

Gordon Goodwin's Big Phat Band

"Borderstone"

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The night is as black as the coal dust on the tracks
Up to the east day is dawning
From time to time I get women on my mind
I'm a son of a gun

Borderstone, Borderstone gonna cross your line
tonight
Borderstone, pretty little town, gonna make my bed
tonight

The train that I'm on is a hundred boxcars long
So I don't sleep through to the morning
That's some chilly wind in this gondola I'm in
I wish I had a glass of beer

Borderstone, Borderstone gonna cross your line
tonight
Borderstone, pretty little town, gonna make my bed
tonight
Borderstone, Borderstone gonna cross your line
tonight
Borderstone, pretty little town, gonna make my bed
tonight

The boardinghouse reach is a thing no school can
teach you
I confess I've been outfumbled
And the sound of the beans boiling through the
evergreens
Sure do please a hungry man

Borderstone, Borderstone gonna cross your line
tonight
Borderstone, pretty little town, gonna make my bed
tonight
Borderstone, Borderstone gonna cross your line
tonight
Borderstone, pretty little town, gonna make my bed
tonight

The sound of the wheels rebounds across the fields

I'm a name with no number
And so I guess I'd be drifting more or less
But still it's not meant to be

Borderstone, Borderstone gonna cross your line
tonight
Borderstone, pretty little town, gonna make my bed
tonight
Borderstone, Borderstone gonna cross your line
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