

# Showdown at the Border

Nazareth

His necktie is bright red  
From lookin' in one direction  
No flowerchild in his bed  
He's got oil well protection  
Just had to be a blind dog  
Chewin' on everything  
Took a slice of the blackbird pie  
She began her singing

I know that your oil is black  
But your dipstick is pearly white  
Ten gallons on your head  
That ain't what I need tonight

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Showdown at the border  
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The rendezvous was neutral  
He don't want no gossip headlines  
Her polaroid blackmail  
He said, "No way I've had mine"  
Just too much for him to lose  
Because of some Cuervo passion  
Cold, cold forty-five, answered in Texas fashion

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Bright red went to his head  
Tequila tension rising

This is no business for the weak at heart  
This is no business for those with a  
Nervous disposition

Tanned man from the f.e.d.'s  
Cool mohair buying off the squeeze

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