

When I Get to the Border

Richard Thompson & Linda Thompson

Dirty people take what's mine, I can leave them all behind

They can never cross that line when I get to the border

Sawbones standing at the door waiting 'til I hit the floor

He won't find me anymore when I get to the border
Monday morning, Monday morning closing in on me
I'm packing up and I'm running away to where nobody picks on me
If you see a box of pine with a name that
looks like mine

Say I drowned in a barrel of wine when I got to the border

When I got to the border
A one way ticket's in my hand, heading for the chosen land

My troubles will all turn to sand when I get to the border

Salty girl with yellow hair waiting in that rocking chair

And if I'm weary I won't care when I get to the border
Monday morning, Monday morning closing in on me
I'm packing up and I'm running away to where nobody picks on me
The dusty road will smell so sweet paved with gold beneath my feet
And I'll be dancing down the street when I get to the border
When I get to the border

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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