

You're Looked Up To By All (Second Place)

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It's the bottom of the ninth,
As he walks to the plate.
He's moving really slow,
Like he can't carry his weight.

Runners at the corners
And two outs already done.
The crowd is laughing
And the game's no longer fun.

A bit on the hefty side.
A little bit short.
He's not the athletic type,
Not for any sport.

Pitch one comes in,
A change-up to the mitt.
He watches it cross,
To tough for him to hit.

"Strike One" the ump calls,
As the crowd goes wild.
His father turns red,
Embarrassed for his child.

Another ball thrown,
Which makes it strike two.
The pitcher's dad calls out
'Any pitch will do.'

As the pitcher's dad
Continues to scream and yell,
The batter's father
Prays his son will do well.

Then a lonely voice
Cries out from the fans.
"This batter is awful
He belongs in the stands"

A tear falls down his face,
But is quickly wiped away.
Then another guy yells
"Who let this boy play?"

The dad can't take it,
He must defend his son.
But a glance from the plate
Says he has already won.

So he keeps cheering him on
And keeps clapping his hands.
Even though everyone else
Believes there's no chance.

The third pitch is thrown,
As he swings for the skies.
I only wish you could have seen
The *want* in his eyes.

But the ball got by him
And the game was done.
The boy walked off crying
As others made fun.

It took more courage
For his dad to stay cool.
Rather than retaliate
And look like a fool.

They made a boy cry.
Is that not good enough?
To send a message to parents
About being too rough.

Parental sportsmanship
Is part of playing ball.
So control yourselves,
You're looked up to by all.