

Stewart AI

"On The Border"

Visit "[On The Border](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

On The Border
by AI 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 colours 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.

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 the border,
On the border,
On the border.

Transcribed by Rich Kulawiec, rsk@ecn.purdue.edu

Visit [Stewart AI](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.