

Root for the Coots

Verse one:

The Happy Valley baseball Coots,
Are the town's favorite team.
For the Coots to win a single game,
Is Happy Valley's dream.

Coots games are on Saturday,
At one they begin playing,
Beside the long narrow hut,
Where the Wilsons have been staying.

Chorus:

*And we'll root, root for the Coots.
Give a hoot hoot for the Coots.*

Verse two:

Nora Lee is on the mound.
Nate's behind the plate.
Whitney's at third; Winslow's at first,
And the short stop is always late.

One player catches like a pro.
The coach calls him Cat.
Too bad Cat is a scruffy dog,
For he can never bat.

Chorus:

Verse three:

The stands are full at each Coot game,
All year crowds grew and grew.
But the real reason people come,
Is for Walter's barbeque.

On the scoreboard under Coots,
They painted permanent zeros.
Though the Coots have failed to score,
They're Happy Valley heroes.

Chorus:

Repeat:

Repeat: