

Center Field

David Firth

He wasn't such an old man, just a bit beyond his prime,
Packin' his glove and an old wood bat so he could play the game at any time.
And she was quite a lady; a piano student's dream.
Living and lovin' to play the music with perfection on the ivory keys.

You see to him, life was just a game of baseball where comin' home he had a chance to be safe.
And the lady's best friend was the piano 'cause when they got together all they did was play.
One autumn afternoon he stepped into the church to see if someone there would want to play ball.
There sat the lady at the baby grand playing Christmas music in the fall.

He got up the nerve to introduce himself and ask her why she was there alone.
She was there to teach a kid who never showed up and it was better than being home.
And so he handed her his glove and like a schoolboy said,
"You wanna go outside and play? Cause there's nothing more delightful than
A simple game of catch in center field on a sunny day."

Oh, the ball player and the piano teacher each came from a different place.
Her from the cold notes on the score and him always 'rounded first base.
And she caught his heart through music and he caught hers with his glove;
And they both taught each other a new way to play,
In the center field of love.

As the weeks went by and the days grew short she would meet him there in the center field.
And he taught how to catch and how to throw it right back; she learned to hit and bunt and steal.
And when they got tired they would go inside; she'd teach him music at the baby grand.
She taught him chords and scales and a little bit of Bach and the value of discipline.

And then one afternoon in the winter, in the middle of playin' ball,
The skies grew darker and the wind got colder and the show began to fall.
As he silently walked toward her she could see sadness in his eyes.
"The snow means the game is finished. I guess I'll have to say goodbye."
And with a passion from within she never felt before she kissed him saying, "No need to go.
You know there's nothin' more delightful than a simple game of catch
In center field; even in the snow."

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