

# On the Border

Written by: Al Stewart



[F#m] The fishing boats go out across the evening water  
[D] Smuggling guns and arms across the Spanish border  
The [Bm] wind whips up the waves so loud  
The [A] ghost moon sails a [G] mong the clouds  
[F#m] Turns the rifles [E] into silver [F#m] on the border

[F#m] On my wall the colors of the maps are running  
From [D] Africa the winds they talk of changes coming  
The [Bm] torches flare up in the night  
The [A] hand that sets the [G] farms alight  
Has [F#m] spread the word to [E] those who're waiting [F#m] on the  
border

[A] In the village where I grew up  
[Em7] Nothing seems the same  
Still you [D] never see the change from day to [A] day  
And no-one [D] notices the customs slip [C#] away [B] [A] [G]# [F#m]# [F]

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

[A] In the islands where I grew up  
[Em7] Nothing seems the same  
It's just the [D] patterns that remain  
An empty [A] shell  
But there's a [D] strangeness in the air [D] you feel too well

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