

# 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 liked no man on earth  
I swear he had no name (had no name)  
I swear he had no name Come on down and meet your maker  
Come on down and make the stand  
Come on down, come on down,  
Come on down and 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 and meet your maker  
Come on down and make the stand  
Come on down, come on down,  
Come on down and we'll make the stand. Come on down and meet your maker  
Come on down and 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 and meet your maker  
Come on down and make the stand  
Come on down, come on down,  
Come on and make the stand Come on down and meet your maker  
Come on down and make the stand  
Come on down, come on down,  
Come on down, and we'll make the stand.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>