

HE GONE

By John Lipinski

He gone, you can put it on the board, yes
He's been gone too long, this time, she stopped keeping score
He lost all his clout, she left him no doubt
This game, she ain't playing no more
Inning by inning, he forget about winning, her heart
Three strikes and you're out!

Each spring, begins a new season
Love's in bloom, you're up at the plate
The grass is greener, and so very pleasin'
On top of yo' game, hitting .398
A couple mistakes, and this might sound crazy
But, no follow through, and he's lost his spark
He's in a slump, cuz, he's gotten lazy
She needs a pinch-hitter, so he left the park

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His game, she ain't playin' no more
He'll need extra innings, he forgot about winning, her heart
Three strikes and you're out!

Slugger in April, base stealing in May
A can of corn, no need to ask why
Took it for granted, that feeling would stay
Disabled in June, on that list all July
Dog days of August, which led to September
Caught in a run-down, he's out at third base
Went home in October, alone in November
Cuz, she left him, with no pennant chase

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Inning by inning, forgot about winning, her heart, Three strikes and you're out!