

## **The Reivers – “Second Story” Lyrics**

### **Liar** (Croslin, Longacre, Carney)

You say my call is important to you You're a liar Likewise my feelings for you and your company If any old Joe or his friend comes along And says he will do it for cheaper He'll get my two cents he'll get my loyalty Maybe as you say on my resume it states I'm a man of many skills Well I'm sure I had 'em all but like Reagan I can't recall

I'm a liar.

You smile and check your lipstick  
In the mirrors and smoke  
Nod in agreement and sip your de-tox tea.  
And pointedly you ask me what should be the take-away Your teeth are white and your pants flambé I promise we'll dance in the north of France Sometime in the next two years But I'm cutting through life with a butter knife.

Hey I'm cool I can forgive and forget And I won't hold a grudge for slights imagined and otherwise It's all in a day's work I just need a good night's sleep And I'll try and do better I tell you that I want to go back to the way things were But I'm not so sure I promise I'll change but baby can't you see

### **When She Sings** (Croslin)

Snare drum bass drum  
Making fun of me and I'm making fun of you In the hot sun.  
Hanging in the parking lot is groovy  
Like an indie movie let's make one.

Picnic table here is where we'll gather Drink a little too much and maybe throw up.  
Fall in line we're falling down faster Leaving after Easter I'll see you around

But I still remember that  
It's that cupcake love that we long for When she sings we all line up forever Cause we know she'll make us feel that way When she fades out

on the song it goes on and on and on

Friday night you finally got a boyfriend Is he really sweet and up to  
no good?

Passersby they wonder at the laughter LMFAO...I invented that

**All The Drunks Say Amen** (Croslin)

Walking home on a winter night

They're in there in their yellow light Shameless stare at your homely  
house They're in there and they're laughing now

It's too late now for me

I'm on the second story

I will be with you

Some prayer words you say them

And all the drunks say amen

I will be with you

Now that you own them

Wrap them in strings of light

Shivering omen on the north wind tonight

Then her hand rings the dinner bell

Sturdy words and you know them well

Colder nights and you search for heat Try the door of an old good  
friend

**Jo and Joe** (Croslin, Friend, Williams) He says every day's the same

They only have a different name We're solemn pacers taking paths

Commuting through the day She says no it's not that way Tomorrow is a

different day We're merry makers making plans And breaking them

Jo sings high Joe sings low

Infatuation grows and grows

And every day in every way

A different thing's the same

I take out the trash just like

I took it out the other night

A little warm a little cold

A little slower rolled

But look at them the deer you scared  
They are almost never there  
They run instead invade a different flower bed

Let's get our house in order love  
When raining comes down from above  
We will hear and understand the story that it tells.

We all sing high we all sing low  
The combinations grow and grow  
Every day in every way  
A different thing's the same

**Setting Son** (Croslin, Williams)

Born on third base, blown call, save face, You swear he earned his  
way there.

Dresses, kisses, for the missus -  
Shoulders are showing wear now.

But sincerely, you cannot take back the bomb.

What if dropping it is wrong?

It's no secret that the son

Is a lot like everyone

And you can depend upon

Your setting son.

Pharisees pray to get things their way, They make their dough Sundays.

Your boots have bootstraps,

War bucks buy that,

They keep the dirt off your feet.

But sincerely, you will find no comfort here For the end is getting  
near.

And you get it while you can, you extend a helpless hand, And he  
pretends to be a man, your setting son.

**Take Cover** (Croslin, Longacre, Toth)

Take cover change is coming soon

Blue fire on the quarter moon

Some will stay behind and wait for time Some will take their chances  
in the wild Aware the world is wide

Shame money tears that taste like tin Fake color your eyes can't take  
it in Slipshod frame that won't stay on the wall I'll move to  
Cupertino in the fall You pray they'll take you in Your big idea's  
punctured by a pin.

**Confidence** (Croslin)

Thank you for the mess you made  
When you played horseshoe hand grenades Thank you for your interest  
but we have enough Of people just like you No means no please don't  
show or send a resume Ampersand and curlicue what can we do?

But talk about going underground  
Your confidence has gone away.

Back when we were just nineteen  
Nice and mean we made our little way  
That was when it all began in our plan Forever I believe But no means  
no very slow doubts will eat away Ampersand and curlicue what can we  
do?

**Red Hands** (Croslin, Longacre)

Picking locks and tuning gears-  
are really fine careers  
when you're working toward a better day When you're caught with  
bright red hands grinning with your contraband and breathing becomes  
hard to do

I'll wait and see if it carries me  
I'll wait and see- if a bridge to you holds a fool like me

Fall into a wall of cloud  
disappear for years and years  
losing all but saving face  
The Sun is good it treats us fair  
from the madman to the priest  
a beacon in our restless sleep

When the dead rise up before my eyes  
and make their way cross the high road One good voice sings in my

head trying to make better sense of all the whispered midnight words  
we said...

**Please Don't Worry** (Carney)

Please don't worry about the way things sometimes turn out, It's not  
in your hands, and anyway everything works out.  
Days will pass you by, night will come and sleep will fill your eyes.  
And in this moment it takes so much.  
You know it sometimes seems the world was built against us.

Please don't think about all the things that you can't change And all  
the times you've tried and everything you've left behind.  
Throw the clock against the wall. Tonight there'll be no sleep at all.  
And when you think you've had enough I will show you that The world  
was made just for us.

Please don't talk about how everything just turns out wrong.  
Another night burns down leave the ashes fallen on the ground.  
And please don't worry.

**Poor Diane** (Croslin)

A little lipstick a string of pearls  
In your mirror we're boys and girls  
Poor Diane you think they're better than you And that just don't seem  
right Take a picture it'll last longer Do you mean it, yes you do.  
All the Russians go to church  
All the ladies wrapped in furs  
And your family they envelope you  
Only they can make you cry  
Take a picture and we'll see what you see too You're alone now in the  
Vanity Fair And you will drink it dry.  
Take a picture, round the corner we see two.

**Back At You** (Croslin)

What you say back at you they're having a field day What you do comes  
back to the doer in due time But you lie old man they'll never put it  
back on you Don't deny old man Ok then, I'll show you Go out and do  
something just for you Now take two, do something for someone who's  
soul is before you Tell me how that feels You know I can't believe  
it's true