If you don't mind, I'd like to tell you a tale all about the nuttiest, zaniest most exasperating,

unpredictable, fun-loving, troublemaking, hell-raising nut who ever stepped onto a ballfield

Now our story begins on Friday October 13th, 1876 in the town of Bradford Pennsylvania

And on that night and in that town there came a particular child born to parents john and mary

John and Mary were well acquainted with this whole child rearing thing, having done it four times before

So they named him George Edward and got on their merry way. And being as their familiar name was Waddel we would call him

George Edward Waddell, George Edward Waddell

for more than a century, you've been a mystery

George Edward Wadell

And when he was a boy, planting crops up there in Bradford Pennsylvania where they later would make the zippo lighters

he liked to take up a rock in his abnormally large left hand and throw it at the pesky birds on his parents farm

And from this Mr George Edward would develop a mighty fight throwing arm And he began to play baseball.

And he was quite good. As a matter of fact, some say he could throw the ball with more velocity than any man

George Edward Waddel 2x

for more than a century

no one else could ever be

George Edward Waddell

I call him Mr. George Edward, but perhaps you know him by the more commonly-heard fan-awarded pseudonymous appellation

Now what I am trying to say here is that the fans of this particular game, well they like to call him Rube

And by 1904 Mr. George Edward 'Rube' Waddell has become a fearsome pitcher for the Philadelphia Athletics of the American League

He could curve it in, he could curve it out, he could make it drop, make it rise, and fool any hitter on his day

And in THAT day, hitters did not strike out much. Nevertheless, Rube struck out 349 of em.

Almost exactly twice as many as any pitcher not named Rube waddel would record in the year 1904

[CHORUS]

And then in 1905, the year in which Albert Einstein would publish 26 scientific papers,

one evening, Rube stayed out all night par taking in two of his favorite pastimes:

there were as follows, number one drinking alcohol and number two chasing fire engines

So he stayed out all night drinking and chasing fire engines and in the morning he turned up to the ballpark

And when he got there, Cornelius Magillicutty, also known as Connie Mack, said that he, George Edward Waddel, was to pitch that day.

Well there was nothing else to do but take the mound see what young Rube could do

Now to start the game, Rube had to face down an opponent every bit as legendary as himself.

I'm talking about The Georgia Peach, none other than Tyrus Raymond Cobb

And although Ty would reach in the first inning there, that would be all the offense Rube would concede

Now tell me how can a man stay out all night chasing fire engines and still pitch a complete game shutout against a future hall of famer and allow just one hit?

[CHORUS]

And he had a curious habit of wearing bright red skivvies under his uniform when he would take the mound

Now you might wonder, "Why, George, are you wearing bright red skivvies under your uniform?"

Well in the event a fire a broke out, he could strip off and get to the fire in proper dress as quickly as possible

His managers didn't take too kindly to this so they banned the wearing of red skivvies under the uniform

And being as these red undergarments were the only ones he owned, he took to wearing nothing at all under his uniform

later on, fire broke out and rube, with not a moment to spare for neither rules nor regulations stripped naked and ran right off the field!

The only problem with being a all night drinkin, impromptu fire-fightin, cartwheelin son of a bitch is

Well sooner or later the years the drinks are bound to find a way to catch right on up with you

Nevertheless, with great regret I must inform you that, Sure enough, this fate befell our man Rube.

The fella that used to send the defense off the field before striking out the side and walkin a handstand back to the dugout

Well he just couldn’t get them hitters out no more. And Rube’s on-field story took a decidedly sour turn

But I must say, there’s more to a man than what he does within the confines of the great american pastime

Then, In the spring of 1912, as Rube was training with the Minneapolis Millers of the American Association

The nearby town of Hickman Ken tucky suffered a devastating flood.

Our man Rube, ever eager to lend a hand in the face of calamity jumped on in to help save the town

And then, it happened again in 1913! That’s right, two floods right there in Hickman Ken tucky

And each time, Rube came down with a case of pneumonia. And then tuberculosis.

The writing was on the wall for our hero, but he lives on in this song.

And your narrator would like you to remember him as a fella who lived his life on his terms

One of the most exceptional pitchers of his day

And, apart from a couple of justifiably jilted ex-wives, as Rube was not cut out for holy matrimony

He would would win friends everywhere he went around this great country

He was a big kindly oaf who just wanted to play ball, fight fires, and get real drunk

And with that, I think we can all relate