

On the Border

Al Stewart

F#m

The fishing boats go out across the evening water

D

Smuggling guns and arms across the Spanish border

Bm

The winds whip up the waves so loud

A

G

The ghost moon sails among the clouds

F#m

E

F#m

And turns the rifles into silver on the border

F#m

On my wall the colours of the maps are running

D

From Africa the winds they talk of changes coming

Bm

The torches flair up in the night

A

G

The hand that sets the farms alight

F#m

E

F#m

Has spread the word to those who're waiting on the border

A

In the vllage where I grew up

Em

Nothing seems the same

D

A

But still you never see the change from day to day

D C# C# B A Asm F#m E

F#m

And no one notices the customs slip away

F#m

Late last night the rain was knocking on my window

D

I moved across the darkened room and in the lampglow

Bm

I thought I saw down in the street

A

G

The spirit of the century

F#m

E

F#m

Telling us that we're all standing on the border

A

In the islands where I grew up

Em

Nothing seems the same

D

A

It's just the patterns that remain an empty shell

D

C#

But there's a strangeness in the air you feel too well

C# B A Asm F#m E F#m