

Uncle Sam

Lindisfarne

The word of mouth has reached my ears
We just became volunteers
I can't picture you in uniform
Your heart is much too frail
You're better off in jail

They asked us both to join their gang
Could it be you'd rather hang?
Don't want you to die for me
Why should I for you?
Hope you see it too

Well, I'm going across the border
Watch what happens to me
Well, I'm going across the border
Watch what happens to me

With my name on the blacklist
I can find a new place to be
And if they still come looking
On the road is where I'll be
And if they still come looking
On the road is where I'll be