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Chris Ledoux "The Borderline"

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In a cloud of dust 'cross Texas, south of San Anton, a law-man and a cowboy push their horses on. Racing toward the Rio, running out of time, they had to catch the outlaws before they crossed the borderline.

Well the law-man wanted justice, the cowboy needs revenge, they tracked the outlaws' horses up to the water's edge, there across the Rio, a badge ain't worth a dime, the law was in their own hands once they crossed the border line.

(Chorus)

So they ride to the desert wind, down a dusty trail, destiny begins, heroes never turn or look back, they just ride through the sands of time, on the borderline.

In the safety of the Badlands, the outlaws stopped their run, the campfire rings (I think, maybe rages) with laughter of the evil things they've done. How they've taken all they wanted and they killed the cowboy's wife, they knew noone would follow them across the borderline.

Now the lawman and the cowboy stepped out of the dark, though it was two against the twenty, every bullet found its mark.

And so goes the legend, that out there in the night the two still ride together, somewhere beyond the borderline.

borderline.

Chorus.

Chorus.

Chorus- heroes never turn or look back, they just ride...

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