

Bannerman

Steve Taylor

One man's grinning from behind the net
Waits 'til the camera's adjusted
Don't you worry 'bout the flak you'll get?
Aren't you scared of getting busted?

The ball gets booted
It hits the crossbeam
Up goes the banner
"JOHN 3:16"

He don't worry 'bout the critics
They tow the line
He don't worry 'bout the cynics
They live to whine
He ain't gonna change the world
But he knows who can
Bannerman

Prime time football in the Buffalo snow
Freezing his little epidermis
Lifts that banner at the first field goal
Drinks clam chowder from a thermos

He's never missed a game
He never spells it wrong
He never talks back when they tell him "Move Along"

He don't worry 'bout the critics
They'll howl for days
He don't worry 'bout the cynics
They navel-gaze
He ain't gonna change the world
But he knows who can
Bannerman

Sports fans everywhere dying for a drink
But they've gotta find the well first
One man's ready with a banner and a wink
A whole lotta souls are getting well-versed

Every time I see him
I smile a little more
I can't help praying for another high score

He don't worry 'bout the critics
They'll howl for days
He don't worry 'bout the cynics
They navel-gaze
He ain't gonna change the world
But he knows who can
Bannerman

He don't worry 'bout the critics
They've met their match
He don't worry 'bout the cynics
They sniff and scratch
He ain't gonna change the world

But he knows who can
Bannerman