up
—Gotta protect all future queens
Steady our feet on the warning track
—Something like that on the warning track
Keep things fair on the warning track

[outro]

Woman unite.. and get off the warning track

400 Feet From Home - Opening Day - Lyrics

All-Timer

[intro]
"Dear beautiful people, may I ask you something? Who's the greatest of all time?
—thank you!"

[chorus]
Can you feel me... I'm an all-timer
Got more MVPs than years in the minors
Hold this thought... I'm an all-timer
Gangsta in spikes AKA late night crawler
Touch my greatness... 'cause I'm an all-timer
Not happy being just a baseball grinder
Let me break it down like a special needs signer
Or grammy award winning rhymers...
... Baby, I'm an all-timer
... a first

[verse 1]
Check it... stepping out of my time machine
lookin' damn sharp, fit, so crispy clean
my mind muddled up from the night before
Now I'm scoring runs, deep analytic WAR

[pre-chorus]
Yo, Yo... from t-ball to the big leagues
Just a barnstormer with global intrigue
Nolan Ryan fastballs, never even feared ya
Went clubbin' last night, spent a-G on Vera

[chorus]
Can you feel me... I'm an all-timer
Got more MVPs than years in the minors
Hold this thought... I'm an all-timer
Gangsta in spikes AKA late night crawler
Touch my greatness... 'cause I'm an all-timer
Not happy being just a baseball grinder
Let me break it down like a special needs signer
Or grammy award winning rhymers...
... Baby, I'm an all-timer ... a first ballot all-timer

[bridge 1]
—bat on my shoulder
—rockin' a new low stance
—nothing in my head
—a strike zone tighter than young romance
—when I let my swing fly, launch angles scream at the sky
—snack weak ass velo in the eye
—gotta go run these bases like Snuka Superfly!!!

[chorus]
Can you feel me... I'm an all-timer
Got more MVPs than years in the minors
Hold this thought... I'm an all-timer
Gangsta in spikes AKA late night crawler
Touch my greatness... 'cause I'm an all-timer
Not happy being just a baseball grinder
Let me break it down like a special needs signer
Or grammy award winning rhymers...
... Baby ...

[bridge 2]
"private jets with seafood spreads"
"I'm a world of hurt in barber dreads"
"forget all them stats, just see me play"
"I'm Black Superman here to save the day!"
"and the "S on my chest" holla's sexy!!"

[reprise chorus]
I know you know... I'm an all-timer
Got more MVPs than years in the minors
Hold this thought... I'm an all-timer
Gangsta in spikes and World Series baller
See my aura... full glowing' all-timer
I'm happiest fishin' the Carolinas
So I'll give you me in a three ring binder
Icons make designers ... says the all-timer
Legends need no reminders ... I'm an all-timer

[outro]
"You know its true... I'm the greatest all timer"

400 Feet From Home - Opening Day - Lyrics

No Mercy

[verse 1]

Cold in my veins, fire burns my eyes
Opponents walk tall all waiting to die
No whispered prayers, no return glance
I must take this field completely entranced

(pre-chorus)

Sheer will drives me—all emotion gone;
Teach my enemies what they've done wrong!

[chorus]

No mercy! No mercy!
Watch on as my legend grows
No mercy! No mercy!
As unworthies try to steal my soul
No mercy! No mercy!
Because winners ... always bury their foes
No mercy means... life beyond thresholds

[verse 2]

I've asked nicely, please make no sounds
But you chirped up, so now take the beat down
Every scar carries some ancient pain
Hatred for another, slayed by true aim

[pre-chorus]

Kingdoms do crumble—championships won;
Oh, the world shall know my time has begun!

[chorus]

No mercy! No mercy!
Watch on as my legend grows
No mercy! No mercy!
As unworthies try to steal my soul
No mercy! No mercy!
Because winners ... always bury their foes
No mercy means... life beyond thresholds

[instrumental solo]

[bridge 1]

... look into my heart, witness courage left
... as my own judge, decide win or quick death
... zero second chances, no softened blows
... now is the time to reap what they've sown!

[chorus]

No mercy! No mercy!
Watch on as my legend grows
No mercy! No mercy!
As unworthies try to steal my soul
No mercy! No mercy!
Because winners ... always bury their foes
No mercy means... life beyond thresholds
There's life beyond thresholds...

