

THE DODGERS

1



So I say D ...

I say D=O ... D=O=D ... D=O=D=G ...

D=O=D=G=E=R-S

Bums! Bums! Bums! Bums! Oh!

I mean O=M ... O=M=A ... O=M=A=L ...

O=M=A=L=L=E-Y

Oh, really? No, O'Malley!

Sandy Koufax, oh my Drysdale

Maury Wills, I love you so

And we defy ... defy the J-I ...

J-I-N-T-S --- JINTS! (MUSIC BREAK)

Playyy Ballll!

Orlando Cepeda *F.V.*

Is at bat with the bases jammed

Orlando Cepeda

Wham! Bam! He hit a grand slam!

In the very first inning

But it's only the beginning

In the third, like a bixd

We get two on, none away

Then Fairly hits! + into a double play!

Here comes Big Frank Howard, yessirree!

Wow! What a swing! ---- strike three!

park it 1 grand stand

Oh, dem B ... oh, dem B-U ...

B-U-M ... B-U-M-S

Dem Bums dem Bums dem dry Bums

They may be bums but they're MY Bums!

Top of the fifth

Say Hey Willie Mays hits a three-bagger down the right field line

But he's out trying to stretch it to a homer

As Roseboro tags him on the bottom of the spine

With a crack you can hear all-the-way back - up to

SAN FRANCISCO - open your hospital

(Bugle: CHARGE)

~~Big Frank Howard swings ferociously~~

~~Boom! There it goes! --- strike three! (MUSIC BREAK)~~

Inning six Maury Wills draws a walk

In the coach's box Durocher, Leo Durocher

Starts to ^{wiggle} ~~trample out the chalk~~ and to talk and to twitch

(Tugs at cap, wiggles wildly)

A signal? No, an itch!

Go, Maury, go, Maury - go, go go!

Maury - goes! The catcher throws! (CLAPS)

Right from the solar plexus

At the bag he beats the tag

The mighty little waif

And Umpire Conlon cries -

Yer Out!!

Out??? OUT!?!? Look at Leo jump

He's gonna kill the Ump!

W

I say Y...I say Y-U...Y-U-R...Y-U-R-A-
Y-U -R-A dirty no-go rottenfah dah raa daaaa. etc.

LEO OUT!...LEO OUT?

Down in the dugout alston glowers
Up in the boothe Vince Scully frowns
Out in his seat O'Malley grins
Attendance fifty thousand
and what does O'Malley do?...CHARGE!

Bottom of the ninth...four to nuttin'
Last chance, ^{push} the button
we're begg--in', plead-in' on our knees
C'mon, you Flatbush refugees
Maury Wlls at bat, ..hit it for me once
Stu Miller throws...MAURY ..BUNTS!

cepeda runs to field the ball
amd hiller covers first
Haller runs to back up Hiller
Hille4 crashes into Miller
Miller falls, drops the ball
Conlon calls SAFE!.....YEA MAURY!

Gilliam up..Miller grunts
Miller throws..Gilliam bunts..

Cepeda runs to field the ball
And Hiller cove@s first
Haller runs to back up Hiller
Hille& crashes into Miller
Miller falls, drops the ball
Conlon calls SAFE!...YEA CONLON!

Willie Davis gets a hit
Tommy does the same
Here comes Big ^{FR} Frank Howard
With a chance to win the game
Hit it...ONCE!
big Frank ..BUNTS!

Cepeda runs to field the ball
So does Hiller, so does Miller
Miller hollers Hiller
Hiller hollers Miller
Haller hollers Hiller, points to Miller with hi fist
That's the Miller hiller Haller Hller-lujah Twiat!

The Davises score
 It's four to four
 Howard ~~still~~ running the bases
 To second to third
 It's entirely absurd
 Amazement on eve'ry one's faces
 He's headin' for home..he hasn't a chance
 The dope is gonna be dead
 But the ball hits him right on the seat of his pants
 AND HE SCORES....THAT'S USIN' YOUR HEAD!

so I say D ...
 D..O..D..G
 D..O..D..G..E..R..S ..
 the team that's al heart
 All heart and all thumbs
 My Los Angeles
 YOUr Los Angeles
 Our Los An--ge--les...

