The Stand

The Alarm

Oh I have been out searching with the black book in my hand
And I've looked between the lines that lie on the pages that I tread
I met the walking dude,religious, in his wom down cowboy boots
He walked liked no man on earth
I swear he had no name (had no name)
I swear he had no nameCome on down & meet your maker
Come on down & make the stand
Come on down, come on down,
Come on down & make the stand.As I crawled beneath the searchlights
Looking through the floorboards of this life
I met Doctor Strangeloves cousin
He bore the marks of time
"Hey! Trashcan where you going boy
Your eyes are feet apart
Is that the end you're carrying Shall I play the funeral march" (play the march)
"Play the funeral march"Come on down & meet your maker
Come on down & make the stand
Come on down, come on down,
Come on down & we'll make the stand.Come on down & meet your maker
Come on down & make the stand
Come on down, come on down,
Come on down, we'll make the stand.When I looked out the window
On the hardship that had struck I saw the seven phials open
The plague claimed man and son
Four men at a grave in silence With hats bowed down in grace
A simple wooden cross,
It had no epitaph engraved (it had no)
It had no epitaph engraved.Come on down & meet your maker
Come on down & make the stand
Come on down, come on down,
Come on and make the standCome on down & meet your maker
Come on down & make the stand
Come on down, come on down,
Come on down, & we'll make the stand.

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