

# Underdogs

Chris Young

Hometown crowd, Friday night lights  
Second string quarterback coming off the sidelines  
One last play, Hail Mary prayer  
Holding their breath when he threw it in the air  
Now cups are raising, flags are waving  
He's on their shoulders, famous

Here's one for the underdogs  
Let 'em hear you ya'll  
Well hell yeah they might get knocked down  
But everybody loves how they don't stay down for long  
Pretty soon they're ten feet tall  
From odds stacked, can't win, to the comeback kid  
Yeah come on, here's one for the underdogs

Granddad's farm, handed down  
Everybody said he'd run it in the ground  
Spent four long years bailing that hay  
Little by little got the whole loan paid  
Hard work's paying off, you wouldn't believe  
He's making small town history

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