

# When I Get To The Border

Richard Thompson

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