

Underdogs

Chris Young

Hometown crowd, Friday night lights
Second string quarterback coming off the sidelines
One last play, Hail Mary prayer
Holding their breath when he threw it in the air
Now cups are raising, flags are waving
He's on their shoulders, famous Here's one for the underdogs
Let 'em hear you ya'll
Well hell yeah they might get knocked down
But everybody loves how they don't stay down for long
Pretty soon they're ten feet tall
From odds stacked, can't win, to the comeback kid
Yeah come on, here's one for the underdogs
Granddad's farm, handed down
Everybody said he'd run it in the ground
Spent four long years bailing that hay
Little by little got the whole loan paid
Hard work's paying off, you wouldn't believe
He's making small town history Here's one for the underdogs
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Yeah come on, here's one for the underdogs Yeah, here's one for the underdogs

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