

## 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