They're

Ya think we'll really wn the pennant?
 BUMS! *we didn't win the pennant that year either.*

D-O-D-G-E-R-S

BASEBALL NUMBER



So I say D, I say D-O

D-O-D-, D-O-D-G

D-O-D-G-E-R-S

Team! Team! Team! Team! OH!

I say O-M-, O-M-A

O-M-A-L, O-M-A-L-L-E-Y

Oh, really? No, O'Malley!

Sandy Koufax, Oh, my Drysdale

Maury Wills, I love you so!

And we defy, defy the J-I

J-I-N, J-I-N-T

J-I-N-T-S, Jintsi

(Musical break)

PLAY BALL!

Orlando Cepeda, is at bat with the bases jammed

Orlando Cepeda, with a Wham! Bam! He hit a grand slam!

In the very first inning

But it's only the beginning!

In the third, like a bird

We get two on - none away

And Davis hits - into a double play

Here comes Big Frank Howard, yessiree

Wow! What a swing! Strike three!

Oh, dem B-, Oh, dem B-U-

B-U-M, B-U-M-S

Dem Bums dem Bums dem dry Bums

They may be Bums but they're MY Bums!

Top of the fifth, Say hey Willie Nays

Hits a three-bagger down the left field line

But he's out trying to stretch it to a homer

As Roseboro tags him on the bottom of the spine

With a crack, You can hear all-the-way back

Up to San Francisco - Open your hospital (BUGLE - CHARGE)

Inning six Maury Wills draws a walk

In the coach's box Leo Durocher, Leo Durocher

Starts to wiggle and to twitch (business)

.....A signal? No - an itch

Go, Maury, go Maury, go, go go!

Maury - goes!

The catcher - throws! Right from the solar plexus

At the bag, he beats the tag

That mighty little waif

And Umpire Conlon calls, "You're Out!"

Out? -- Out? [Look at Leo jump

He's gonna kill the ump.

Y ... I say Y-U ... Y-U-R ... Y-U-R-A

Why, you are a dirty, no-good ... etc.

Leo - out! Leo - OUT???]

Down in the dugout Alston glowers

Up in the booth Vin Scully frowns

Out in his seat O'Malley grins

Attendance: fifty thousand!

(Bugle): And what does O'Malley do? CHARGE!

Bottom of the ninth, Four to nuttin'

Last chance, to push the button

We're beggin', pleadin' on our knees

C'mon you Flatbush refugees!

Maury Wills at bat, hit it for me once

Stu Miller throws, Maury bunts

Cepeda runs to field the ball

And Miller covers first

Haller runs to back up Miller

Miller crashes into Miller

Miller falls, drops the ball

Conlon calls - SAFE! (Yay - Maury!)

Gilliam up - ~~Miller grants~~

^{Ever}
~~Miller throws~~ - Gilliam bunts!

Cepeda runs to field the ball

And Miller covers first

Haller runs to back up Miller

Miller crashes into Miller

Miller falls, drops the ball

Conlon calls - SAFE! (Yay - Conlon!)

Willie Davis gets a hit

Tommy does the same

Here comes Big Frank Howard

With a chance to win the game
 Hit it - once
 Big Frank - bunts!
 Cepeda runs to field the ball
 So does Miller - so does Miller
 Miller hollers Miller
 Miller hollers Miller
 Haller hollers Miller, points to Miller with his fist
 That's the Miller Miller Haller holler-luyah Twist!
 The Davises score, it's ~~now~~ four to four
 Frank still running the bases
 To second - to third, it's almost absurd
 Amazement on everyone's faces
 He's trying for home, he hasn't a chance
 The nut is gonna be dead
 But the ^{ball} ~~throw~~ hits him right on the seat of his pants
 And he scores - that's using your head!
 So I say D-O ... D-O-D-G ...
 D-O-D-G-E-R-S
 The team that's all heart, all heart and all thumbs
 My Los Angeles - Your Los Angeles -
 OUR Los Angeles -
 You really think we'll win the pennant?
 BUNS!



