

They Don't Know Henry

The Baseball Project

As a boy in Mobile
I'd go down to Three Mile Creek
Spend my time alone
All day to fish and think
And when I took the field
It wasn't to make friends
With a bat in my hands
Me alone against them
And I already knew
I could be the best of all
They called me Snowshoes
They called me Steppin Fetchit
Called me a shuffler
Not the sharpest tool in the shed
With our lockers in the back
Corner of the clubhouse
Those Florida Springs
They locked us even further out
But I already knew
I could be the best of all
All those hits and home runs
They said that they were Hank's
But I won't regret a one
In fact I give thanks
And I'm not their boy
And I don't need defending
'Cause they don't know me, no
They don't know Henry
They don't know me, no
They don't know me, no
They don't know me, no
They don't know Henry
Please don't ever ask me
About Barry Bonds again
Why say over and over
What I didn't want to say then
And don't ask me again
About Willie or the Babe
It was Jackie and Musial if anyone
That I hoped to emulate
But most of all
I always tried to be me
And let that color
How they chose to see me
'Cause I already knew
I could be the best of all
All those hits and home runs
They said that they were Hank's
But I won't regret a one
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