

Over the Border (To America)

Graham Parker

A man smokes and a dog stretches A woman works and a kid kvetches
I'm ridin' on a road that stretches Over the border to America
Over the border to America I got nothin' but lonesome time A backyard and a religious shrine
There must be something better over there
Over the border to America There's a lot of versions of the honest truth
One for them and baby one for you
One for the rich one for the poverty stricken
One for the healthy and one for the sick and
One for the tortured and one for the slave
One they tell you when they put you in your grave
One for the businessman with someone else's money
One for the beggar with nothing in his belly We got one room to live in wife, child and man
Not much bigger than an ice cream van
Sometimes we walk a mile and stand and stare
Over the border to America I stood and watched as the wall came down
Heard the freedom bell begin to sound
Watched the hammer as it hit the ground
Saw the sickle spinning round and round
Now don't make us out to be peons or fools
We're into Zeppelin and Paula Abdul
Now we're all gonna live in that cultural mecca Order everyone a triple decker
We're gonna buy a thousand pair of nylons
Come and live on Staten Island
Oh Liberty let me walk in there
Where law and justice are always fair
There's only one place to get your share
Over the border to America
Over the border to America

Songwriters

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