

(Mama):

And we know you are headed for great things
And we know that you're going far
And I know you are headed for greatness
And I know that you'll be a star

--RIFF--

He grew up out in Youngstown
But he was born old
James had to grow up quick
Or so I've been told
Itinerant daddy
A disappeared trick
His mom she quit walkin
Not before she got sick

So James cared for his mother
Raised his sister, and more
And he promised her one thing
As he shut out the roar
Of the street below,
all the cluckheads and whores
Someday I won't sleep on the floor
Yes, someday I won't sleep on the floor

And James learned to ball
And then James got much better
So the snake oil salesmen
Their lips would get wetter
When they'd come to watch
him play out in hordes
Their white guilt almost hidden
Behind their clipboards

Just batter your head and we'll better your brain
The classes are fake but the paper's the same
We'll have you back in the ghetto
Once you've won us the game
But football is never to blame
Yes, son, football is never to blame

Chorus: *Take me out to the ballgame
Take me out to the scam
We'll buy you some peanuts and crackerjacks
But the millions you made us
You'll never get half!
And it's root, root, root through the projects
For strong, poor black kids to exploit
Chattel slavery's not dead,
it's still here today
In the N C double A!*

--RIFF--

And from field to field
he plowed through with his hands
With their brand on his chest
a good company man
When James tore his knee and could no longer play
He could still be a student, he'd just have to pay!

So he's back down in Youngstown
He don't sleep on the floor
Got involved with drug money
He lost his final score
He now sleeps underground
With all the dead poor
And I don't think skyboxes
Care that James is no more

But somebody must be to blame
I think that we all are to blame

*Take me out to the ballgame
Take me out to the scam
We'll buy you some peanuts and crackerjacks
But the millions you made us
You'll never get half!
And it's root, root, root through the projects
For strong, poor black kids to exploit
Chattel slavery's not dead,
it's still here today
In the N C double A!*

(Mama):

And we know you are headed for great things
And we know you're going far
And we know you are headed for greatness
Today you are up with the stars.