

Same Song Second Verse



Good morning, y'all. To finish the verse in the title "Wish it was better, but it will probably be worse". I don't know what song that comes from, but it certainly sums up the debacle displayed between the hedges yesterday. Any hopes for a run at the SEC Championship were dashed hopelessly yesterday, and it was homecoming.

For septuagenarians and octogenarians alike, the likelihood for meeting Glory increased one hundred fold yesterday during a beautiful day for football. It's a shame that our coaches were more interested in the advent of fall than preparing our boys to trounce the silly boys in sailor suits from Vanderbilt.

The Vanities drew first blood by returning the opening kickoff to our five yard line. From my perspective, Moses could not have parted a bigger opening for the Hebrews to flee Egypt than the area provided for the Vanderbilt runner. The only saving grace was one of our "contain men" was actually faster than the Vanity runner, and ran him down from behind. As a matter of apology, we promptly got ourselves penalized half the distance to the goal. The ensuing touchdown was but a footnote to the worst opening minute of play ever.

I'd like to blame the early start time, the loss of rest due to the South Carolina game being rescheduled, but I can't. This was Vanderbilt. The reason you schedule Vanderbilt for homecoming is so that all of the alumnae can have the wonderful weekend experience a successful win brings. It was not to be this beautiful fall day.

Vanderbilt played above their capabilities, and we played so far below ours that it is almost criminal. We were out coached, everywhere. Even our "most improved" section, the defense, could not contain the Vanities when it mattered. It was like our boys had forgotten to take that all important last trip to the bathroom before taking the field. We looked that constipated. There were dropped balls a plenty, there were mental errors that were shocking, but most glaring to me was our coaches inability to get the boys to step up and grind the Vanities into dirt.

Our inability to adjust at halftime to what does and doesn't work is becoming legend. I have given up hope that the coaches can make any meaningful in-game adjustments. Case in point was what would be the last play of the game for our Bulldogs. We lined up in a funky set, Vanderbilt called time out and adjusted their defense to our funky set. We promptly went back on the field and returned to the funky set that the Vanities had now adjusted to. We did not get the first down. To me, that's either hard headiness, laziness, or cluelessness.

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None of those conditions warrant the millions of dollars paid to our coaching staff. Our players deserve better, and certainly we fans deserve better. Maybe the head coach will turn it around, but I am extremely doubtful. He has moaned and groaned about the level of talent that he has to work with. I don't foresee the talent improving if the recruit watches our coaches in action. There is a reason Alabama attracts the top recruits, and it's not Tuscaloosa.