

Steve Taylor "Bannerman"

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One mans grinning from behind the net
Waits til the cameras adjusted
Don't you worry bout the flak you'll get?
Arent 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 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 don't worry bout the critics
They'll howl for days
He don't 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 they've 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 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 aint 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 aint gonna change the world
But he knows who can
Bannerman

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