

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 worn down cowboy boots
He walked like no man on earth
I swear he had no name (had no name)
I swear he had no name Come 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 Strangelove's cousin
He bore the marks of time
"Hey! Trash can 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 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.

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