

# Second Line

## Maria Muldaur

Steam rising off of the river at the break of day  
Light creeping into room 218 at the Beaujolais  
Left you crawling across the floor  
Head ringing, your eyes so sore  
Bloodshot, drowning while you down another bottle awayThe ashtray is overflowing, it's full of gray days  
The devil that you knew one time may be the devil you save  
Get up and find your shoes  
There are some things that you just don't lose  
The street's been a-creeping with the barefooting blues for daysCall me from the Second Line  
Pour us up some cheap French wine  
Pick up your feet, leave your blues fading to gray  
Come on now cut your soul loose, the Second Line's dancing awayThere's a crowd down under the window in  
a big parade  
They got a brass band dancing in front, oh umbrellas they wave  
They gonna shake it 'til the sun come down  
They just laid old Moses deep in the ground  
Get yourself together, walk yourself right out of your grave  
Call me from the Second Line  
Pour us up some cheap French wine  
Pick up your feet, leave your blues fading to gray  
Yeah, you got to rise up and put on your hat  
You ain't good but you ain't that bad  
The dirge is over, the band's just beginning to play  
Come on now cut your soul loose, the Second Line's dancing away  
Come on now cut your soul loose, the Second Line's dancing away  
The Second Line's dancing away

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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