[outro]

—silence doubters—plunge sharp spears
—hear the truth hum
—a psalm without fear
—bet they retreat
—no mercy's the way
—fight through all pain
—and forever ... they'll remember my name!!

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Throwbacks

[verse 1]

I was just a young girl, with a glove on my hand
Grand dad pointing out, "Watch Jackie run across the sand"
So many memories, Harwell's smooth radio voice
Pete Rose or Ty Cobb, a tough historian choice

[verse 2]

In 68 the scrappy tigers fought and bled
Horton went for the fences, but Gibson threw at his head
As Uncle Gil told war stories of Mantle and Ford
closing down bars until their dates got bored

[chorus]

From grand dads lap, I learned to love the game
Generation by generation, he would quiz me on names
Now it's all streaming and mobile phone apps
Whatever happened to his old throwbacks
Boy I miss grand dad and his old throwbacks

[verse 1]

A handful saw Cy , but they knew Satchel was better
Can't believe they lowered the mound,
Or Fenway hosted a concert with Vedder

[verse 2]

Remember when gamblers tried to steal the show
sad the Black Sox lied about fast Shoeless Joe
And what of Bonds and all those home run years
He didn't need juice to have a Hall of Fame career

[chorus]

From grand dads lap, I learned to love the game
Generation by generation, he would quiz me on names
Now it's all streaming and mobile phone apps
Whatever happened to his old throwbacks
Boy I miss grand dad and his old throwbacks

[bridge]

The greatest catcher ever, Josh Gibson could hit
Mays was in center, made basket catches look hip
Hank Aaron chased Ruth, Clemente was a deer
Morgan was the engine; but Bench wore the gear

[chorus]

From grand dads lap, I learned to love the game
Generation by generation, he would quiz me on names
Now it's all streaming and mobile phone apps
Whatever happened to his old throwbacks
Boy I miss grand dad and his old throwbacks

[reprise chorus]

From grand dad's lead, I learned to cheer loud
Generation by generation, we screamed with the crowd
Now baseball is global, trapped in statistic fact
Can we at least showcase a few old throwbacks
Boy I miss grand dad and his old throwbacks
Wish they could travel 'round in one giant pack
But time won't reverse or commerce retract
Please don't forget these precious old throwbacks

[outro]

God I miss watching games... from grand dads lap

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Cuba Libre

[intro]

"Reúnanse, mi gente, ¡es la hora del cuento en la
fábrica de tabaco!"
(English: "Gather round family, it is story time at the tobacco factory!")

[verse 1]

Sun beams down on endless green rows
Tobacco leaves heavy, sweat in my clothes
Lips crack and hands bleed, but in time mend
Swaying palm trees hear secrets as they bend

[verse 2]

From first light till shadows grow thin
We cut and carry, the harvest begins
Endless seasons of oppressive wear
Lord know my heart, please hear this prayer

[chorus]

Cuba Libre, Cuba Libre
Love and dust cover this old hat
Cuba Libre, Cuba Libre
May the day end with the crack of a bat

[verse 2]

When the tide goes low, work replaces fun
We trade our dreams for tobacco by the ton
Hopeful of games played in national park
Laughing with brothers, igniting a spark!

[pre-chorus]

For a few hours, we are Havana kings of the rock
Forgetting our chains, talent scouts always so shocked!

[chorus]

Cuba Libre, Cuba Libre
Love and dust cover this old hat
Cuba Libre, Cuba Libre
May the day end with the crack of a bat

[bridge 1]

—But as my youth fades, reality will call
—back to the rows, leaf and sugar cane hauls
—So I close my eyes, feel warm Miami lights
—stardom awaits, baseball my true birthright
—right is the time, brave souls must take flight

[bridge 2]

... back in the thick factory air ...
... fingers dance rolling perfect pairs ...
... Leaf by leaf, tight like the love I hide ...
... flight disappears for birds who won't fly ...

