

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

Call me from the Second Line
Pour us up some cheap French wine
Pick up your feet, leave your blues fading to gray
Yeah, you got to rise up and put on your hat
You ain't good but you ain't that bad
The dirge is over, the band's just beginning to play
Come on now cut your soul loose, the Second Line's dancing away
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