

On the Border

Written by: Al Stewart



[Am] The fishing boats go out across the evening water
[F] Smuggling guns and arms across the Spanish border
The [Dm] wind whips up the waves so loud
The [C] ghost moon sails a [Bb] mong the clouds
[Am] Turns the rifles [G] into silver [Am] on the border

[Am] On my wall the colors of the maps are running
From [F] Africa the winds they talk of changes coming
The [Dm] torches flare up in the night
The [C] hand that sets the [Bb] farms alight
Has [Am] spread the word to [G] those awaiting [Am] on the border

[C] In the village where I grew up
[Gm7] Nothing seems the same
Still you [F] never see the change from day to [C] day
And no-one [F] notices the customs slip [E] away

[Am] Late last night the rain was knocking at my window
I [F] moved across the darkened room and in the lamp-glow
I [Dm] thought I saw down in the street
The [C] spirit of the [Bb] century
[Am] Telling us that [G] we're all standing [Am] on the border

[C] In the islands where I grew up
[Gm7] Nothing seems the same
It's just the [F] patterns that remain
An empty [C] shell
But there's a [F] strangeness in the air [E] you feel too well

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