



So after all the theories, I have learned about the
game,

(Look out, my lads, he's driving!)

I wonder whos' the fault is, and where to place
the blame.

(Look out, my lads, he's driving!)

I only know that so far I cannot hit a
thing,

No matter how I changed my
stance, or how I try to
swing;

But while I fuss, and
muss and cuss, — I
hear a small voice
sing —

Look out, my
lads, he's driv-
ing!

