

# Right Field

Words & Music:  
Peter Paul & Mary

A            A/G#            F#m    F#m/E  
Saturday summers when I was a kid,  
D            D/C#            Bm            E  
We'd run to the schoolyard and here's what we did,  
D            E            D            E  
We'd pick out the captains and we'd choose up the teams,  
D            F#m            Bm            F#m  
It was always a measure of my self-esteem.  
Bm            D  
'Cause the fastest, the strongest played shortstop and first,  
Bm            D  
The last ones they picked were the worst.  
D  
I never needed to ask, it was sealed,  
E  
I just took up my place in right field.

## CHORUS:

E7        A        A/G#            F#m            F#m/E  
Playing right field, it's easy, you know,  
D            D/C#        Bm            E  
You can be awkward, you can be slow,  
D            E  
That's why I'm here in right field,  
D            E            A    D    A  
Just watching the dandelions grow.

Playing right field can be lonely & dull; little leagues never have lefties that pull,  
I dream of the day, when they hit one my way. They never did, but still I would pray,  
That I'd make a fantastic catch on the run, and not lose the ball in the sun.  
And then I'd awake from this long reverie,  
And pray that the ball never came out to me, here in...

## CHORUS:

Off in the distance, the game's dragging on.  
There's strikes on the batter, some runners are on,  
I don't know the inning, I've forgotten the score.  
The whole team is yelling and I don't know what for,  
Suddenly everyone's looking at me. My mind has been wandering, what could it be?  
They point to the sky and I look up above, and the baseball falls into my glove!

## FINAL CHORUS:

Here in right field. It's important, you know!  
You gotta know how to catch! You gotta know how to throw!  
That's why I'm here in right field,  
Just watching the dandelions grow.