

Thompson Richard

"When I Get to the Border"

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Dirty people take what's mine
I can leave them all behind
They can never cross that line
When I get to the border
Sawbones standing at the door
Waiting 'till I hit the floor
He won't find me anymore
When I get to the border
Monday morning, monday morning
Closing in on me
I'm packing up and I'm running away
To where nobody picks on me
If you see a box of pine
With a name that looks like mine.
Just say I drowned in a barrel of wine.
When I got to the border
When I got to the border
A one way ticket's in my hand
Heading for the chosen land
My troubles will all turn to sand
When I get to the border

Salty girl with yellow hair
Waiting in that rocking chair
And if I'm weary I won't care
When I get to the border
Monday morning, monday morning
Closing in on me
I'm packing up and I'm running away
To where nobody picks on me
The dusty road will smell so sweet
Paved with gold beneath my feet
And I'll be dancing down the street
When I get to the border
When I get to the border

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