



## ALWAYS CROSS THE LINE

*Words and Music by Jim & Steve Wick  
Descendants of Andrew Jackson Kent*

The year was eighteen thirty six, freedom was in sight.  
Brave warriors came from far and near to join in the fight.  
Across the muddy Rio Grande, Santa Anna's army came,  
Advancing north across the Valley, victory was their aim.

Their first assignment, a simple task, at San Antonio  
To rout a tiny band of Texans at the Alamo.  
When Travis saw their hopeless plight, the future marked defeat,  
He told his rag-tag force, "I'll not surrender or retreat!"

*Always cross the line, we'll always cross the line;  
Just like our fathers long ago, we want our watching world to know  
We're children of the Alamo, we'll always cross the line.*

He took his sword and he drew a line, "You men now have to choose,  
To cross the line, to stay and fight, the choice is up to you."  
All his comrades crossed but one, responding to the call;  
They bravely took up their positions on the mission wall.

For thirteen days with guns ablaze, our fathers fought with pride,  
Battered, wounded, all were slain, good men on both sides died.  
Their losses great, Santa Anna's troops marched on in disarray  
To meet Sam Houston's mighty army on that fateful day.

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Just like our fathers long ago, we want our watching world to know  
We're children of the Alamo, we'll always cross the line.*

Our mothers with their children fled Santa Anna's fierce advance;  
The general and his soldiers still believed they had a chance.  
At San Jacinto Santa Anna's troops defeat would know.  
As they heard the haunting battle cry, "Remember the Alamo!"

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