

# 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! 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.