

Brenham, TX

Into It. Over It.

Frustrated and farmer-tanned
We drove through a not-so-promised land
With an eighteen-hour plan
To get the hell away from Houston
And push the tables against the wall
With our hopes as high as Brenham's small

Pulling strings
Our hearts are dangling by a thread
Around the neck of this college town
But I can't say there's something better
Then when an idea comes together
For the sake of saving the sanity of a band

'Cause we can't catch a break
Or sit up straight
But we're doing the best we can
Team work's taken over
Over your shoulder
And the shortest shorts ever seen on a man