

Alison Krauss

"On The Borderline"

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There's a chill on this evening, nights right for
greaving,
Darkness surrounds him as he wanders alone
He walked past the dim lights, the pathways and street
lights
They remind him, of nights long ago,
When his love was strong and his muscles hard, His
whiskey throat was barley marred,
Seeking misfortune in the lies that he told, Then a
brokin heart bought him to his knees,
In the hour of his greatest need, Lost and forsaken by
the love, he could not hold

[Chorus:]

On the Border line of love again, Its bound to make you
pay
On the Border line, we'll make our stand, Then watch it
fall away

And he stands in quiet solitude, The nights reflects
upon his mood,
Seeking the vision that had once been so clear, When
he felt the touch of his women's love
His pounding heart was warm and young, Now locked
inside him with his anger and fear

As he moves on slowly, past the trees, Down the path
way home through fallen leaves
He can't believe, how he'd sunken so low, So he
learned to live with his injured pride
His purple heart hidden, deep inside, The only reward,
for a love he could not hold

[Chorus 2x]

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