Steve Taylor, Bannerman

One mans grinning from behind the net Waits til the cameras adjusted Dont you worry bout the flak youll get? Arent you scared of getting busted?

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

He dont worry bout the critics
They tow the line
He dont worry bout the cynics
They live to whine
He aintgonna 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 Hes never missed a game He never spells it wrong He never talks back When they tell him move along

He dont worry bout the critics Theyll howl for days He dont worry bout the cynics They navel-gaze He aint gonna change the world But he knows who can Bannerman

Sports fans everywhere
Dying for a drink
But theyve gotta find the well first
One mans 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 cant help praying for another high score

He dont worry bout the critics
Theyll howl for days
He dont worry bout the cynics
They navel-gaze
He aint gonna change the world
But he knows who can
Bannerman

He dont worry bout the critics
Theyve met their match
He dont worry bout the cynics
They sniff and scratch
He aint gonna change the world
But he knows who can
Bannerman