

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