To The Border And Beyond

Collin Raye

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Well Duggan was a purebred hill country kicker He loved to shoot his pistols And he loved to drink his liquor His daddy had long since given up on tryin' To tame him He knew he hated sweatin' in the fields

He couldn't blame him But when his only son robbed the Chillicothe Flyer

He guessed the days were numbered

Till he'd have to face the fire

Well Duggan rode up to the house

His pa ran out to meet him

He said "Son, why'd you do it?" Duggan said "I had my reasons"

His daddy told him, "Boy, you've always been

So full of juice, but any day your neck

It will be hangin' in a noose."

Duggan winked and mounted, stirred his

Horse into a lather

He never looked back... guess it really didn't matter It wasn't too long till a team of Texas Rangers

Pounded on the door, man, faces

Filled with anger

Duggan's papa opened up, said "No need to shout,

I don't know where he is

But I know what he's all about."

He likes to dance out to the edge He likes to cut to the chase You see he's never been one for reinin' back To a slow and steady pace If you ask me where he's bound Well, boys, I just can't respond But from the look in his eyes It's a safe bet he's headed

To the border and beyond.

Well the moral of this tale

Is you can't change a leopard's spots

Don't blame a man for failing to be Something that he's not So girl, with that in mind Won't you step into the light We'll move just left of center Till we finally get it right Remember I'm a push it to the limit Kind of guy You may ask me how we'll do it But no need to ask me why I like to dance out to the edge I like to cut to the chase You see, I've never been one for reinin' back To a slow and steady pace If you ask me where we're bound Well, honey, I just can't respond But from the look in your eyes It's a safe bet we're headed To the border and beyond.

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