## Joe Strummer & The Mescaleros "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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