

## Timber Timbre

### "The Border Crossing"

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I stand here at your border crossing  
What a way to meet  
Face in total disarray  
Papers incomplete  
A traveler at your mercy  
My future rests on you  
Will you turn me back around  
Or will you stamp me through  
Please forgive my awkwardness  
I know I'm quite a mess  
If I were a smuggler  
I'd have much more finesse  
Yes, if I were a smuggler  
I'd breeze across this border  
My clothes a bit conservative  
My papers all in order  
So please do check my pockets  
And by all means check my bag  
Make sure you search my vehicle  
And check the license tag  
And when you feel I've met  
The strict demands of your employer  
I hope you find it in your heart  
To lose your paranoia

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