

# Second Line

## The Band of Heathens

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 away  
The 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 days  
Call 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 away  
There'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

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