

Danny Kaye, D-O-D-G-E-R-S Song

Oh, 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
The J-I-N-T-S, Giants
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
Then Fairly hits
Into a double play

Here comes Big Frank Howard
Yes siree
Boy, 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
Oh, 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

Then 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 hospitals
Charge!

Inning six, Maury Wills
Draws a walk, in the coach's box
Leo Durocher, Leo Durocher
Starts to wiggle and to twitch
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 Conlin cries, "Yer out!"
Out? Out?

Down in the dugout
Alston glowers
Up in the booth
Vin Scully frowns
Out in the stands
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
Oh, we're pleading
Begging, on our knees
Come on you Flatbush refugees

Maury Wills at bat
Hit it for me once
Stu Miller throws
Maury bunts

Cepeda runs to field the ball
And Hiller covers first
Haller runs to back up Hiller
Hiller crashes into Miller
Miller falls, drops the ball
Conlin calls "Safe!"
Yay, Maury!

Gilliam up
Miller grunts
Miller throws
Gilliam bunts

Cepeda runs to field the ball
And Hiller covers first
Haller runs to back up Hiller
Hiller crashes into Miller
Miller falls, drops the ball
Conlin calls "Safe!"
Yay, Conlin!

Willie Davis gets a hit
And Tommy does the same
Here comes Mr. 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
Haller hollers "Hiller"
Hiller hollers "Haller"
Haller hollers "Hiller"
Points to Miller with his fist
And that's the
Hiller Miller Haller Hallelujah Twist!

The Davises score
It's four to four
And Howard's still
Rounding the bases
From second to third
It's almost absurd
Amazement on everyone's faces

He's heading for home
He hasn't a chance
The poor nut is gonna be dead
But the ball hits him right
In the seat of his pants
And he scores!
That's using your head

So I say D
I say D-O
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
Do you really think
We'll win the pennant?
Bums!
Ooh, ooh, ooh dem bums