

# On the Border

Written by: Al Stewart



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

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

[G] In the village where I grew up  
[Dm7] Nothing seems the same  
Still you [C] never see the change from day to [G] day  
And no-one [C] notices the customs slip [B] away [A] [G] [F] # [Em] # [D#]

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

[G] In the islands where I grew up  
[Dm7] Nothing seems the same  
It's just the [C] patterns that remain  
An empty [G] shell  
But there's a [C] strangeness in the air [C] you feel too well

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