So I say D ...

I say D-O... D-O-D ... D-O-D-G ...

D-O-D-G-E-R-S

Team! Team! Team! Team! Oh!

~~Peter~~ O-M ... O-M-A ... O-M-A-L ...

O-M-A-L-L-E-Y

Oh, really? No, O'Malley!

Dusty Baker, oh my Garvey

Hey Ron Cey I love you so

And we defy ... defy the J-I ... J-I-N-T ...

J-I-N-T-S ... JINTS! (MUSIC BREAK)

Fernando Valenzuela

On the mound with the bases jammed

Fernando Valenzuela

Throw to Clark

Who park it

Wham a grand slam!

In the very first inning

But it's only the beginning

In the third, like a bird

We get two on, one away Then up stands

Then ~~up~~ stands a guy named Monday

Who, one memorable Sunday,

Hit a screamer in Motreal.

Come on Rick, belt me one today!

Monday hits into a double play

Oh, dem B ... oh, dem B-U ...

B-U-M ... B-U-M-S ...

Dem Bums dem Dums dem dry Bums

They may be bums but they're my Bums!

Top of the fifth

Ex-Dodger Reggie Smith hits a three-bagger down the right field line

But he's out trying to stretchit to a homer

As Steve Yeager tags him on the bottom of the spine

With a crack you can hear all-the-way back - up to

SAN FRANCISCO - open your hospital

(Bugle: CHARGE!)

Inning six starts with Sax who starts it off with a walk

And promptly gets kicked off

Then takes off for second

At the bag they make the tag

They've got him, there's no doubt

The umpire's thumb goes up,

Sax, you're safe

Safe?... Safe?

Down in the dugout Tom Lasorda

Chokes on a Chinese Chicken leg,

Up in the booth Vince Scully grins

The Umpire's Eric Grieg

Oh the rally's ali-e

Bases full

With two gone and now

Pedro Guerrero, Pedro Guerrero

He give de ball a mighty ride
 But Chili Davis the ceterfielder
 Catch it in de final stride
 The rally died.

Bottom of the ninth

Last chance, push the button

I'm beggin' ..., pleadin' on my knees

C'mon, yop Flatbush refugges

And as I gazed down from the stands

At the Giant team below

I thought of a Dodger Giant King

We sang of long ago

When the Giants were not Morgan and Smith,

Lemaster and catcher Milt May,

But Meuler and Miller

And Haller and Hiller

Cepeda and the mighty Cey, ey.

I'll never forget the bottom of the ninth of the game we played
 that day,

Maury Wills at bat, Hit it for me once

Stu Miller throws, Maury.bunbants!

So I say D ...

D .. O.. D.. G

D.. O .. D.. G.. E..R.. S

The team that's all heart

All heart and all thumbs

They're my Los Angeles, Your Los Angeles

Our Los Angeles... YWetHidn'y win the pennant that year either!
 BUMS!!

THE DODGERS



So I say D ...

I say D-O ... D-O-D ... D-O-D-G ...

D-O-D-G-E-R-S

Bums! Bums! Bums! Bums! Oh!

I mean O-M ... O-M-A ... O-M-A-L ...

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Oh, really? No, O'Malley!

Sandy Koufax, oh my Drysdale

Maury Wills, I love you so

And we defy ... defy the J-I ...

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Is at bat with the bases jammed

Orlando Cepeda

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But it's only the beginning

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We get two on, none away

Then Fairly hits! - into a double play!

Here comes Big Frank Howard, yessirree!

Wow! What a swing! ---- strike three!

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B-U-M ... B-U-M-S

Dem Bums dem Bums dem dry Bums

They may be bums but they're MY Bums!

