

# *HE'S WATCHING ME*

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Back in '63 my little league career had just begun  
I had two left feet yet I believed  
That I could rise above  
I watched the bigger kids  
And prayed the coach would put me in  
But I sat on the bench

Well my biggest fan sat in the stands  
For each and every game  
And though he was blind, he listened for  
The coach to call my name "Please coach let me play"

"You see my dad, He's watching me  
Yes, my Dad's so proud of me  
Even though my dad can't see  
He's watching me"

Well the weeks went by  
And summer time was almost at an end  
It was a special day I just had to play  
May not get this chance again  
The coach put me in  
And underneath the stars that night I got my first hit

When I crossed the plate  
Tears on my face, I looked up in the stands  
I nodded to the empty seat  
That used to be my dad's  
Coach said "Sorry son, Your daddy wasn't here to see  
And I said "Yes he was"  
"I guess you didn't hear the news  
My dad, he passed away And I know Jesus touched his eyes  
And for the first time  
My dad he's really watching me  
Yes my dad's so proud of me  
Up in heaven Dad can see  
He's watching me

You see my dad he's watching me  
Yes my dad's so proud of me  
Now in heaven Dad can see

He's watching me  
Up in Heaven Dad he sees  
He's watching me"