

Our Game

After a time we'd rather forget,
Head out the door and see no regret.
Rush to the stadium, domed or not,
Remember the history, the Sultan of Swat?

See the ivy, smell the ballpark franks,
Do you remember, Ernie Banks?
Tradition is the proclamation,
For the game, that once awed a nation.

The game, once ever so wholesome,
Look at what the game has become.
A commercial business it is,
Once the American Pastime, now only show biz.

The game surrounded by sharks,
An added tension to the poetic ballparks.
They create a mockery of the history,
Steroid use, somehow a mystery.

Do you remember, Minnesota's own?
Passion for the game, no way unknown.
Kirby's hustle, his passion, his smile,
Today, there is an absence of this style.

Today, an incredible power surge,
A selfish generation seen emerge.
Do you remember, a kid named Hank?
For his wholesomeness, we must thank.

Steroid-crazed Bonds sends another one flying,
Now we know, he's continuously lying.
Traditionally, perseverance put him on top,
The question is: when will corruption stop?

Do you remember the man, Pete Rose?
A career broken when gambling arose.
Still banned from the prestigious Hall,
Perhaps the best ever in baseball.

Bonds will keep his record, Rose will not,
Did Rose cheat? Not by a long shot.
The game has overcome continuous strife,
About time, to give it a new life.

Let's restore the integrity to baseball,
And prevent yet another horrific free fall.
America's Pastime: a prestigious name,
A no-tolerance policy: back to this claim.