

Ain't No Trip To Cleveland

Brandtson

Black coffee cup reflection.

I've seen this look in my eyes on other peoples faces

That I said I never wanted to be like.

There's just too much to live for to sit around this room bored

Wanting more, waiting for something to knock on my door.

Here's to new beginnings.

Here's to something more.

Here's to you and your dreams and everything you've worked so hard for.

Here's to all the places we've never been before.

Here's to summer tours and hardwood floors, to you and yours.

We wrote this song, it's four chords long

We hope you'll sing along.