

# Gene Clark, Home Run King

Well I saw it clear today that we were all more than only refugees  
And the heads of state called out all of their reserves  
So they could postpone World War III  
I can hear the morning crier yellin read all about it here&#039;s the truth  
You are either just the newspaper boy or you&#039;re either Babe Ruth  
Now how could we have been put upon this planet  
Fools enough to think that we could be  
The first to form a civilized involvement from the charismatic sea  
There&#039;s a ten year old in the alley  
Throws a hard ball off the wall that is the truth  
He knows you&#039;re either just the newspaper boy or you&#039;re either Babe Ruth  
The home run king

## SOLO

We can all dream up some explicit rationalized dream  
Of exactly who we are  
While the rockin rolling home run king  
Keeps the black madonna sleepin with a star  
Now it doesn&#039;t matter how much bread you can spend  
So you can hold the center booth  
You are either just the newspaper boy or you&#039;re either Babe Ruth