[reprise chorus]

Cuba Libre, Cuba Libre
Hope and trust live in this hat
Cuba Libre, Cuba Libre
May days end without aches in my back
Cuba Libre, Cuba Libre
I dream of sailing the island seas
America bound ... never will Fidel own me
Cuba Libre, Cuba Libre
Cuba Libre, Cuba Libre

[outro]

But today I am common, barely enough paid...
Dying slowly, believing God will make a way...
"A la vida que aguantamos y a la que dejamos atrás, mi gente!"
(English: "To the life we endure and the one we forsake.")

400 Feet From Home - Opening Day - Lyrics

High Velocity

[verse 1]

Lightning strikes young arms
So pure adrenaline can drip
And gravity just a footnote
Speed now king on scouting trips
Coaches will claim it's planned chaos
A pitching strategy they like to mix
But when you throw hundred plus
No fanbase dare questions or resists

[pre-chorus]

They warned us veLo would take its toll
Now children have abandoned all control

[chorus]

High velocity
Yes, high velocity
An ever demanding cry
Maybe not worth our why
High velocity
Oh, high velocity
If only I could freeze time
Beg God to end the lie
Of high velocity
High velocity

[verse 2]

Deceit is pawned off as desire
So much so, it started a wild fire
The human body was never made
To challenge us in such violent ways

[pre-chorus]

When did enough not become enough
Because our biology no longer holds up

[chorus]

High velocity
Yes, high velocity
An ever demanding cry
Maybe not worth our why
High velocity
Oh, high velocity
If only I could freeze time
Beg God to end the lie
Of high velocity
High velocity

[instrumental solo]

[bridge]

—force always overwhelms young tendons
—and goes against the mandate of heaven
—unless bodies are again treated as temples
—players are horses whipped for more pace
—someone please stop this obvious human race!

[final chorus]

High velocity
Yes, high velocity
An ever demanding cry
Maybe not worth our why
High velocity
Oh, high velocity
If only I could freeze time
Beg God to end the lie
Of high velocity
High velocity

[outro]

At some point... morality will come back into play
But until then... high velocity will seize our days

[instrumental solo 2]

400 Feet From Home - Opening Day - Lyrics

Bromance

[verse 1]

We met in the locker room
Amid sweat and bad cologne
You stole my lucky socks
So I took your protein zone

[verse 2]

After games we would get hammered
You pulled me out of so many dive bars
Our high-fives should have gone viral
And set to hillbilly backwoods guitar

[pre-chorus]

No reason to talk—fist bumps and grunts are fine
Deep down I know you care—except when you put icy hot in my underwear

[chorus]

Are we having a bromance?
Best buds in arms, but not remotely gay
A fraternity of brothers
Two men connecting in manly ways
I think we're having a bromance
Side by side in the trenches
laughing even through great pain
You got my six, I'll smack your ass
Yeah... I'm pretty sure you're my bromance

[verse 2]

Hey, in the battle things get heated
Tears in our eyes, mud on our cleats
If and when you start throwing punches
Know I'm leaving with the first bouncer I meet

[pre-chorus]

Later we'll share fun stories—or just tell lies
About times that we "crushed it" or just lucky to survive!

[chorus]

Are we having a bromance?
Best buds in arms, but not remotely gay
A fraternity of brothers
Two men connecting in manly ways
I think we're having a bromance
Side by side in the trenches
laughing even through great pain
You got my six, I'll smack your ass
Yeah... I'm pretty sure you're my bromance

[bridge]

—just you and me dude
—we're freaking unbreakable
—old time pals born again new
—hey, it's ok that you cry at cartoons
—good cause you can't carry a tune
—crazy we both love watching Platoon!!

[final chorus]

Hell yes we're having a bromance
Best buds in arms, but not remotely gay
A fraternity of brothers
Two men connecting in manly play
Man, we're so deep into this bromance
Should we ask the girls if it's even ok?
I'll hide your porn should you die in combat
Sweet cause I'll marry your old lady if you go k-splat
Damn... did we just go full bromance?
I think so... like identical twin bromance

[outro]

Interesting, but your face only makes ugly babies smile
... you're such a fucking idiot
... and scene

400 Feet From Home - Opening Day - Lyrics

Mendoza

[verse 1]
In the calm of life when events go cold and gray;
My tired eyes find you, true love lights our way

[verse 2]
The weight your burden is dense
so many dreams have slipped away
But in my mind you are just perfect
every scar full on passionate display

[pre-chorus]
—I've seen you in battle
—go nights without sleep
—No promises broken
—just mountains too steep

[chorus]
Sweet Mendoza, dear Mendoza
Let no one hold you back
No matter their righteous attack
Your victories might be silent
and failures hard brick walls
But sweet Mendoza, dear Mendoza
I will love you through it all

[pre-chorus]
—Every deal falling through
—each goal going askew
—in bad times rise again
—a firestorm renewed!

