

Alarm, The, The Stand

Alarm, The
Standards
The Stand

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 liked 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 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 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.