**He’s Still Got Game**

**Clark Snyder**

He’s lost a step or two

He takes his licks and he pays his dues

No excuses in this game

On the field he makes his name

So he runs and hits the wall, jumps and takes the fall

Running and jumping, sliding and falling

Hitting and spitting, scratching and clawing

He don’t want to get old, don’t want his bat to go cold

He’s got his pride, he’s where doubles go to die

He’ll fight another day, he’s still got game

Don’t make him ride the pine

You put him in and he’ll give you nine

He knows his time is coming fast

And he wants to make it last

So he turns against the wind and pulls that ball back in

No time for memories

Now it’s age and treachery

Up against youth and skill, heart and will

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