[chorus]
Sweet Mendoza, dear Mendoza
Let no one hold you back
No matter their righteous attack
Your victories might be silent
and failures hard brick walls
But sweet Mendoza, dear Mendoza
I will love you through it all

[bridge]
—let storms keep on blowing—
—as misery refuses to fade—
—romance is a fluid project—
—not sone trophy begging for respect!
—together we shall overcome what's next!!!

[reprise chorus]
Sweet Mendoza, dear Mendoza
We know success can be fleeting
What you give, I'll wait my turn receiving
Let me raise you up when hope breaks down
Forever on my arm, a believer real and sound
Oh Mendoza, my Mendoza
I will love you through it all
Oh Mendoza
I will trust you through it all

[outro]
... enduring with you as fate falls
... liv brave my fearless warrior
... heros rise... but first... they must fall

400 Feet From Home - Opening Day - Lyrics

Summer's End (Cover - John Prine)

[verse 1]
Summer's end is around the bend just flying
The swimming suits are on the line just drying
I'll meet you there per our conversation
I hope I didn't ruin your whole vacation

[verse 2]
Well you never know how far from home you're feeling
Until you watch the shadows cross the ceiling
Well I don't know but I can see it snowing
In your car the windows are wide open

[chorus]
Come on home
Come on home
No you don't have to be alone
Just come on home

[verse 2]
Valentines break hearts and minds at random
That ol' Easter egg ain't got a leg to stand on
Well I can see that you can't win for trying
And New Year's Eve is bound to leave you crying

[chorus]
Come on home
Come on home
No you don't have to be alone
Just come on home

[bridge]
—The moon and stars hang out in bars just talking
—I still love that picture of us walking
—Just like that ol' house we thought was haunted
—Summer's end came faster than we wanted

[chorus]
Come on home
Come on home
No you don't have to be alone
Come on home
Come on home
No you don't have to be alone
Just come on home

Love letter the way to greet one and only Opening Day

AT THE risk of losing my macho man status, I would like to express the love in my soul for baseball's Opening Day.

To my girlfriend, Allison, in Maui, I apologize, but this is a relationship that deserves my most passionate confession: a love letter.

Dearest Baseball,

Like a child on Christmas morning, I run to the ball park on your special day.

As I tear through the wrappings of a new season, happiness ravages my body. There is such possibility, such unbridled hope in your gift.

And then the box is opened. The moment is so perfect I don't want to touch it, but I must because time forces me to do so.

I covet your creation as a mother would a newborn. I know it's the same gift you gave me last year, but it's my favorite.

I love Opening Day.

The way you feel — Oh, the way you feel on Opening Day — it



Alex Gagin

makes my entire body feel like a fingertip.

The warm summer winds that blow you into my world. And I cherish the bumps you breathe into my anxious skin.

You ease all my pain; a panacea for my worst ailment.

You've made players and coaches wait, two weeks you held them in limbo for this unveiling.

You've made Winnipeggers wait . . . and wait and wait.

Why the torture? Why do you pull back your reins and restrict the stride of imagination?

Let me be wild like a mustang, eager to run in your pennant race.

Throw me a morsel of food, a foul ball, a statistic — anything!

But I trust your judgment. You've always known best.

I just wanted to let you know that I care. Don't worry. Your charms will be safe with me.

And when I'm done playing with your Opening Day, I'll put it away for next year.

The same way I found it.

For the next generation, when they open your gift.

**Yours forever,
Alexander**

ACCORDING TO my editor, you like me! Your phone calls and letters have all been positive and much appreciated.

And because of you, the readers, you'll be able to read more of my columns this summer.

I'll take you anywhere the Goldeyes might go this season: on buses, in hotels and across borders.

Hopefully, I can provide some inside information about the team, the Northern League and life in the minors.

It should be great fun.

Thanks for the kind words and phone calls, it means a lot.