

## Joe Strummer

### "At The Border, Guy"

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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 factory  
Hey - look there goes  
Hey - look there goes  
If you're after getting the honey - hey  
Then you don't go killing all the bees  
Lord, 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 soul  
Hey - 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 bees  
What the people are saying  
And we know every road - go, go  
What the people are saying  
There ain't no berries on the trees

Let the summertime sun

Fall on the apple - fall on the apple

Lord, 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 find

Hey - down along the road

Hey - down along the road

If you're after getting the honey

Then you don't go killing all the bees

Hey - 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

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