

# On the Border

Al Stewart

The fishing boats go out across the evening water  
Smuggling guns and arms across the Spanish border  
The wind whips up the waves so loud  
The ghost moon sails among the clouds  
And turns the rifles into silver, on the border  
On my wall, the colors of the maps are running  
From Africa, the winds, they talk of changes coming  
The torches flare up in the night  
The hand that sets the farms alight  
Has spread the word to those who're waiting on the border  
In the village where I grew up  
Nothing seems the same  
Still you never see the change from day to day  
No one notices the customs slip away  
Late last night the rain was knocking on my window

I moved across the darkened room and in the lamp-glow  
I thought I saw down in the street  
The spirit of the century  
Telling us that we're all standing on the border  
In the islands where I grew up  
Nothing seems the same  
It's just the patterns that remain, an empty shell  
But there's a strangeness in the air you feel too well  
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On the border, on the border, on the border

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