

## The Baseball Field

The baseball field is the place for me  
I love playing on it, as you can see.  
Running around and having some fun  
Even though I'm under the Tucson sun.

I was nine when I hit my first home-run  
I rounded the bases one by one.  
I was having so much fun  
But when it was over, I couldn't believe it was done.

I was six when I caught my first ball  
I waited for the moment the ball would fall.  
And then, Pop! The ball was in my glove  
When I reached home, my mom greeted me with love.

I remember when I got hit by the ball in my face  
I also remember the scars from the lace.  
I remember my face was all black and blue  
I hoped it wouldn't happen again, too.

The baseball game is the game for me  
The baseball field is the place to be.  
I say to myself, "I love this game"  
As I continue on the road to fame.

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