Top of the fifth

Say Hey Willie Mays hits a three-bagger down the right field line

But he's out trying to stretch it to a homer

As Roseboro tags him on the bottom of the spine

With a crack you can hear all-the-way back - up to

SAN FRANCISCO - open your hospital

(Bugle: CHARGE)

Big Frank Howard swings ferociously

Boom! There it goes! ---- strike three! (MUSIC BREAK)

Inning six Maury Wills draws a walk

In the coach's box Durocher, Leo Durocher

Starts to ^{wiggle} ~~trample~~ out the chalk - and to talk - and to twitch

(Tugs at cap, wiggles wildly)

A signal? No, an itch!

Go, Maury, go, Maury - go, go, go!

Maury - goes! The catcher - throws! (CLaps)

Right from the solar plexus

At the bag he beats the tag

The mighty little waif

And Umpire Conlon cries -

Yer Out!!

Out??? OUT!?!? Look at Leo jump

He's gonna kill the Ump!

(As Leo): I say Y ... I say Y-U ... Y-U-R ... Y-U-R-A...

Why, you are a no-good low-down dirty robber arba-ter ...

(Into double-talk battle between Leo and Conlon)

(Conga kick) Con-lon! (Conga kick) Con-lon!

Leo - out! Leo - OUT???

Down in the dugout Alston glowers

Up in the booth Vin Scully frowns

Out in his seat O'Malley grins

Attendance: fifty thousand!

(Bugle): And what does O'Malley do? CHARGE!

Bottom of the ninth and it's still four to nothin'

Maury Wills at bat, let's go to town

We're beggin', pleadin' on our knees

C'mon you Flatbush refugees!

Stu Miller throws - Maury ^{bunts} ~~lays one down!~~

Cepeda runs to field the ball

And Miller covers first

Haller runs to back up Miller

Miller crashes into Miller

Miller falls, drops the ball

Conlon calls - SAFE! (Yay - Maury!)

Gilliam up - ~~Miller grunts~~

~~Miller throws~~ ^{awa} Gilliam bunts!

Cepeda runs to field the ball - ^{→ Miller covers first}

~~Pagan at second, Miller first~~

Haller runs to back up Miller

Miller crashes into Miller

Miller falls, drops the ball

INSERT A

Last chance, to push the button

Coulson calls - Safe! (Yay Coulson!)

Willie Davis gets a hit

Tommy does the same

Here comes Big Frank Howard

With a chance to win the game

Hit it - once

Big Frank - bunts!

Cepeda runs to field the ball

So does Hiller - so does Miller

Miller hollers Hiller

Hiller hollers Miller

Haller hollers Hiller, points to Miller with his fist

That's the Miller Hiller Haller holler-luyah Twist!

The Davises score

It's four to four

And Big Frank's still running the bases

To second - to third

It's ^{almost} completely absurd

Amazement on everyone's faces

He's trying for home, he hasn't a chance

The poor nut is gonna be dead

But the ^{ball} throw hits him right on the seat of his pants

And he scores, - that's using your head, is it?

So I say D-O ...D-O-D-G ...

D-O-D-G-E-R-S

That dizzy, daffy, nutty team, ^{The} ^{thats} ^{all heart} all heart, and all thumbs

My Los Angeles - Your Los Angeles -

OUR Los Angeles -

You really think we'll win the pennant?

BUMS!

BUMS!

Don't let your friends see you're nervous!

One for you, one for me -

My for you, one for me -

Thank you for the... *Handwritten: "Thank you for the..."*

D-O-D-G-E-R-S

So I say D-O ...D-O-D-G ...

Read my name and you'll know I'm a star!

But the stars are not the only ones on the team!

The book says it's a team effort!

So, let's all work together and we'll be champions!

~~In come all the Davises and when the play is done~~

~~Big thank you letters across the plate with the winning goal!~~

~~We won!~~

INSERT B

~~(English version)~~

So I say D-O ...D-O-D-G ...

~~Read D-O-D-G-E-R-S~~

~~I love my team that's all heart~~

All heart and all thumbs

My Los Angeles - Your Los Angeles -

OUR LOS Angeles -

You really think we'll win the pennant?

BUMS!

Handwritten signature