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