

At The Border, Guy

Joe Strummer and the Mescaleros

Lord, there goes Johnny Appleseed
He might pass by in the hour of need
There's a lot of souls
Ain't drinking from no well locked in a factoryHey - look there goes
Hey - look there goes
If you're after getting the honey - hey
Then you don't go killing all the beesLord, there goes Martin Luther King
Notice how the door closes when the chimes of freedom ring
I hear what you're saying, I hear what he's saying
Is what was true down along the soulHey - I hear what you're saying
Hey - I hear what he's saying
If you're after getting the honey - hey
Then you don't go killing all the beesWhat the people are saying
And we know every road - go, go
What the people are saying
There ain't no berries on the treesLet the summertime sun
Fall on the apple - fall on the appleLord, there goes a Buick forty-nine
Black sheep of the angels riding, riding down the line
We think there is a soul, we don't know
That soul is hard to findHey - down along the road
Hey - down along the road
If you're after getting the honey
Then you don't go killing all the beesHey - it's what the people are saying
It's what the people are saying
Hey - there ain't no berries on the trees
Hey - that's what the people are saying, no berries on the trees
You're checking out the honey, baby
You had to go killin' all the bees

Songwriters

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